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Vol. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1872.

No. I.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
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THE EXILES AT BABYLON.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, D.D., Editor.

VOL. XXIII., 1872.

PHILADELPHIA :
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1872.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXIII.—JANUARY, 1872.—No. 1.

THE EXILES IN BABYLON.

BY THE EDITOR.

(See the *Frontispiece*.)

“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that had carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.” PSALM cxxxvii., 1-6.

“Along the banks where Babel's current flows
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

“The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.”

In the shade of a willow tree, on the bank of a stream in Babylon, sits a family of Jewish exiles. The father with the captive's chain on his arm; the mother pressing her babe to her loving heart, the dear little thing crouching and trying to nestle in her warm bosom, feeling safe there, and sure that no cruel foes can hurt or harm it therein. Two daughters seated to the left of the sad-miened man. The one covers her face in her hands, on her father's lap,

perhaps weeping. I think I see a chain—the galling captive-chain, lying on the top of her right arm. The other holds her tuneless harp in her left hand. Beyond the river you can see the proud palaces of their princely oppressors, and the tall palm trees, whose bended trunks lack the usual erectness of their kind; even the bended trees proclaim that this is a land of oppressive burdens.

This family evidently belongs to the better class of Jews. Indeed Nebuchadnezzar selected his captives chiefly from this class. Mainly the Jews who were influential and intelligent, skillful mechanics and scholars—persons through whom he might introduce the civilizing agencies of the Jewish nation, into his kingdom. He saw their superiority in this respect, and showed his wisdom in using it. Ere long some of the Jews became prominent officers in connection with the Government of Babylon. But it matters little what official position they may have, or not have; from the Prime Minister Daniel, down to the lowest Jewish servant, they chafe under their chains with sleepless pain.

That man sitting under the willow tree, has a fine face, a noble intellectual forehead, the air and features of a thorough ancient gentleman, of the godly sort. Which, indeed, is the only sort of real gentle breeding. He is in the act of saying something to his wife; her ears sadly hear it, while her eyes, peering into some far off world, show that her mind and heart are wandering among other scenes. Perhaps in her Judean home, where these children were born to her. Indeed, his eyes, too, show that his thoughts are wandering to some far-off land. Their precious and sacred vessels have been carried off to Babylon; their beautiful temple and city burned to the ground, their fair and fruitful land desolated. Among the ruined homes, city and temple, they are sadly wandering in memory and imagination.

With heartless cruelty their captors ask from them a song; for the fame of Israel's sweet Psalmody has long since spread to Babylon. Here is a fit choir, to entertain and amuse their tormentors! I will venture to say, that these daughters, and parents, amid more cheerful surroundings, could charm the hearers with their matchless melodies, as no family in Babylon could do. And those harps! Few things could they take along with them into their remote exile. Their harps are among these few. All these hundreds of miles have they patiently borne this child, and their harps, hoping, perhaps, therewith to beguile the lonely sadness of their captivity.

A precious accomplishment is the cultivation and practice of vocal and instrumental music in a family. Where the children from childhood are taught to sing, and play on some instrument. Where parents and children often unite their hearts and voices in hymns of praise. Where home is made cheerful and attractive by

the innocent beguilements and pastimes that can interest and please Christian young people. Do I not know such? Would that I were here allowed to name them. One brother plays the violin, another the flute; one sister the piano, another the guitar. Now the four instruments discourse sweetest music; then they form a quartette, and sing with equal sweetness. Now and then the parents and smaller children, join them in some old familiar song. What need have they to seek amusement elsewhere? There is something better than ball or concert. The whole family feels the gentle, refining, moulding power of this home choir.

Alas! these exile harps are unstrung, and their sweet voices hushed by the tyrant's tread. Joy produces melody; demands a voice, an utterance. Sorrow is either silent, or unmelodious. Sadness and mourning are usually quiet. How quiet is a house of mourning; how loud and musical a house of feasting. At the proud warrior's funeral, the drums are muffled.

Animals which creep and walk the earth never sing; only the birds, that can soar heavenward. The merry lark chants his morning song, singing sweeter as he ascends into the unseen sky, and sweetest when highest, until he falls exhausted to the earth.

The Jews were the musical nation of their time. At the Red Sea they sang their *Te Deum* for the first time. In the days of David and Solomon! they had such music as mortal ears had never heard. But during the Captivity in Babylon, they could not sing. Then and there, their Psalms would have been a piece of empty acting; the frivolous rehearsal of hymns and music in which their hearts could not join; of music too sacredly associated to use as an amusing sham. Too sacred was this heavenly art to them, to use it in such a heartless empty style. There sits the sorrowful group. Although they have not forgotten Jerusalem, and do still prefer her above their chief joy, their tongue of song cleaves to the roof of their mouth, their right hand has forgotten its cunning, and rests powerlessly on the tuneless harp.

The coming of Christ has taken the sting out of grief. Since then, sorrow, too, has learned to sing. His life on earth began with a song; with "a new song," sung by an angel-choir. In the darkest night of our Saviour's sorrows, He sang a hymn with His disciples, and then went out to Gethsemane. With songs of praise the early Church buried its dead; and every year their surviving friends gathered around the graves of the departed, on the day on which they had died, and sang cheerful hymns of praise there.

Thus, amid the dreary darkness of sorrow, as well as in our cheeriest joys, our renewed hearts can sing hymns of praise and hope. There were periods in Jewish history, when music belonged to "The Lost Arts." In Christian history David's harp received

a new tuning by the hand of "David's Son." Henceforth its strings are touched by hands unpalsied by Israel's foes.

A song attended the world's beginning: "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job xxxviii. 7); and a song will attend the world's end, when those who have "gotten the victory, having harps of God" in their hands, will sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. (Rev. xv. 2, 3.)

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is 9 o'clock. The large hall is brilliantly lighted. A chandelier, with many gas jets, flashes its blazing light up the wide winding stairway. As the guests enter the front door, their eyes are blinded with the dazzling splendor. Two chandeliers are pendent from the parlor ceiling. Their lights are reduced to the feeblest flicker; like the fixed stars, of a dark night, seen in remote immensity of space; like the far off fulfillment of ancient promises, seen in the darkening night of Hebrew disappointment; for which prophets and priests waited so long.

In a corner on a large table, covered with a green cloth, stands a tree. The cloth looks like a soft grassy meadow-carpet. Its top touches the frescoed ceiling. Under the tree, among a group of houses, is a stable. A few cattle are at the trough. At one end sits a meek mother, aside of a manger, wherein lies her babe. Near by stands a man, dressed in pilgrim's apparel, leaning on his long staff, engaged in devout meditation and prayer.

In an adjoining room the little folks are on tip-toe of hope; the long-waiting hope of the ancient Hebrews, repeated in the hearts of Christian children; to whom the fullness of time has at length come; after waiting for twelve long months. All are watching the folding doors, with almost breathless suspense. Surely in less than a minute they will be flung wide open. At length they gently open. Softly the children step into the dark room. One feeble taper on the tree, burning before a polished piece of tin, shows them its dark outlines; it is the Star of Bethlehem. But the fruit of the tree is all concealed. With folded hands they stand in a corner of the room. A few soft voices are heard singing in the distance:

“Hark, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

“Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
‘Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God on high!’”

From behind the tree a sweet child-voice sings:

“From heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.”

“To you, this night, is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child of lowly birth
Shall be the joy of all your earth.”

“He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth, His kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.”

Then the group of children in the corner sing with ringing voices:

“All my heart this night rejoices
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
‘Christ is born,’ their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

“Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
‘Flee from woe and danger;’
Brethren come, from all doth grieve you,
You are freed,
All you need
I will surely give you.”

Suddenly darkness is changed to light. Dozens of gas jets on the tree, change it to a tree of light and love. The children are wild with surprise, and skip around the tree, at whose roots sleeps the infant Saviour on a bed of hay in the manger. Golden fruit hanging from the branches, glitters in the light. Golden nuts,

candies, and nice and good things of all shapes, from the gilded plums to the old-fashioned penny ginger cake and pepper nuts, are borne on the branches. Face to face hangs the brave soldier of William I., with his proud French foe; the doll-lady is exchanging furtive glances with the leaden soldiers, surrounded with war vessels, cannon and all "the pride and circumstance of war." A half dozen children skip around the tree with delight, such as only children can feel. Every moment the children discover a new wonder behind some green twig, and with childish glee proclaims its discovery to the rest.

This seeking for and finding of new beauties keeps them in an ecstasy of joy. To the wonders of this tree, ablaze with richest gifts, there seems to be no end. At one end of the room sit the happy parents with their invited guests, enjoying the happiness of the children—meanwhile remembering with mingled sadness and pleasure, the Christmas joys of their own childhood's days. Around the parlor doors stand the servants, in fond sympathy with the occasion, rejoicing with them that do rejoice; knowing full well that their turn will come by and by.

A brief lull in the excitement allows the children to look for wonders elsewhere. From the world of pretty things on the tree their eyes fall on the stable—the Child on the hay in the lowly manger, with the Mother and Joseph by his side. The dear Infant Saviour on a bed of straw and hay! Again an older sister commences to sing, and the children sweetly join her:

"Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!

"For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay, and straw so rough,
Whereon, Thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

"Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be,
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

"Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee."

CHRISTMAS EVE AMONG THE POOR.

Follow me to a back street in a certain village, to an old frame

shanty. It has but one story. Of course, it has a garret besides. We will grope up the steep narrow stair-way. Under the unplastered roof lives a small family—father, mother and five children. The father, crippled with rheumatism, limps with painful labor after his little ill-paid work. The sallow sad mother, coughs more than she sleeps at night. Poverty, unrelieved care, hasten the work which consumption has begun. A frail board partition divide their garret home. Each room is lighted by two window-panes. In a corner lies a small pile of wood, which the children gathered in the neighboring woods. A few sticks in the small stove, feed a crackling fire. One bedstead must suffice for the whole family. The smallest child sleeps with the parents; the rest sleep on the straw spread on the floor. How their scanty covering keeps them from freezing, I cannot understand. Even now the storm is blowing the snow-flakes through the board-cracks, and clattering windows. A few old boxes serve for chairs. The larger one for a table. On this are placed a small iron lard-lamp, and a half consumed tallow candle. Between these stands a small stone jug, with a pine twig in it; around the twig are a few flowers. Whence came these flowers at this flowerless season, to cheer this home of poverty? On the twig are two little lighted tapers. They burn dimly, yet they do shed light on the twig. The twig is the Christmas Tree. On it are tied with yarn, a little cradle with a child, a few small cakes, and pieces of candy. The cradle, cakes and candies are rocked to and fro by the blowing of the storm through the cracks.

The parents, sitting on the boxes, forget their poverty in the joy of their children. The bare-footed babe in the feeble arms of its sorrow-stricken mother, crows with merry voice as it stretches out its hands towards the pretty little babe in the cradle on the tree. And the older children seem to enjoy as happy a Christmas Eve in their bleak garret-home, as those who keep it in the palaces of the wealthy. Tears of gratitude glisten in the eyes of the parents, that the New-Born Saviour brings joy to the hovels of the poor no less than to the abodes of fortune. Kind hearts have thought of them. In yonder corner lies a sausage, a fowl, fresh bread and other nice things. To-morrow, in this garret, too, a table will be spread, though it be on a coarse box; a table such as rarely invites these children. To them, too, Christmas will be a day "of great joy." At length the children gather around the lap of the mother, who, ere she puts them on their straw beds, tells them with a hollow, feeble voice, for the hundredth time, the sweet story of Bethlehem, and how Mary had to lay the little Jesus on hay in the manger, and how He became a poor child, that He might make all poor children good, rich and happy.

“Cling to Him, for He will guide you,
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

“Hither come, ye poor and wretched;
Know His will
Is to fill
Every hand outstretched;
Here are riches without measure;
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.

“Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.”

OUR FAVORITE HOLIDAY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Ticket all the holidays in the Christian Year. Poll all the people—little ones, half-grown, and big; male and female; the faithful and the unbelieving. Let universal suffrage be proclaimed, regardless of creed, color or circumstance, and no “Tammany” can prevent Christmas from obtaining the majority of votes. I hold, indeed, that such an election might very readily be made unanimous. Is another such a day to be named in the long-drawn year, on which the “many men of many minds” are so entirely and heartily one? If there is, my Almanac has lost a day!

Christmas is a Princely Holiday in the calendar. Its wonderful plastic power brings all hearts under. There is some “irresistible grace” about this part of the Christian system, at all events. Men will give in to it, whatever predeterminations may exist. Such a metamorphosis as occurs all around us! Everybody creeps out of his chrysalis state and becomes a winged mortal, for a week or so. Not the Christian circle merely, but the human plane entire, seems elevated, as it were, above the pressure of this world’s dense atmosphere, to bathe for a brief spell in the sunshine of angelic life. Pity only, that we are fated so soon to return again to the dreary hibernacle of earth.

Still—praise God!—man shows himself capable of living, at least for a few days, in a sort of Fore-Heaven of felicity—earthly, sensual, and devilish as he may be, by nature and habit. “December’s as pleasant as May.” It matters nothing whether Christmas falls on the hottest day in the year, as it does far down in Australasia, where the seasons are opposite to ours, or in mid-winter—the jubileeing is all the same.

I have wondered already—all to myself—whether that same “Heavenly Host” that overtured our Lord’s Birth-Song on earth, did not, on the stated Anniversary of the Nativity, approach in some invisible way our nether world. Some higher influence, surely, must be moving mortals, just then, since they are so ready to give “Glory to God,” and cherish “good-will toward men.” But, perhaps this idea came from my having just read how Minnehaha

Drew the sacred, magic circle
Of her footprints round the corn-fields,—

to make them fruitful.

Be it as it may, mankind never seems so much like *Man-kind* as about Christmas. Everybody is in the best mood then. If you have any boon to ask of the race, present your request during the Christmas holidays. You will never find selfish human nature more kindly disposed. It is either a fact or a fancy with me, that Jesus is actually at that season *massing* all hearts around Himself—magnet of souls that He is!—and to each other, for the purpose of imparting some of His virtuous Grace. Perhaps that is the reason why we always say *Christ-mas*. No other festival carries such a suffix along. The old Saxon—*Maessa*—will not coalesce so readily with Easter, or Pentecost. Nor can these rally the masses by near so much. The Nativity attracted angels—kings—shepherds; a new “Star,” even. Its anniversary but multiplies copies of the original, and “masses” heaven and earth in one still. There is some partial fulfillment of the prophecy—“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.”

I cannot wonder over the pre-eminence of our Christmas holiday. If it surprises anybody, a little reflection will dispel his perplexity. It is the Mother-Festival, let me say. All our Holy Days issue from it, whether of Jewish or Christian times. Look back and see how all Fasts and Feasts of the Old Covenant borrow their light, grace and glory from the reflected fullness of Christmas. Their brilliancy is but a lunar one, at best. Look forward and mark how our favorite Holiday projects an Easter; a Whitsuntide—no less than a Passion-Day or an Ascension-Day; and a *Dies Iræ*. “This is the Day the Lord has made,” indeed, and in a sense, before all other days. Why should it seem strange, then, that Christmas

stands first and highest in the affection of all the people? It is the flower among festivals—a “Rose of Sharon,” or “Lily of the Valley,” amid Holy Days, as they occurred in Israel, and the “corn of wheat that bringeth forth much fruit,” in the new Eden.

Mankind always seems to me to be especially happy over its *Pattern-Man*, on every recurring anniversary of His Advent. It is an instinct of this fact that prompts a universal Jubilee, I venture to suggest. I cannot claim originality for this thought, however. An old poet taught me this, by inference, I may say. In meditating on the Fall of Man, he says:

“All Nature felt the wound!”

Now, why may not that same Nature feel, in a measure at least, the God-infused remedy? If Milton is right, how am I so very far wrong? To say that every individual mortal is not consciously alive to the meaning and effect of the Incarnation, amounts to no answer at all. The inanimate spheres even sent forth a new “Star,” and why may not man much rather have his heart stirred, even though his reason be not intelligently swayed? It were strange indeed, if God could not extend a sensation of joy as far as sin spread the sense of sorrow. In this view, no less than in still others,

He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

A certain presage of some higher perfection had never left the bosom of Humanity, in spite of the Fall. Long had mortals sighed and sought for their lost Ideal. The history of the race, through four thousand years, was but an unbroken effort to regain that. You see results all along the line, which served as apologies for it, as it were; but soon the best even cloyed. The sensitive Greek fashioned a beautiful Apollo Belvidere; but alas!—only in marble. Then came a long line of deified heroes in the Western world, which were to stand as realizations of the deep desire. But whole constellations of them, as well as one after the other faded out and left a blank. Then, again, look at the Avatars descending successively in the East. But these, too, could not fill the void. Nor must we forget how sage, philosopher and lawgiver, or prophet, priest and king—all came and departed again, without supplying the race with a satisfactory model. No child, bereft of its parents, can feel its orphanage more keenly.

But lo! At last “the chiefest among ten thousands” appears in Judea, and the race recognizes its Ideal. And why should there not be a great, grand Jubilee, when a hope, so long deferred, fruited, at last—and so gloriously? What mankind sought to find by storming the heavens, now lies at its feet in the manger. Not by

ascending to God ; but by God descending to man, was the “Coming One” revealed.

And now, as there had been unconscious prophecies—which were none the less real on that account—so there is an unconscious joy, too, over the EMMANUEL—whether men can fathom the mystery or not.

If this be a reason for the joy of mortals, on Christmas—then I see another.

An ancient Church Father says something like this: “The Son of God became the Son of Man, that the sons of men might become the sons of God.” How nicely the old Father fits his two thoughts together ! It would not do at all to reverse their order, you see. God with man, first ; then only follows, man with God. *This* “Jacob’s Ladder” has first a descending, and then an ascending, and thus differs from the one at Bethel. Any one ought to be able to see, then, that if humanity is overflowing with joy because of God’s coming down to man, such joy is principally because now it is possible for mankind to ascend to God. This is another and chief ingredient in the cup of gladness, which we hold to our lips on Christmas-Day. Men have a vague feeling, that human nature has somehow experienced an assumption through the Nativity of Jesus. A new “Order of Nobility” has been conferred on our humanity, we seem to feel, even though we do not say it. I no longer believe, that a man does not know a thing, unless he can tell it in so many words. Feeling is deeper than speech. And I know too, that “tongues shall cease.” But will our intuitional nature ever come to an end ? Why may not that economy of feeling often exceed the bounds of our speech, then, in this life ? If such is ever the case, then I can readily believe the race to be inspired with a sense of joy, over the prospective capableness of its nature henceforth, in consequence of an elevation to the Godhead. We see the type of what we shall be, because we see what and who Jesus is. The race is jubilant, since it anticipates an elevation higher than a Pagan Olympus, or even an Abrahamic Hades. The vision of Simeon is before our eyes, and we are enabled to see our salvation, and are glad.

But our Christmas joying is not only a “rejoicing in the Lord ;” it is likewise a rejoicing in each other. No one wants to be alone on Christmas. Men are wonderfully social then. They seek each other’s society. They give “presents,”—yea, would almost give themselves away.

Now, is it not strange, that selfish mortals should, all of a sudden, and all together, become so “wondrous kind ?” And when I ask my neighbors for a reason, no one pretends to know. So I say to myself after such a manner :—“If the race may be thought to re-

joy over the Nativity of Jesus, because of a higher and heavenly influence, of which we need not always be conscious ; such a swaying influence may move mortals not only toward God, but toward their brethren, too. Whatever binds me to God, binds me to man no less. Sin disbands. The Grace of Jesus bands together. In the First Man, the race flies from God, and asunder. In the Second Adam, the race is drawn to God, and together. Now, the Second Adam is here, no less than the First. Why shall not the former work and influence as well as the latter ? If so, then this otherwise mysterious social joy of man, on Christmas, is, at least, partly plain. The Anthem of the Heavenly Choir itself, seems to tell me all those reasons, which I have endeavored to express :--“ *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*”

THE GUARDIAN'S NEW YEAR SPEECH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Good morning, kind readers. A happy New Year. 'Tis the twenty-third time I bring you this greeting. Full well I remember the first one. I was then shabbily dressed in swaddling clothes. My pages were printed with blurred type. The yellow cover, when I now think of it, well nigh makes me blush. I confess, I was an odd-looking genius to have the Guardianship of young people. Yet I was received kindly by the readers, and in turn, I tried to bless them. On my monthly rounds I visited small children ; little girls, that could neither walk nor talk, and much less read. Their names were on the cover, and they paid the yearly money for it, or rather their mammas paid it for them. For twenty-two years I have called on them once a month ; of course they were not babies all this while. They have never given me an unkind word.

I still remember when I first entered a certain dwelling. It was on a cold evening, in January, 1850. On a centre table stood an oil lamp, and a work-basket. Aside of it sat a neatly dressed lady darning little stockings, for feet owned by a chubby chap snoring on a lounge. Aside of her lay a year old baby in a cradle. Her foot ran the cradle as her fingers plied her knitting tools. She dropped her needles and turned over my pages with evident delight. Then she laid me aside of the baby in the cradle. By and by the little fat hands patted my cheeks and kissed me. This little girl began to read. She always read all I brought her. And when her playmates dropped in, she showed them what I said. When

I happened to be a day or two after time, she would feel greatly worried. Her young friends, hearing her repeat so many of my lessons, grew fond of reading what I had to say, and ere long asked me to visit them.

This morning I rang the door bell of a cozy home, in a certain village. A friendly lady with a kindly smile greeted me at the door. In her husband's library I saw twenty-two volumes of my humble self, nicely bound. A spry youngster was rollicking about in the room. A smaller one was chirping in the cradle. Her husband is an active, useful minister of the Gospel, pastor of a congregation in the place. I looked up at the serene, happy face of this young mother, as she laid me in the dimpled hands of the baby in the cradle, and thought how times with her had changed since January, 1850; for she was then the baby in the cradle aside of her fond mother, who on a certain January evening was darning little stockings, and singing lullabies to her child.

Some of my earlier friends have outrun me in the race. I used to preach to them; now they are preaching to me, writing pleasant articles for my pages. Dozens of ministers of the Gospel began their studies under me. When little boys, they read the lessons I brought them, read how good boys became good and useful men. "We, too, will try and become such men;" thus they resolved. By and by they joined the Church, began to study for the ministry, and now how many who still befriend me, as they used to do when boys, are useful and happy ministers of the Gospel. And some tell the young people of their churches to subscribe for the *Guardian*, because, when they were boys, it led them to "Life, Light, and Love."

But young people are not all so successfully led. I have some tough customers to deal with. Some parents call me in to teach their boys. But the boys refuse to listen to me. They had rather read silly stories, than my pages. They choose rude boys for their comrades, and are playing fast young men before their time. They can hardly wait till they are twenty one.

"But hark! I hear a voice, boys;
It whispers, Youth beware!
Before you're twenty-one, boys,
The dream may disappear,
The blooming cheek grow pale, boys
And dim the sparkling eye,
And in death's cold embrace, boys,
The active form may lie.

"'Twere madness then to sing, boys,
And boast of years to come;
Awake from folly's dream, boys,
The Saviour calls you home;

Now while the harvest waves, boys
The reaper's garb put on,
And gather sheaves for heaven, boys,
Before you're twenty-one."

I meet with all kinds of people. Some bless and some curse me. A drunken father staggers into a certain sitting-room at night. A boy is reading something I say about the sin and curse of drunkenness, and the danger of becoming a drunkard; reading it aloud to his mother and sisters. The father hears the last part of it, and curses me and all who speak or write that way.

In a certain parlor sits an aged grandfather. On his lap sits a little fellow, scarcely three years old. He is a godly father, bowed down under the burdens of more than seventy-five years. Around him are seated his son and wife, and a group of merry grandchildren. One of the little ones reads out of my humble pages to the dear old man, and his parents, and little sisters. What a happy home this is! And the parents of these little ones gratefully feel it. Their father, on a certain day, takes up his pen in my praise. Hear what he says, and prints in a well-known, influential newspaper:

"In the perusal of the *Guardian* one is impressed with a feeling, very much like that which comes to the beholder, when he views a beautiful landscape, lit up by the departing rays of a summer's sun. He sees in the terse, sometimes abrupt expressions of the writer, the little blunt outcroppings of nature, which give variety and picturesqueness to the scene; in the beautiful poetic emanations which often follow, the quiet, peaceful valleys, bathed in purple and gold; in the philosophy of his teachings, which forms the burden of his song, we hear the continuous murmuring of waters bearing upon their upturned face the reflection of the heavens above. It makes the reader feel better and wiser for having read these heart-promptings,—they are so full of wisdom, so full of beauty, and yet so true to life."

I wish I were as good and as useful as this dear friend thinks I am. When I read his piece in the paper, I at once resolved that I would strive to become what his loving heart prompted him to say that I am, and much better than that.

Sometimes I enter a home, where the whole house is in a festive confusion. At one place a young man steps in and marries one of my subscribers; and after that, the name on my cover is changed from Miss Annie Rodgers to Mrs. Annie Brown. Then, too, I occasionally come to a home, where a crape is hanging at the door. Here is one such. Within all are weeping. On the silver plate of the coffin lid, I read the same name written on my cover. Alas! There lies the cold corpse of a dear boy, with whom I have had many a pleasing chat. Heretofore he would be the first in the family to leaf over my pages. Now his hands are folded in death, no more to turn over pages written by human hands. There is so much weeping and sobbing here, that I can hardly understand

what his parents and sisters are saying. Only this much I can get from their grief-burdened speech: "He was an obedient, affectionate child, kind to his parents and sisters, who loved and prayed much. O, I know the child is in heaven; still he was so good, it is so hard to part with him." Thus they sobbingly exclaimed. Just think, as one of the best friends of their boy from whom he derived much good company and counsel, one of the sisters insisted that I should be laid aside of him in the coffin, to keep him company in his lonely narrow bed. I have always dreaded with horror the idea of being buried alive. The prospect of being screwed up with the corpse of a friend, however dear a friend, while my poor body was still aglow with a living soul, is excruciating. Who could deliver me from this body of death? Fortunately more humane counsels prevailed. I was invited to attend his funeral. On a centre table in the parlor lay his Bible, hymn book, prayer book, and myself. From there I could see the people and hear them sing:

"Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed."

I knew where the dear fellow used to sleep; for many a time he took me with him to his chamber, to read by himself what I had to say. To see that boy, kneeling by his bedside, and praying, as I have seen him, is enough to move the heart of angels. And in a soft bed he lay at night. And after such a prayer one sleeps sweetly. And of this soft bed in an upper chamber, which he had consecrated as an altar of prayer, I thought when I saw him lying in his pretty coffin, and when they lowered him into the grave. And I felt sure, that "the savor of his name" was sweet, and that his dusty bed would be soft. And now comes the last, long parting farewell, a long farewell. Dear friend, very thankful I am, that I never taught thee aught but purity and truth.

Around his coffin stood his young Sunday-school class-mates, teacher, and superintendent. At his request they had sung around his dying bed:

"Oh, sing to me of heav'n
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.

"When round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above."

And now they sing "My Heavenly Home," and "There'll be no sorrow there." His pastor offered a fervent prayer, in which he praised God, that he taught this youth to love Him, and that now all who loved the boy knew that it was well with him. From a full heart he prayed for his parents, brothers and sisters, and for his Sunday-school.

And then he preached a short sermon, on Proverbs viii. 17, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."

"God loves all His rational creatures," said the preacher. "He loveth all, both great and small. His mercy descends on all alike; on the just and the unjust, as falls the rain with equal blessing into the gardens of the good and evil. He pities the wicked, who rebel against such a kind Being; who refuse to accept the offers of heaven. Those who accept His mercy with obedient hearts, He loves and keeps with Divine tenderness. He loves parents, who try, with pious care, to make their house a house of God, and their home, the home of Christ. He loves children with more than a mother's love. To bless and save the little ones, His Son became a child. And young people He loves; for them He bore the tasks and trials of youth, and obeyed and loved his mother and Joseph, to teach and enable the young to improve the time of youth. He began early. And all who seek Him early shall find Him. Early we must learn to watch and pray; early the heart must be given to Christ, or Satan will get the start of Him. Then the heart is tender, and like a twig, is easily bent in favor of piety. Those who begin the day's work early in the morning, will get done early and well. Those who begin late must work late, and are in danger of never finishing life's work.

We are assembled around the bier of a young saint. He achieved his sainthood early; but it is sainthood none the less. He won his crown with less cross-bearing than many older saints must endure; still it is a crown, set with the brightest jewels heaven can afford. He fought not as long as many other Christian warriors, but he fought well, fought the good fight, and gained his victory.

I praise not your dead boy and brother, but the ever living, ever loving Christ, who gave him the victory. The good that was in him, that is in him now in heaven, he received by grace from our Saviour. And much good he possessed. Like Timothy, knowing the Scriptures from a child. His mother says, he never gave her an unkind word, never caused her a moment's grief. I believe it all. He was a brave boy. He could say no, when he was tempted to do wrong. Like a little man, he took his sisters to church, sat by their side and sang out of their hymn book. And he did this when he knew that on Monday morning some of the

town boys would laugh him to scorn for it, on the street. He studied well, worked well, and prayed well. And he learned to conquer the evil desires in his own heart. Though a boy, his light shone, and others saw it; and not a few are this day better boys and girls, because this boy lived well, and died well. He little knew how others admired his godly conduct; how pious mothers, when they prayed for their boys, wished in their heart of hearts that they might be as good as Harry Morris.

Here lie the remains of a good boy. But he was good, because God is good; because Christ died to save him. On His saving arms you laid him through baptism, when an infant. To His gracious keeping you committed him. And He has kept him well. Into his heart you, and his pastor, and Sunday-school teacher sowed good seed; and watered it with tearful prayers. But had not God given the increase, both the sowing and the watering would have been in vain. Oh, that all hearts would yield such a fruitful soil; that all earnest sowing of good seed would be followed by such a harvest!

Here lies the casket of a precious jewel. The casket we will gently carry to the grave; the jewel our Saviour has set into His crown. There let it shine, eternally shine. The Casket! Alas how little like ourselves is our body, once the spirit has left it! Pale, motionless, cold. In a few more days the fondest friend cannot recognize the fast decaying features of this once blooming boy. But the jewel never decays. The soul is immortal. The redeemed soul is immortally happy.

I too knew this youth. Next to his immediate family, knew him better than any one else. He looked to me as his spiritual guide. To me he told his griefs and joys. When tempted he came to me for succor and counsel. I, too, am a mourner in this bereaved assemblage. Was he not my sincere and ardent friend? My younger brother? I, too, can say: "Here lies a youth, who never caused me the slightest pain." His love to me was unselfish. He loves me still; loves his parents, brothers, sisters, friends. Though these mortal bodies die, the love of Christ, kindled in the believer's heart, is undying. I feel stronger aside of this coffin than ever before. The faith of a pastor gains with the triumphant death of every member. I, for one, feel that I am a better man, because Harry Morris has lived; and because he died as a Christian dies.

"O, though oft depressed and lonely
All my fears are cast aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!"

MAGDALENA LENZ, OR A MOTHER'S FAITHFULNESS.

From the German, published anonymously by the Rauhe Haus.

TRANSLATED BY R. H. S.

V.

When they reached the house they observed, that the front door did not open easily, and Susanna glanced behind it to see what was the obstacle. She saw lying on the floor a little package folded in a scrap of newspaper, and apparently containing money, and she stooped and picked it up.

"See!" she said, sadly, "the mother came last night to bring this for her child."

Frau Lenz did not answer. So near the decision whether the poor woman was her child or not, she could not pause, but pressed forward with faltering steps, and restless, quick-throbbing heart. She entered the sleeping-room,—all was dark and silent. She did not look at the little cold body, by which Susanna stood still, but going straight to the bedside, drew the curtain, and beheld her Lina,—alas! not the cheerful, healthy, brave Lina of earlier days, untouched by care or sorrow. This Lina was old before her time; her beauty was gone; deep furrows had grief and want engraved upon those once round, blooming cheeks, on which the mother's eyes had so often delighted to gaze. Even in sleep, her features wore the sad impress of woe and despair,—even in sleep, she had forgotten how to smile.

Oh, mother-love! sweetest, dearest type on earth of that which reached us from on high, "while we were yet sinners!"

All these signs of sin and wretchedness made the poor girl only dearer to the mother's heart. She stood there with longing eyes that gazed as if they could not be satisfied with gazing. At length she stooped and kissed the wasted hand that lay on the coverlet. The touch did not waken the sleeper,—it was not necessary that the mother should be so cautious as she was. There was no sign of life, save now and then a deep sigh that was almost a sob. Frau Lenz sat down on the edge of the bed, holding back the curtain, and looked and looked with unwearying eyes.

Susanna would fain have lingered by her darling, but there were too many claims upon her time and thoughts, and as usual, her

will must give way to the needs of others. The burden of the cares of all seemed to fall upon her shoulders. Her father, full of ill-humor after his night of intemperance, did not scruple to throw upon her the blame of little Nannie's death; and when, after bearing his reproaches for a while in silence, she at last burst into tears, he wounded her still more deeply by foolish attempts at consolation. She had to make all necessary arrangements for the burial of the child; she had to put off her pupils; then she must call the little son of a neighbor, and send him quickly for Wilhelm, who, she felt, ought to be told the reason of his mother's absence from home, and indeed, should know all the sad story. So she charged her little messenger to tell him to come and speak with her, and that his mother was at her house.

About noon, Wilhelm came. His face was glowing, partly with pleasure, partly with excitement and impatience. Susanna met him, pale and quiet, and looked straight into his eyes with her gentle and loving ones.

"Wilhelm," she said, in a low tone, "your sister is up-stairs."

"My sister?" he cried, as if terrified at the thought, while his cheerful expression gave place to a dark and bitter one.

Susanna saw it, and her heart sank, but she continued, to all outward appearance, as calmly as before:

"She was little Nannie's mother, as perhaps you already know. The little one died last night, from a fall"—her calmness was gone; all her conflicting feelings burst forth, in spite of herself. She sat down and covered her face, and wept bitterly. Wilhelm gently put his arm around her, and leaned over her, but all he could say, was,

"Oh, Susanna, how can I comfort you?—Don't take it so to heart,—please don't!"

He repeated the same words again and again; but his tone became more and more tender and beseeching. At last she seemed to recover control of herself; she dried her eyes, and looked up to him with her usual mild and quiet expression.

"Your sister was near the house. She ran quickly to me, when she heard what I said to the doctor. Now she is asleep, and your mother is watching beside her. I wanted to tell you all this myself.—Would you not like to see your mother?"

"No!" he said, "I do not want to see any one but yourself. Mother has told me that you know all." His eyes fell, but the pure girl before him neither looked down nor turned away.

"Yes, I know all," she replied. "All, even her sufferings! Think how great they must have been!"

His answer came, sullen and hard.

"She has deserved them,—all!"

"In the sight of God, perhaps—it is He who is her judge, not we."—"Oh," she exclaimed, suddenly, as if overcome, "Wilhelm Lenz, I have thought so well of you,—do not make me believe you cruel and hard! He cannot be called good, who does not know how to feel compassion. There is your mother, whose heart is almost broken, and yet she is full of joy over her restored child,—think of your mother!"

"I do think of her," he answered, "and I remember the promise that I gave her yesterday evening. But you should give me time. In time I shall surely know how to do right. I cannot think quietly yet,—it confuses me so much! But do not be afraid,—I hope I shall do what is right. You have spoken very plainly to me, Susanna,—you have doubted me, Susanna! and yet I love you so dearly, that your words have given me great pain. If I hesitated a little, and could not promise at once, it was because, even for love of you, I could not do what is against my feelings; and at first I could not feel as you did. But I am not hard, nor cruel; if I were, I could not be so distressed as I am."

He turned as if to go—indeed, he wished to think over the matter alone. But Susanna, already sorry for the hasty words that had seemed to convey an accusation of cruelty, took two or three steps towards him, hesitated, and then, blushing slightly, said in a whisper,

"Oh Willy, please forgive me! I am very sorry,—will you, can you forgive me?"

She, always so reserved and quiet, said this so sweetly, her eyes first glancing up with an imploring look, and then timidly seeking the ground. Her lovely confusion said more than words could have expressed, and Wilhelm turned, happy in the certainty that he was beloved, and threw his arms around her and kissed her.

"My own dear Susanna!" he exclaimed.

The mother, meanwhile, sat still in the upper room, by the bedside of her child, and watched over her slumber.

It was late in the afternoon before Lina awoke; for the sleeping potion she had taken was very strong. Her look fell at once upon her mother's face, and remained fixed there, as if by a spell. Frau Lenz did not move; for it seemed as if the very slightest motion would break the band of self-control which she could preserve so long as she kept still and silent. But it was not for long; for directly Lina cried out in a heart-rending tone of anguish:

"Mother! don't look at me so! I have been so wicked!" and buried her face in the bed-clothes, and lay there, still as a corpse.

Frau Lenz knelt down by her side, and murmured gently,

"Lina, dear daughter, do not speak so! I am indeed your mo-

ther, my own child,—do not be distressed before me. I have never ceased to love you, my Lina,—I have always thought of you, and your father forgave you, before he died.”

The girl started and trembled slightly, but without uttering a sound.

“Lina, my child, I will do everything for you; I will live for you,—only do not be ashamed before your mother. Whatever you may have done or been, we will never speak or think of it again. We will cast all the old evil days behind us, and go back to the farm, and begin a new life. I only left it to seek you, my child, and God has led me to you,—blessed be His holy Name! God is pure mercy, Lina! You have not forgotten what you have learned of Him, Lina! I am not learned in the Holy Book, but I know a great many of its comforting words,—I have said them over to myself, day after day. My darling, do not hide your face from me,—it is your mother that speaks to you! Your little child clung to me so lovingly yesterday,—and if it has been taken home, it is only that the dear Saviour may gather it, precious little lamb, to His own bosom. No, no! do not sob as if your poor heart would break! it will be restored to you again. I know you will strive to live so that you may go to meet the child—listen! let me tell you all the sweet promises the Lord has made to those poor sinners, who repent and trust in Him, as that sinful woman did when He was on earth—only believe, and do not be afraid!”

Frau Lenz folded her hands, and strove to speak as distinctly as possible, while she repeated all the blessed words from the sacred Scriptures that she could recall. The softened breathing of her daughter betokened that she was listening; but the mother herself was so weak and so much overcome, that she could scarcely speak, and it was all that she could do to refrain from weeping aloud. At last she heard her daughter's voice:

“Where have they laid her?”

“She is down-stairs. She looks so peaceful, and so happy.”

“Had she learned to speak? Oh, if God—oh, if I had only once heard her sweet voice! Mother! I used to dream of it at night. And may I see her again? But oh, mother, if I can have mercy, if God does grant me grace, and I ever go to Heaven, I shall not know her,—my own child! and she will be strange to me, and cling to you and to Susanna! O woe! woe!”—she cried, in bitter grief.

In her earnestness, she had uncovered her face, and was looking eagerly in her mother's face, to read her thoughts there. And as she saw those old eyes swimming in tears, and noticed her grieved, quivering lips, she threw her arms around the faithful mother's neck, and wept out her grief, as she had done many a childish sor-

row, long ago—now alas, with how much hotter and more bitter tears!

They sat thus for a long, long while. At last Susanna came up with some tea and bread and butter for Frau Lenz. She saw how the mother comforted her child with such tender words and caresses as she only could have used; nor did either of the two perceive Susanna's presence. They slept that night in each other's arms, while Susanna lay on the floor at the foot of the bed.

They took up the little body,—the tender, unconscious lamb, gathered home that its straying mother might learn the way,—and carried it away to the hills which in life it had never seen. They did not lay it by its grandfather's side in the Steinthal church-yard, but carried it to a little secluded burial-ground upon the heath, and there laid it on the side of a sunny hill, where the first violets grew in the spring-time.

Wilhelm and Susanna live at the Meadow Farm. But Frau Lenz and Lina have a little cottage, so retired that you cannot see it until you stand in the little valley just before it. Thomas is school-master in Steinthal; he and Wilhelm divide between them the care of their mother and sister. But, hidden as the little cottage is among the green trees and between the hills, every cry of sickness or of distress in the country around, is heard there by a woman whose rare smile is sadder than the tears of many are, and who is always ready to leave her seclusion when sorrow enters any neighbor's dwelling. Many hearts bless Lina Lenz; she, however, prays day by day for pardon and grace, and for reunion with her dear little child.

Frau Lenz is peaceful and contented. Lina is in her eyes a precious treasure,—like the lost piece of silver, that was found. Susanna is a gracious woman, who brings sunlight,—divine light, from the Sun of Righteousness, with her everywhere, and to all. Children rise up around her, and call her blessed; and one of them is named Anna. This child is often seen in Lina's arms; sometimes she leads the little one to the sunny burial-place on the heath, and while the child plucks flowers and weaves her little garlands, Lina sits on a tiny grave, and weeps.



PUNISHMENT OF NATIONS. In one sense, the providence of God is shown more clearly in nations than in individuals. Retribution can follow individuals into another state; but not so with nations; they have all their rewards and punishments in time.—*De Cistine.*

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Eve.

They say to night is Christmas Eve, and, high as I could reach,
I've hung my stockings on the wall, and left a kiss on each ;
I left a kiss on each for Him, who'll fill my stockings quite ;
He never came before, but O, I'm sure He will to-night,
And to-morrow 'll be the day our blessed Christ was born,
Who came on earth to pity me, whom many others scorn.
And why it is they treat me so, indeed I cannot tell,
But while I love Him next to you, then all seems wise and well.
I long have looked for Christmas, mother, waited all the year ;
And very strange it is indeed to feel the dawn so near ;
But to-morrow 'll be the day I so long have prayed to see,
And I long to sleep and wake, and find what it will bring to me.
The snow is in the street, and through the window all the day,
I've watched the little children pass ; they seemed so glad and gay !
And gayly did they talk about the gifts they would receive ;
O, all the world is glad to-night, for this is Christmas Eve !
And, mother, on the cold, cold floor I've put my little shoe ;—
The other's torn across the toe, and things might there slip through ;
I've set my little shoe, mother, and it for you shall be,
For I know that He'll remember you while He remembers me.
So lay me in my bed, mother, and hear my prayers aright,
He never came before, but O, I'm sure He will to-night.

Midnight.

Mother, is it the morning yet ? I dreamed that it was here :
I thought the sun shone through the pane, so blessed and so clear.
I dreamed my little stockings there were full as they could hold.
But it's hardly morning yet, mother, it is so dark and cold.
I dreamed the bells rang from the church where the happy people go,
And they rang good-will to all men in language that I know.
I thought I took from off the wall my little stockings there,
And on the floor I emptied them,—such sights there never were !
A doll was in there, meant for me, just like those little girls
Who always turn away from me ; and O, it had *such* curls !
I kissed it on its painted cheek ; my own are not so sweet.
Though people used to stop and pat and praise them in the street.
And mother, there were many things that would have pleased you too ;
For He who had remembered me had not forgotten you.
But I only dreamed 'twas morning, and yet 'tis far away,
Though well I know that He will come before the early day.
So I will put my dream aside, though I know my dream was true,
And sleep and dream my dream again, and rise at morn with you.

Christmas Morn.—The Mother.

All night have I waked with weeping till the bells are ringing wild,
 All night have I waked with my sorrow, and lain in my tears like a child;
 For over against the wall as empty as they can be,
 The limp little stockings hang, and my heart is breaking in me!
 Your vision was false as the world, O darling dreamer and dear!
 And how can I bear you to wake, and find no Christmas here?
 Better you and I were asleep in the slumber whence none may start,
 And O, those empty stockings! I could fill them out of my heart!
 No Christmas for you or for me, darling; your kisses were all in vain,
 I have given your kisses back to you over and over again;
 I have folded you to my breast with a moaning no one hears;
 Your heart is happy in dreams, though your hair is damp with my tears.
 I am out of heart and hope; I am almost out of my mind;
 The world is cruel and cold, and only Christ is kind;
 And much must be borne and forborne; but the heaviest burden of all
 That ever hath lain on my life are those little things on the wall.
 Hush, bells, you'll waken my dreamer! O, children so full of cheer;
 Be a little less glad going by; there hath been no Christmas here.
 Go tenderly o'er the stones, O, light feet tripping a-tune!
 The slighted thing sleeps in my arms,—she'll waken too soon, too soon!

—*Our Young Folks.*

THE FOUNDERS AND FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

This Magazine has passed through twenty-two years of its existence. Its father and founder was Dr. H. Harbaugh. When he started it, he was a young pastor in Lewisburg, Pa. He soon gathered around him a group of earnest co-laborers, whose talents and piety helped to make it what it is. The most of these early friends of the "Guardian" have entered into their rest, "and their works do follow them." Dozens of times have we conned over their wise counsels to the young, in the earlier volumes of this monthly. Each of these departed brethren has a monument to mark the spot where his dust reposes, but monuments more useful than those of marble have they reared to their memory, in the grateful hearts of those, whom they led to Christ, and in their articles for the "Guardian," in which, "they being dead, yet speak." In its volumes their memory lies embalmed; yet of their life and character, save with one or two exceptions, little has been written. Of this we here wish to make a grateful record. Not of the many kind friends still living and writing for the "Guardian," do we wish to speak now. Long may it be ere we shall have to chronicle their life's solemn close. But of the sainted dead, who have fin-

ished their course, and entered upon their reward. As some wrote under assumed signatures, we can not always trace their authorship to the proper person. This will account for the omission of some names in the following sketches :

REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

“ Prophets, priests,
Apostles, great reformers, all that served
Messiah faithfully, like stars appear
Of fairest beam : round them gather, clad
In white, the vouchers of their ministry—
The flock their care had nourished,
Fed and saved.”

Pollock.

Thus, as year after year the pious readers of this Magazine enter into rest, they gather around the sainted contributors to its pages. And happy is that meeting, where writers and readers meet and greet, around the throne of God on high.

In the February and March numbers of the “Guardian” of 1868, the readers will find a lengthy sketch of the life of Dr. Harbaugh. As many may not have that volume to refer to, we will simply give a brief outline of his life, with some facts not mentioned in the former sketch. He was born November 28, 1817. The place of his birth and the home of his childhood, was near Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa. His parents, George and Anna Harbaugh, and their children, were a plain, industrious farmer’s family. Henry Harbaugh was their tenth child. The old stone mansion by the roadside, in which he was born, still remains. It was built in 1805. The parents belonged to what are usually called Pennsylvania Germans. Their children were baptized in infancy, and trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. From the Lord they had received them ; to the Lord they gave them, at the threshold of life. Thus was the tenth child of George and Anna Harbaugh given to God, and through this holy sacrament, he received the name Henry Harbaugh. And it is not unlikely, that he still bears that name, and forever shall bear it, in the Jerusalem above.

His mother must have had her hands and heart full, with her ten children ; and now with this tenth one, kicking up his heels, and tumbling about in his cradle, as babies are wont to do. People then had *cradles* yet for their children, and not *cribs*, which now are in fashion. Many a little prayer did the mother’s tender heart breathe over her baby-boy—many a sweet lullaby lulled him asleep, as she sat by his little couch, knitting.

Forty years later he visited his old home. He strolled through every corner of the house, from cellar to garret, where he used to play when a boy. Rummaging among the old lumber, usually

stowed away in the garret of a farm-house, his eye fell on the old cradle, which he thus describes :

“There is one piece of furniture there in the corner of the garret, the sight of which touches us more strangely than all the rest, and awakens feelings of a peculiar kind. It is the cradle in which we all—the boys and the girls—were rocked in infancy. It is of the old-fashioned make, and never was capable of the long, gentle sweep and swing of modern cradles. Broad and flat, with rockers well worn, it hath little grace in its motion, but waddles clumsily, like a duck. Yet sweet in it was the sleep, and pleasant were the dreams of infancy ; and over no cradle, no, not in palaces, has a warmer mother’s heart, or a more watchful mother’s eye, ever hung and sighed, smiled, prayed and wept.”

When a babe he used to be greatly delighted in looking at his baby image, reflected in his mother’s eye. Lying in her arms she tenderly looked down upon his innocent face, as he looked up into her eye, and crowed at the baby he saw therein.

Forty-three years later, long after his mother had entered into her rest, he visited the old home, when, as usual, he fondly mused among the associations of his childhood. Soon thereafter, he wrote a charming poem for the “Guardian,” in which the following stanzas occur :

“Think not that I forget, Mother,
When I was very wee,
I looked into your eyes, Mother,
While sitting on your knee;
And holding fast your ear and hair,
I would not let you rise;
And you were glad to be detained—
My whim you did surmise!
Myself to view,
And babble to
The baby in your eyes.

“The parting hour has come, Mother,
And I must soon be gone;
For true and loving hearts, Mother,
When I’m away, are lone.
But there’s a fancy haunts me—
A wish I can’t disguise;
It mingles with my purest joys,
And with my saddest sighs;
I long to see
As erst in glee,
A baby in your eyes.

“You’ve read to me the words, Mother,
Of Him, the meek and mild,
How he who enters heaven, Mother,
Must first become a child!
O! when the power of that bright world
My childhood glorifies;

I'll know you there, as I do here,
My mother in the skies!
Then shall I see
Eternally,
An angel in your eyes."

This prophecy is now fulfilled, as mother and child are reunited in heaven—she seeing her maternal image in his face, he seeing the eternally childlike of his sanctified spirit reflected—looking through her eyes—her eyes, "the windows of her soul."

His earlier school privileges were limited. Nine or ten months out of the twelve, the farmer boy had to work. The few months winter schooling, did not amount to much. Not far from the Harbaugh Mansion stood the old school-house, on the edge of a small stream. This building and its history, he has immortalized in his well-known poem: "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick." Tradition says, that the boy was then not very fond of study, as is most natural. Boys are boys, and none but very stupid people expect them to be anything else. Few boys are composed of such ethereal stuff, as not to prefer the open pleasant day, the inviting fields and meadows, the exciting school games, to the hard seats and the monotonous, tiresome tasks, at which they toil under the lash. Kirk White wrote at thirteen years of age:

"How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys,
That with the laughing sun arise,
And unconstrained to rove along,
The bushy brakes and glens among.

"Oh, that I were the little wren,
That shrilly chirps from under glen,
Oh, far away I then would rove
To some secluded bushy grove,
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty,
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days."

Boys should be studious. But that even many a good boy feels, that his school-house is a prison, and his school duties tasks grievous to be borne, is very natural. In later life, study became a passion with this farmer boy, against whose immoderate indulgence many of his best friends frequently warned him.

The pastor of his childhood was Rev. F. A. Sehall. He often visited the family. When nine years of age, he happened on a

visit thither. With mute attention the boy caught every word the pastor spoke to his parents. Suddenly the man of God paused, turned to Henry, and laying his hand on his head, said: "This boy must become a minister of the Gospel." The father saw nothing serious in the remark; perhaps a pastoral compliment, he thought, and soon forgot it. The son never forgot it. From this time on a mysterious voice kept calling the youth: "You must become a minister." He kept this saying in his heart. For him, the voice of the pastor was the voice of God, as it often is.

At sixteen he was confirmed by Rev. G. W. Glessner. The doctrines of the Scriptures, as embodied in the Heidelberg Catechism, he studied with unwearied diligence. In later life he used to tell his Catechumens: "Learn your Catechism Lessons well, commit them well to memory; commit them, though it cost you much time and labor. You may not understand all you learn *now*. Its full understanding will be the work of your life. You get that more fully through the reading of the Scriptures, meditation, prayer, tribulation and general experience."

Although he felt himself called to the ministry, he had to encounter many obstacles. His father expected him to become a farmer. For a while he labored faithfully, but carried his books with him to work. While the horses rested in mid furrow, and while they ate their feed at noon in the stable, he used his spare minutes at study. Farming will not do for him. What then? Joseph, the husband of Mary, was a carpenter. He must follow the same craft for a season. He became an apprentice, but only for four months. Why? Because with his master he has less time for study than on the farm.

"What will the mad-cap do now?" said some of the neighbors. Others replied: "Look out. The fellow is not to be trusted. Depend upon it, now he will make or break; will either make a man or a rogue." He went West. Worked at carpentering.

In one of the earlier volumes of the "*Guardian*," he gives the following leaf from his experience in the West; for "the young man" he speaks of is himself:

"We know a young man, who, in the course of his business as a journeyman mechanic, was thrown among a company of young fellow-workmen, who had 'no other resort,' as they thought, but to spend their evenings in playing cards in a mill, which they were at the time furnishing with its inside machinery and fixtures. He having been trained to different habits had no difficulty in finding another 'place of resort.' He procured for himself candles, fixed up for himself a study in a finished bolting chest, where he spent his evenings in reading, writing, and study. As we know him well, we have been frequently assured, that he still remembers some things which he learned in that bolting chest; and he is firmly of the opinion, that those evenings were among the most pleasant and profitable of his whole life. While the card-players would fall out in the game, and swear in fearful style

at one another, the echoes of which would ring through the mill, he was getting along on the very best of terms with the poets, historians and sages of other days. These conversed with him kindly and wisely, and did not seem at all ashamed or impatient of his humble company."

With much industry and economy, he succeeded in saving \$200, which he intended to use in the prosecution of his studies. His employer becoming a bankrupt, he lost his hard-earned wages, and had to begin work anew. How many would have construed this misfortune into a hint of Providence to abandon his design. Not so he. With heroic determination, he resumed his efforts. Thus, by working at his trade, and teaching school, he got means wherewith to enter College. In 1840 he began his studies at Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pa. His limited means obliged him to shorten his course of study. In 1843 he was ordained to the Gospel ministry. His first congregation was at Lewisburg, Pa. In 1850 he became pastor of the First Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa. In 1860 he accepted a call from St. John's Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa. In 1863 he was elected Professor of Theology, in the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., by the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, which position he held till the time of his death.

He founded the "Guardian" when at Lewisburg, on his own editorial and pecuniary responsibility. For a number of years, he attended to its business affairs, and even its mailing. It was an experiment which few would then have undertaken. His ardent interest in the young, his burning desire to be as useful as possible, his strong faith in God's favoring providence, incited him to embark in the enterprise. Soon warm friends among the ministry and laity came to his help. He lived his ardent earnest life into its pages. He loved, labored for, and watched over it, with an affection akin to that a father feels for his child. We doubt whether any of the dozen volumes he wrote upon various subjects, ever gave him so much pleasure as this Magazine, during the seventeen years in which he was its editor. He calls it his "sweet burden," his "companion." He says, in his editorial valedictory, in January, 1867: "In our study, as by our side, it has grown up from infancy, through childhood, into full youth. Every year has it hung upon our Christmas tree, as an offering to Christ in the service of the young. To part with it, even with the assurance that it will live on, and perhaps even live better than ever before, has to us something of the nature of a bereavement in the family."

"How many, many memories
Come o'er my spirit now!"

"Finally, of whom shall I think in these closing words, but of

Thee, kind heavenly Father, who has so constantly watched over this work, through many years past. Let Thy most gracious blessing still follow it in the future! In Thy name it was commenced, for Thine honor continued from year to year, and to Thy favor I now commend it, with a thankful, hopeful and believing heart. Accept of my poor work for Thy name's glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

A year after this was written, on the 28th of December, 1867, he fell gently asleep, leaving a disconsolate widow and six children to mourn his departure.

Dr. Harbaugh had the qualities of a popular speaker. His clear, round, musical voice he could control and use with marvellous power. A good voice is a rare advantage to a public speaker. Whether this gift was wholly natural or the result of elocutionary study, I cannot tell. He could be distinctly heard in every part of the largest church, even when speaking on the lowest key. His utterance was always slow and distinct; indeed sometimes it seemed slow to a fault. Fluency, as some men count it, he had not. He lacked that rapidity of utterance so common among public speakers, which allows syllables and ideas to tread on each other's heels in hurried confusion. His deliberateness of articulation sometimes made him seem awkward and hesitating. With slow and measured accent, effective and well-chosen emphasis, and few gestures, he rolled out his short sonorous sentences, like pleasant music.

Few men combine depth with clearness, as he did. He dealt in short sentences, and short Saxon words. His sermons were aglow with life. You felt his warm heart in every sentence. He could see truth in the most trivial themes and subjects, and knew how to show it to others. Often when he announced an odd text or subject, his hearers wondered how anybody could tell people anything worth listening to on such a theme. To the tiniest flower, and the most insignificant animal, he could give a tongue to utter an impressive sermon. He abounded in apt illustrations; preached frequently by parables taken from common life. He dealt much in "*likes*."

GOLD AND SILVER.—The relative value of gold and silver in the days of patriarch Abraham was 1 to 8; at the period B. C. 1000 it was 1 to 12; B. C. 500 it was 1 to 13; at the commencement of the Christian era it was 1 to 9; A. D. 500 it was 1 to 18; A. D. 1100 it was 1 to 8; A. D. 1400 it was 1 to 11; A. D. 1613 it was 1 to 15½, which latter ratio, with but slight variations, it has maintained to the present day.

SENTENCING AN OLD SCHOOL-MATE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Many years ago, Harry Flippin and Samuel H. Poston were playmates in a southern village. Their parents lived neighbors. The boys frolicked about on the village green, went to the same school and the same church. Their chances and prospects for coming life were nearly equal, and their characters seemingly differed little. They were fondly attached to one another. As they grew up their paths diverged. Flippin was industrious, studied diligently, and strove to improve the lessons of his boyhood. Poston chose a way of idleness and sin. Step by step, he went the slippery downward path. He forgot the lessons of his boyhood, forsook the church of his early years, selected fast youths for his comrades. In short, he trod the way of the transgressor, and as in all cases, it proved a hard way.

Now follow us from their boyhood village home, to a court room, where a criminal is to be sentenced. The judge is Harry Flippin, the criminal Samuel H. Poston. The scene is thus described :

A very affecting incident recently occurred in a Memphis court-room, the judge being under the painful duty of sentencing an old school-mate to death. He addressed the prisoner as follows :

"Samuel H. Poston, this is one of the saddest eras in my life. Our parents and their children knew each other. We grew up together, went to the same school, the same church, and played on hill and in valley the same innocent games in boyhood. Years have passed since then. Our roads in life have diverged. You now stand convicted of a great capital crime, and I, as the minister of the law, have imposed upon me, the painful duty of passing upon you the sentence of death. Were it consistent with my official duties, I 'would that this cup could pass from me.' But I cannot now shrink from the performance of this sad official requirement, and must not, and will not in the future, though other victims may fall to avenge a violated law."

He then passed sentence of death. When Poston was called, both he and the judge were very much moved. Poston shook like an aspen leaf, and had to grasp a chair for support. At the conclusion of the sentence, Judge Flippin was in tears, as was also nearly all the large crowd gathered there. It was a most affecting scene, and will be remembered by those who witnessed it.

Editor's Drawer.

LOST HIS TEXT.

At Plymouth church, Brooklyn, last Sunday, for a minute or more, Mr. Beecher looked over his Bible silently. It finally became evident to the congregation that their minister had got a little mixed. With the utmost *sang froid* he turned over leaf after leaf, hunting with his finger verse after verse, and finally said, without looking up, in that peculiar nasal tone of his, which his voice always takes on when he is about to say a funny thing: "I find I have made the wrong entry for my text. Please be patient a moment. I have known ministers to lose their texts after they had begun their sermons. I think it is better to lose it before. There!" as his eyes finally lit upon the passage—"I got the wrong book, the wrong chapter, and the wrong verse. Ephesians, 2d chapter, from the 19th to the 22d inclusive."

SOME curious investigator has been trying to find out how many great men smoked, and how many rejected the weed. Ben Jonson was a connoisseur in the art. Hobbes smoked after his early dinner pipes innumerable. Milton never went to bed without a pipe and a glass of water. Sir Isaac Newton was smoking in his garden at Woolsthorpe when the apple fell. Addison had a pipe in his mouth at all hours. Fielding both smoked and chewed. Shelley never smoked, nor Wordsworth, nor Keats. Coleridge, when cured of opium, took to snuff. Campbell loved a pipe. Sir Walter Scott smoked in his carriage, and regularly after dinner. Byron wrote about "sublime tobacco," but was not an excessive smoker. Goethe did not smoke, nor did Shakspeare. Carlyle, now past seventy, has been a sturdy smoker for years. Alfred Tennyson is a persistent smoker of some forty years. Dickens, Jerrold, and Thackeray all puffed. Lord Lytton loves a long pipe at night and cigars by day. Lord Houghton smoked moderately. The late J. M. Kemble, author of "The Seasons in England," was a tremendous smoker. Moore cared not for it; indeed, Irish gentlemen smoke much less than English. Wellington shunned it; so did Peel. D'Israeli loved the long pipe in his youth, but in his middle age pronounced it "the tomb of love."

MARRIAGES a hundred years ago in England are described in an old paper thus: "Married in June, 1760, Mr. Wm. Donklin, a farmer of Great Tosson, near Bothbury, in the county of Cumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotten, an agreeable young gentlewoman of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, and a great quantity of beef; 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, &c., which was concluded with eight half-ankers of brandy made into punch; 12 dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and 90 bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity."

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIIIrd volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

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LETTERS RECEIVED.

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THE FOUNDERS AND DECEASED FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Dr. H. Harbaugh.

In person Dr. Harbaugh was of medium height, inclined to corpulency. His florid face gave evidence of a vigorous constitution, which he by no means possessed. "What a pity that such a powerful preacher should be a drunkard," said a gentleman who had just heard him preach in Pottsville, Pa. His red face misled the man. The temperance cause had no abler champion than Dr. Harbaugh. He was simple, in his style of dress no less than in his style of writing and speaking. He despised the dandy, above all the literary and clerical dandy. Whilst he often gave his clothes to the poor, his own garments not unfrequently bore the marks of long use.

Although one of the most earnest of men, he was, on all proper occasions, brim full of fun. Would that some one could collect his "table talk," his sayings around the festive board, and among the circles of his more intimate friends. Few have such a fund of anecdotes as he had, and few could tell them with such dramatic effect. Many of these have passed into current use; and are often quoted by his friends, in conversation. With a sort of humorous abandon, he could throw himself on the study lounge, and entertain a group of friends by the hour, amid roars of mirthful laughter.

During one of his vacations spent at Lewisburg, he visited the Hall of the University. With the greatest gravity he ascended the stage, and with hat in hand made a bow to his audience of half a dozen friends, and repeated one of his boyhood declama-

tions. The bow, gestures, and manner of speaking, were such as a very awkward country boy would use in his first declamation, and delivered with all the gravity of which he was capable, made it a piece of inimitable drollery.

We appear most like ourselves in our letters. In familiar friendly correspondence, we throw aside the restraints and conventionalities of our more formal and official intercourse. We put more of our real selves, of our hearts, the good and evil that in us is, in our letters than in any other medium of communication with our fellow-beings. Kindly reader, hast ever read over those old-time epistles of earlier friendships, penned by hands now cold in death? Too young perhaps, you are to feel their soothing power. How they bring back the face and form, the voice and heart, of those long gone to better lands! Very glad I am, that I have preserved such letters from this faithful friend and counsellor, as others doubtless have gathered similar treasures. With almost breathless interest and a tender heart, one reads over such memorials of the departed. In them we again live over the past, hear again the ringing laugh, and the sad sigh, the solemn prayer and the impressive sermon of those who "rest in God." Save the letters of your true friends; they will furnish pleasing mementoes and useful reading in latter life.

"One hour amongst my treasures! Oh 'tis sweet—
Mournfully sweet—to this o'er-burdened heart,
To turn from all life's present cares and toils,—
Injustice, bitterness and agony,—
To pass one hour amid the treasured gems
Which I have gathered in life's weary ways.

* * * * *

Some of those
Whose pledges of a never-fading love
Perfume these faded leaflets of their souls,
Have gone down there to sleep; and I have wept,
And counted them, the *lost*. But 'tis not so;
The truthful breathings of their loving souls
Live on these written sheets, where here and there
A tear that gushed up warm from the live heart,
Lies where it fell, more precious than the pearl
That's purchased with a kingdom.

* * * * *

Where are the hands that wrote these loving lines
So many years ago? Where are the eyes
That bent their burning beams or tearful gaze
Along the rapid tracery?"

In this sketch, I will here and there let Dr. Harbaugh speak himself, in letters into which he poured the sincere and simple out-gushings of his warm, loving heart. Here is an extract from one

bearing date of August 12, 1857, in answer to one, written under the pressure of temporary affliction and pastoral burdens :

“You preached (last Sunday) on the childlike in Christ. So did I, in the evening. At least, a good part of my sermon was on that. I preached on Christian cheerfulness, perhaps suggested by your remark about Ward Beecher’s sermon. My idea was, that the Christian is the childlike, and the childlike is the cheerful. A child is often vexed, fretful, &c., but never sad. If sad, then morbid. I agree with you, that we may well wish to be children again. That is a bright spot that comes but once in life. As we get older, we are forced to fence off the world on account of its untrue character, and with it banish the heaven that ‘lies about us in our infancy.’

You banter me in your letter to spend a vacation with you. Well, Bro. B., I would do anything in the world to cheer you. Although I have no particular need of recreation, feeling pretty well, yet it would not hurt me; and how pleasant for us to spend a week together. Now hear what I say: You come down to the junction (in Perry county,) next Monday, or to Millerstown, on the Juniata, with your carriage, and I will meet you there. And we will go to *any* place you please, for a week—to Perry county: to Chambersburg, Mercersburg and my brother’s at Waynesboro—any place you please. And on Saturday we will separate at the same place, and go home to preach. How would a trip to Bro. C. H. Leinbach’s, in Perry county do, for a week? Fine. We could go whortleberrying, and talk about all things. There is so much pomposity and empty flourish in this world, and in these times, that it does one good to come heart to heart.

Perhaps a week away from your cares would do you good. And, if in the way proposed, I can add anything to your comfort, oh, how gladly will I do it. Yours truly, in Christ.”

“*Yours truly*,” at the end of this letter, meant what it said; at least so I believed then, and do still believe. Usually it is a sham, an empty phrase, and often a lie.

What a memorable week that was, with one of the most genial-hearted and hospitable country parsons I have ever known. How frankly and freely we could unbend among his simple-hearted rural people, and around his heartsome hearth.

Strolling along the banks of a stream, he mounted a log, made a low awkward bow, and delivered a parody on a political speech. I can still see him, his face flushed with the fiery ardor of the occasion, himself looking so smilingless and grave, and the rest of us convulsed with laughter, till one’s sides ached.

Passing a photograph shanty in Landisburg, it was proposed that we three friends should have our pictures taken. He and our stout hospitable brother took the leaner friend between them—thus we three abreast were to be put on the plate. The artist was a stern man, who could not relish a joke just then. Having adjusted his instrument, he held up his forefinger, and ordered: *Now keep quiet*. This, just then, and there, was too much for any ordinary mortal to bear gravely. Again and again the poor man’s order was met with a roar of irrepressible laughter; the very effort not

to do it, most of all our genial friend's droll endeavors not to laugh, perfectly demoralized the party. The more the artist raged at our silly conduct, the funnier the scene became. If any of our readers wish to see the picture of those three grinning friends, vainly trying to obey the wand of the photographer, they will please call at the home of the editor of the "Guardian." The dear brother helped me more than all the physicians had hitherto done for me.

He was a favorite guest with many a kind housewife. Good cooks are fond of good eaters. Away with a guest who cannot eat, say they. He ate what was put before him, and ate with a great relish, and that pleased his hostess. The children of the family soon learned, that the stranger was their friend; indeed, that he was one of them; for he retained the heart and sympathies of childhood to the end of his life. During the Christmas season, he would spend whole days to prepare pleasure for them.

And few men could make so pleasing a speech to Sunday-school children as he. On such occasions, he never fell to *preaching*, but spoke as a sensible father would to his children. Whilst he believed in original sin, he had great faith in and affection for the unspoiled innocence of childhood, and often rebuked those, who sought to treat children as they would grown people, and who were in eager haste to make men and women out of them before the proper time. In his speech, work, manner, habits, love, likes and dislikes, he had all the unaffected naturalness of a child, and kept it to the end. On his death bed, he repeated the hymns and prayed the prayers of his childhood.

He was a warm friend of the young, and understood their strong and their weak points. And a great favorite he was with this class. For them he started the "Guardian," and edited it for many years. Some of his best works—"Union with the Church," "The Golden Censer," "Hymns and Chants," for the use of Sunday-schools, and other volumes—he wrote for their use and benefit.

In him, the poor had an ardent and sincere friend. Many an article of clothing he gave them, and that when he could poorly spare it. Young people, trying to fight their way through poverty and stubborn hindrances, and to educate themselves for future usefulness, had in him a warm-hearted friend. He had bravely fought that battle himself, and knew all about its trials. He received many letters from poor students, asking for counsel, or pecuniary help. Such always found in him a true friend, and in his home a hospitable reception.

His love of work seemed to grow with age. Besides serving on many Boards and synodical committees, he wrote his books, and

edited the "Guardian," while he served and performed much work as pastor of a congregation. And yet he seemed never at a loss for an hour or two to spend in friendly intercourse. Said a clerical friend to him: "Brother Harbaugh, how do you manage to perform so much work, in addition to your pastoral labors? You must work night and day. I suppose you never retire till towards morning."

"Well," he replied, "I go to bed early, and get up late; but then I keep awake while I am up."

Like all earnest students, he never got done with his work. While preparing a volume for the press, his busy mind would light on other fruitful subjects. These would develop themselves. In his researches he would find apt material, which, along with his chief work, gradually assumed organic form, and grew into definite proportions. Thus it happened that in his later life, he always had years of future work on hand; always several books in his crucible, which he hoped some day to complete. At his death, he left among his manuscripts several unfinished works, whose material he strove to work into proper shape for the press. Some of his most valuable works originated in a public lecture or sermon. He would begin to prepare a sermon on a certain subject. The preparing and preaching of it, opened an outlook into a new world of inquiry. He pursued the inquiry until it grew into a book. When he began the sermon, he never dreamed of expanding it into a volume. Thus his books were not made, but *grew* from seemingly trifling germs. I have reason to believe, that his three volumes on Heaven, originated in this way. His Union with the Church, originally appeared in a series of articles in the "Guardian," in a less matured and developed form.

Thus, the busy man of God never gets done with his work. While strength remains, he labors and battles till he is summoned to his reward. It is a great mercy, if God allows one thus to fall at his post, if fall he must. An extremely sad fate it is, to put one's harness off before life's solemn work has been done. To die at work—at the right kind of work—is a glorious ending of one's life. The chests full of crude unfinished work are not lost. God will know what to do with them.

For years he had fondly hoped to visit Europe and the East. I vainly strove to get him as my traveling companion, when about starting on a similar tour. Hindrances beyond his control, prevented him from carrying out this favorite project. On my journey, we kept up a regular correspondence. His letters are transcripts of his genial heart. Some of them are well nigh as long as a sermon, giving me the news in Church and State, and even all the little *on dits*, with all the pleasing, affectionate detail

of a natural father or brother. In reply to my first letter, he wrote, among other things :

“When I read your letter, I had an indescribably strong desire to be with you, and had I then been able to command the speed of the telegraph, you would have met me soon. * * * But let it go now. If I do not get to Europe, we will get to heaven some day—won’t we?—And as Shilling says : ‘Dort lasst sich noch mehr von diesen Sachen sagen’ (There we shall have some more to say about these matters).

I was out at the fish-baskets last week (in Conestoga, near our old homestead). We had a pleasant time—two eels, and forty suckers. We were wishing you were along with us. Got some of H——’s apples and cider on our return. I had your old coat on, and filled it out pretty well.”

I dare say he did. How he could get into it, is a marvel.

In reply to one of my published letters, about the monarchies of Europe, he said :

“Did I not say to you—I have often said it—that I do not like new and restless countries, but would rather be in an old, steady kingdom or nation, near the centre, where the shaking of the periphery is not felt? The fact is, where the kingdom of Christ is, there is the place to live, be it in a monarchy or in a Republic. Governments are nothing but wild asses, if they are not under Jesus Christ their Master. He is the only rest of the spirit, and our hearts—and nations the same—rest not till they rest in Him.”

Spending a few months in Berlin, I rented rooms, and devoted all my time to study. Save an hour’s daily stroll through the Thiergarten (the Berlin Park), and an occasional hour spent in social intercourse, my lot was a sort of voluntary imprisonment. The sense of loneliness, one so readily acquires in a large and strange city, at times became oppressive. My studies were mainly preparatory for a tour through Italy and the East. A painful feeling of solitude stole over my meditations. How natural that, at such a time, one’s soul pants for communion with Christ. In the Dom Kirche, the holy communion is held on every Lord’s day, and every Saturday afternoon preparatory services are held. Thither I went one Saturday afternoon, where I found a small congregation of devout Christians, in a side chapel. The late Dr. Strauss, then a venerable patriarch among the Berlin clergy, preached a brief practical sermon; spoke as a kind father would speak to his children. I soon felt myself in the presence of one, who could understand the solitary feelings of a wandering pilgrim. Telling him who I was, he took me warmly by the hand, and urged me to call on him. I informed him of my desire to commune, but that being connected with the Reformed Church of America, I was not certain that the Evangelical Church of Prussia would allow me this privilege. “Certainly,” was his reply, “we bid you a hearty welcome. By all means come with us to-morrow.”

Very naturally his sermon, his kind invitation, and the earnest

self-examination in which I spent the remainder of the day, helped to intensify the sad yearnings of my spirit. On the third story of a large building, in the Leipsicher Strasse, I meditated and prayed, till long into the night. Though alone, I felt myself surrounded by a mysterious presence; a sense of spiritual company, elevated me to a height I had never attained, before or since. I thought of my friend Harbaugh, in Lancaster, Pa. In spirit sat with him in his study, and sought to unburden myself to him; and derived great comfort from this unburdening. Thus my spirit soared, until he seemed to be with me in my Berlin study. His warm heart touched mine. His voiceless presence I felt as really as my own existence; indeed, almost more so. My feelings seemed somewhat akin to those of Paul, in his vision: "Whether in the body, I can not tell; or whether out of the body, I can not tell; God knoweth." This happened on Saturday evening, October 4.

In his next letter, which reached me in Rome, occurs the following passage:

"I must tell you that, on Saturday night, October 4, I had a most vivid dream of you. You had returned, were fat and healthy. There was a strange mystery about you. You did not speak much, and always with great reserve. You seemed not to care about going out to your friends (my father and brothers). Stayed two days at my house without saying anything about going out. Said you had not received my letter, which I had written to you at Berlin, &c. I could not forget this dream. Spoke of it to my wife. It was on my mind for days. I see from my letter from you, that it was four days before you wrote. You must have been thinking of me, or something of the kind, which so disturbed my spirit."

How mysterious and how real is the communion of saints. Through Christ their head, their spirits shake hands across the wide ocean, meet and mingle in felt fellowship, whilst bodily they live in remote countries. Above all is this gracious intercourse enjoyed in the holy communion, where we realize that

"The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make.
All joined to Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake."

This mysterious meeting of our spirits followed me for a long while, like a pleasant dream. I informed Dr. Harbaugh of his singular visit to me. In reply, he said:

"I feel fully with you in your remarks about the communion of saints. That is a subject, on which all has not yet been said that is felt by Christ's own dear people. What are time and distance? Even our thoughts can annihilate both; why should not our faith and the higher capacities of the spirit (annihilate them)? I can see you walking, and hear you talking, and know what you feel, where you stand and move, amid the interesting scenes of the old world. And I know that, in reference to all who are dear to me, thoughts

come over me at times, which have relations to thoughts and feelings of theirs. Oh, what mysteries are these, in the midst of which we live, and through the limitations of which our spirits often break, like light through a clouded canopy! The time will come when 'all that is in part shall be done away' When the deep, earnest prophecies of our spirits shall come to a glorious fulfillment. What a blessed eternity that will be!

‘The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.’

How often do I think of the verse you and I sang, over and over, on our way to Selinsgrove (riding in a carriage), and which we afterwards sang at the death-bed of your uncle Peters:

‘If such ’s the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Direct, O Lord, from Thee?’”

This vivid sense of spiritual communion, he often felt in writing letters to his friends. The envelope seemed to him to enfold a part of himself. In a postscript to a long letter, he writes:

“I feel as if I could not close my letter to you. Go then, my little missive of love, from my dim study, where we so often sat and talked in the freedom and joy of intimate friends. Once more I pray God to protect and prosper you in your journey, and bring you safely back. ‘Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.’ The Angel of the covenant, that once led Israel, guide you through the windings of your journey, and bring us all safely to the Jerusalem above.”

While in the act of writing a long letter, he abruptly writes:

“Fire! Fire! Sure enough now!!

I have just been down to see it. ——’s stabling is burnt, and two fine two story brick dwellings on Prince Street. This evening I saw Mrs. —— go away from her door, smiling, and dressed in style. Two hours later I saw her wild and weeping, pushing through the crowd, as her house was in flames. So soon do changes come. ‘So treads sorrow on the heel of joy.’ ‘Sic transit gloria mundi’ (Thus passes away the glory of the world). So mused I while looking at the furious flames. I have long believed, that if men would glorify God more with their property, God would take better care of it for them.”

Dr. Harbaugh possessed the happy talent of looking at the bright side of things. If the silver lining on the dark cloud was never so small, he was sure to see and enjoy it. Few men as earnest as he, are as hopeful. Indeed, in practical matters, his over-sanguine views now and then misled him. He had no sympathy with the morbid ecclesiastical croakers, who all the while tremble for the ark, and are nervously apprehensive that God cannot take care of His own affairs. Neither did he waste his ammunition in endeavoring to attain the unattainable. He writes in one of his letters:

"Bad health makes all subjects look dire. ——— no doubt begins to think, that we must not die of love for *ideals*, but rather make ourselves martyrs for *reals*. The ideals, not having seen, we love; and we shall also see them once in future. Let us love Jesus, and that will bring us to the right place at last, through all the harmonies and conflicts of history. No doubt you will feel, while in Rome, that distance lends enchantment to the view; and that Jerusalem is greater than Rome."

He is busily at work writing "The Life of Schlatter," the pioneer Missionary of the Reformed Church in the United States. He must tell me of this sweet labor of love.

"I have finished the translation of his (Schlatter's) journal, and am now weaving the tale of his life. The whole will, in reality, be a treatise on Home Missions, and I feel sure it will do good in that way. At this I work in my leisure hours, and am happy. I love the past, and when tired of the restless present, its interested drive after gain, I find a sweet solace in communing with these dead, whose faults are buried, and whose good only remains, which I record in my quiet study. I have enough to eat and drink, a happy family, three healthy children, and a good deal of contentment, and pray for more. Is this not enough to shut out dark faces? * * * The work in our sphere (the Reformed Church) is going on; and though we cannot convert the world, and set it right in all places, we can build over against our own house—give a cup of cold water, &c., all of which will come in under the 'Well done' of our Saviour."

At a meeting of Synod, he is sadly impressed with the feeble health of his warm friend, Rev. R. A. Fisher, who soon after enters into rest.

"I felt badly to see him. He speaks in a kind of hoarse whisper, and is evidently going into a decline. He will no doubt follow our dear brother, (Rev. J. L.) Reber, this fall or next spring. Perhaps not so soon, but certainly before many years. How affecting to see a laborer, broken down, bearing about in his body the dying of the Lord Jesus, having offered himself wholly upon the Lord's altar! When the earth with its vanities is past, the eternal reward remains. 'Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life.' Blessed words!"

On a cold January morning, before day-break, he writes:

"I am at my desk earlier than usual, that I may finish my epistle to you. It is bitter cold. But we need not complain here of the cold you suffered in the south of Europe, without stoves. For the coal in my stove is roaring. This is market morning; I hear the market wagons rattling along the streets. I have often thought, my dear B——, what cold, inclemency and inconvenience we can endure to provide for the body, and how hard it seems to go to equal trouble for higher things. Few would turn out for the service (worship) of God at this hour and in such cold weather. It would be 'too bad to turn out.' Is not after all, a great deal of our religion a mere convenience—or rather an *inconvenience*, endured for the sake of the reward it brings? There is not, I think, very much glorying in tribulation—or joy in the martyr spirit. Well, God is merciful, even to our infirmities."

Addressing a letter to Rome, he writes :

“What thoughts must pass through your mind? What feelings must roll over your heart, as you pass over the ground where the world’s mighty events have transpired! True, the ground, the stones, the water, the clouds and the heavens, are not so widely different from ours, but the mystic covers them all with its strange mantle, and not unlike ours, that responds from farm-house to farm-house, is ‘the watch-dog’s bay beyond the Tiber.’ Oh, what a voice has history around the spot where this letter finds you !”

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY KEPT BY A RESIDENT IN HOLY LAND.

BY ROLLA FLOYD, OF JOPPA, SYRIA.

Mr. Floyd is introduced to us by Dr. Robert Morris, Secretary of the American Holy Land Exploration; and we are promised a continuation of these extracts. Kept in a simple and popular form and by a person more than five years a resident of Palestine, our readers will find much in them, we think, calculated both to please and instruct. Mr. Floyd is a professional Dragoman.—*Editor.*

JERICHO, June 22d, 1871.

Modern Jericho was ancient Gilgal, and was called Er Riha. To-day my wife and myself came down here from Jerusalem by way of Bethany. We came through the Joppa gate on the west side of the city, passed round the northern wall and down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Crossing the brook Kidron close by the Virgin’s Tomb and the Garden of Gethsemane, we followed the road believed to be the same that Jesus came over when He made His Triumphal Entry into the Holy City. At Bethany we paused to reflect and refresh our memories with passages from the Bible; the very best guide-book in this country; and especially interesting when read on the spot where a biblical incident occurred. Every inch of ground we have traced thus far is sacred to the foot-prints of Jesus. He traveled from Jerusalem to Bethany frequently, and always by this road. At Bethany we stand near the spot whence He ascended to the heavenly Glory, and to which He will return, “in like manner” as He went up.

Bethany is now called *Elazariyeh*, from the Arabic, Azir, (Lazarus), and scripturally bears the same relation to Jerusalem that Capernaum does to Galilee. It occupies the eastern slope of Olivet. The houses are of stone and most rudely built, one above the other, about twenty in all. It is nearly two miles from Jerusalem.

Once the surrounding hills were well terraced and cultivated, and there are still a few orchards of fig, almond, and other trees. The view from Bethany is dreary and desolate, looking down the road toward Jericho, the same up which Jesus came on His divine errand to raise Lazarus from the dead. How often, during the four days succeeding their brother's death, did Martha and Mary look sorrowfully down this road.

The tomb of Lazarus is still shown, also the ruins of the house of Lazarus; and the house of Simon, the leper. That of Lazarus has a few beveled stones in the wall.

While stopping at Bethany I sent to a little village close by, styled Abudeese, for guards to escort me to the Dead Sea. Here live the two Sheikhs of the tribe, and every one making this journey must hire guards of them, as the way is much infested with robbers.

Leaving Bethany, we pursued the old road to Jericho for about five miles, then turned to the right past Neby Moosa or tomb of Moses, about seven miles from the Dead Sea. Here the Mohammedans have erected a large tomb, believing that Moses was buried here. At this place we met a number of Bedouins carrying grain to Jerusalem. One of them had died on the road, and they had strapped the corpse on a camel's back, intending probably to bury it on Mount Olivet, where they have a cemetery. At Neby Moosa we took our lunch. The enclosure is about three hundred feet by four hundred and fifty. The wall is going to ruin; the Turkish government never repairing anything that once shows symptoms of decay. A sheikh lives in this building. It is an extremely barren place, no sign of vegetation appearing near it, and the rocks seeming burnt with fire. I have frequently visited Neby Moosa, but never was allowed to enter the buildings. Every year, about the time of Easter, the Turks come here and spend three or four days in their religious worship. As many as two or three hundred come together. They will lie down side by side on the ground and let the Sheikhs ride over them on horseback, as a part of their rights. Although they pretend it does not hurt them, yet I have known arms and legs broken in this wild worship.

Within two hours more we reach the Dead Sea, forty-six miles long and eight wide. The water is very clear to the eye. The sea has a beautiful gravelly bottom, yet the water is extremely salt and bitter. I had brought two cans from Jerusalem to fill them here, but while I was attending to other matters, my stupid assistant dropped and broke one of them. I was angry enough to beat him. I filled the other can, collected a lot of the drifted palm wood that lies along the shore, also a bag full of the sea sand, and then packing the things on mules, went on to the Baptizing Place of Jesus at

the river Jordan. This is about six miles up the river from the sea.

It is the crossing-place of the Israelites under Joshua, and the place where Elijah and Elisha crossed. On both banks grow abundantly alders, willows, balsam trees, and other kinds of wood. The water is always a little muddy, but excellent to drink. While standing here, my thoughts took in a long stretch of sacred history embracing all the occurrences connected with this memorable river, and my very soul became refreshed with the happy experience of the hour. From here I went to Jericho, six miles east. A wedding was held while I was here, as I knew by the noise.

Jericho, June 23d, 1871.

We are still at Er Riha, having made a long and tiresome ride yesterday. Not that the distance is so very great, as on account of the roughness of the roads, often but little better than goat paths along the cliffs. They would indeed be quite impassable for any horses, save those native to the country, and it is admirable to see what rough places they will take with impunity and success.

My wife was quite alarmed to see the daring, with which the sheikh would ride over some of these places. He would push his fleet mare at full speed over localities that seem impassable. He has a sword, a double-barrelled gun, and two pistols in his belt. The gun is strapped over his shoulder. Besides this, he carries a spear nearly twenty feet long, and two inches in diameter, which he poises on his shoulder when his horse is on a walk, but when at a gallop, carries it in his right hand, guiding the horse with the left by pulling the reins across the neck. The spear has a two edged lance at one end and a round piece of iron at the other.

To-day I attempted to cut some thorn twigs, but tore my hands so, that I have engaged three men to do it for me. It is very hot here now, and Europeans scarcely ever come down here at this season for fear of sun-stroke. The people think us crazy to make the present trip, yet, so far, we do not suffer. We are camping in a tent near to an old castle, said to cover the site of the house of Zaccheus, the same who ran and climbed a sycamore tree to see Jesus pass by. Luke xix. 4. The present town of Jericho is only a collection of thirty or forty huts, made of stone and straw, poles and brush. Mrs. Floyd and I visited them to-day, and a more filthy place than Jericho, all Palestine does not contain. The people are miserably poor and profligate, retaining the vices which rendered Sodom so infamous, nearly four thousand years ago. Under a single roof they cluster from four to twelve houses, each having a side and two ends, the other side being open. The only partition between the rooms is a couple of poles eight or ten feet apart. These houses

are only six or eight feet high. I measured one block of these buildings, and found it eighty-four feet long and nine feet wide, containing nine houses. They make the roof by laying poles, long grass, and straw, and then gravel over all. Each house has a raised place made of mud, three feet high, to sleep on. Every block has a pair of mill stones, with two women grinding at the mill. These mill stones are very primitive. One lies on the ground, the upper one is turned by a crank.

Observing some women engaged in baking, we looked on. The oven is a hole dug in the ground, floored with stones laid in mortar and a stone arch about a foot high. The door is in the top. This oven is heated with brush wood and goats' dung, the ashes cleaned out, the dough laid on the hot stones, the opening at the top is covered and the cakes are baked.

This morning I went to inspect a marriage ceremony. After a dance in front of the house, they all sat down on the ground to eat. I asked when the marriage would take place? They said, after two days. In the meantime their whole time was given to mirth and merry-making.

I noticed the manner of milking the goats. The milker draws one of the goat's hind legs behind her knee and so holds it fast like a pair of tongs. Some thirty goats were gathered in an enclosure made of thorn bushes; and the milk, after being drained off, was emptied into a goat skin bag, to be afterwards churned for butter.

Bethlehem, June 29th, 1871.

To-day I came out to Bethlehem. Leaving Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, I crossed the valley of Gihon close to the lower pool, and passed the Jewish block, belonging to Sir Moses Montefiore. It has twenty-eight rooms in it, each about eighteen feet square and fifteen high. In a few minutes we crossed the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin, and then the plain of Rephaim, associated with one of David's great battles with the Philistines. Not a mulberry tree grows here now, although the divine signal for David "to bestir himself" was a "going in the tops of the mulberry trees." 2 Samuel v. 24.

Going up an ascent, we passed a well where Arabs were watering their flocks, reminding me of many pastoral descriptions in the Good Book. The Convent of Elijah is close by, so named because it is pretended, that here the prophet rested when he fled from Jezebel, and here the angels supplied his wants. The building is about one hundred and fifty feet square and thirty high. From the summit, Jerusalem is in view on the north, and Bethlehem on the south, the two places being about five miles distant from each other.

Next we reach Rachel's Tomb, where I read the affecting story of her death. Genesis xxxv. A little west of the tomb is a village beautifully situated, named Beit Jala, covering the side of a hill, and surrounded by an olive grove. The Latins (Roman Catholics) have here a church, and a palace for the Bishop of Jerusalem to reside in. The tomb of Rachel is kept by an old man, who admits travelers on the payment of *backsheesh*. It is about eighteen feet square and twelve high, with a domed roof.

From the tomb it is but a few minutes journey to Bethlehem, situated on a narrow ridge, terraced on three sides, a beautiful place. Here the olive trees are elegantly intermingled with fig trees and grape vines. The town covers a circle like a half moon, at the south-east end of which is the large building covering the Greek, Latin, and Armenian Convents, styled *Church of the Nativity*, an edifice strong as a fort, three hundred to four hundred feet square and forty feet high. From its roof there is a grand view of the valleys and ridges intervening between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea. It overlooks the field of Boaz and the Shepherds' Plain. In this romantic region was the training ground of David, shepherd, poet and king.

The residents at Bethlehem are a healthy and industrious people. The women are noted for their virtue and beauty. The men cultivate the ground, and manufacture beads, crucifixes, and toys of olive wood, shell, etc. The population numbers three to four thousand. The houses are constructed of white stone. The streets are cleaner than other eastern cities generally.

Jerusalem, July 1st, 1871.

I hired a horse, a mule, and a man to accompany me to the Dead Sea, to procure a quantity of pitch stone. In one day I have accomplished what usually requires two or three days. As far as the Convent of San Saba I followed the Brook Kidron. From here it took me three hours to go to the Sea, and such a road I never traveled before. After procuring the stones I directed my guide to show me an easier route for returning. We started over hills and through tremendous vallies until we reached a defile, through which the mule could not pass with his load. We took off the stones and carried them two hundred yards, a tedious job in so hot a place. When repacking, a wild Bedouin came up, to whom I gave the *salaam*. He responded and demanded *backsheesh*. I gave him my knife. He then inquired where I was bound and on further inquiry I discovered that I was going entirely astray. By paying him further, he conducted me to Bethlehem, and so I returned here by night.

Jerusalem, July 2d, 1871.

To-day I conducted a lady and gentleman to the Mosk of Omar. We entered without taking off our shoes, which I think was never allowed before. The *cawass* of the English consul was with us, also a soldier. I hired the latter to procure me a piece of cedar, from what is called *the pulpit* in the Mosk El Aksa. It is said to be made of some of the cedar that formed part of Solomon's Temple. The musquitoes are very bad in Jerusalem at the present time.

Joppa, September 3d, 1871.

Yesterday I observed two Jews taking some horses on board the Turkish steamer, to ship them to England. One of the horses was bought of an Arab sheikh, a fine animal. He and some of his tribe accompanied the horses to the shore, and in parting with his own, he called on Allah to let his blessing go with him, and kissed him frequently, as did also his friends. It was like a parent parting with his child, and to those who stood around was really affecting. Strange that a people so wild and lawless towards their fellow-men, should evince such feeling for brutes. I think no people in the world are so attached to horses as the Bedouins.

Joppa, September 4th, 1871.

To-day I observed the Turkish officers collecting the annual license-money, about seventy-five cents each, from boatmen for the privilege of taking travelers and freight on and off the steamers. This is a new contrivance to extort money from these poor men. It is the custom of this government to get all from the people, but they give little protection in return.

In a conversation to-day with a Mohammedan I remarked, that I supposed his people were not allowed to drink wine. He said they are not, neither any kind of liquors. But, said I, I have seen some of them drink it. He answered, that it was only grape-water. I told him that I knew better; for many Moslems of my acquaintance drank brandy and other liquors. He shrugged his shoulders, and said, "It doesn't cost much, only *nuce ghersh minshan kubbi*, half a piaster, two cents a glass."

A Turkish officer talking with me declaimed violently against the French nation, declaring that God was angry with them for befriending the Christians so much! He averred that there is no government so strong as the Turkish. Then I asked him, why the Turkish government is so afraid of the Russian? He replied, they are not, but have agreed not to fight them for thirteen years! So little do they know of their own history.

THE PENNSYLVANIA TRAMPERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.”

“His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;]
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descended swept his aged breast.”

Victor Hugo has written a very readable book, entitled “*Les Misérables*” (The Miserable Ones). And, in truth, it uncovers the misery of Parisian Pauperism, in ghastly colors. Some American Hugo might find a fertile theme for a similar work, among the numerous tribe of vagrants or trampers. But who are the vagrants? A large class of poor wanderers—*landläufer*, country-rovers, as our American Germans call them—roving about among the farm-houses, in quest of “bed and board.” Their name and number is legion, far more numerous than most people would imagine. “Pilgrims in a circle,” as Dr. Harbaugh called them, they wander over a certain fixed route in one or two counties, with the regularity of a planet in its orbit. We know of farm-houses, which some days receive a dozen “Pilgrim” visits, each one asking for something to eat, and at night several plead for a bed.

In many an East Pennsylvania farm-house a room is expressly set apart and furnished for the entertainment of vagrants. An annual account, kept by some of these farmers, of the boarding and lodging of vagrants, would furnish a bill of charity, such as would surprise many, who charge our rural congregations with a lack of Christian activity. Many an unpretending farmer’s family practices more unrequited hospitality of this kind in one month, than the average class of their pretended superiors do in a year.

In summer they are content with a bed of straw or hay in the barn. But in winter they claim better quarters. During this season a large number usually collects in the county alms house, and even in the county prison, and many lodge in the lock-up of some town. But we may safely say, that nine months out of twelve they are quartered on the farmers. A strange-looking tribe these vagrants are, a sort of American gypsies; clad in old clothes, usually fast

falling into rags ; a weather-beaten hat, shoes or boots, often too large, with soles ready to fall off at every step ; an old knapsack or small bundle tied up in a dirty cloth, slung on a staff, poised on the shoulder ; hair unkempt, and face unshaved ; the latter usually of a decided whiskey complexion—such is the average make-up of a Pennsylvania “tramper.” All seem to bear about with them a dull, desperate expression of countenance ; a joyless, smilingless face, without hope and without fear ; a seeming unconcern for everybody and everything around them. In many a wayside tavern they beg their whiskey, or carry their flask filled by the hand of charity. They greet no one, and live an ungreeted life. Usually they are without wife, children, or home, with none to love and none to live for. Neither loving nor beloved, they have lost all heart moorings, and are adrift on the sea of the world’s cold charity. Many a one was driven to his present cheerless wandering by some great sorrow, or by the sinful indiscretions of early life. Not a few were once the children of families, whose merry prattle helped to enliven happy homes. Their mothers loved them as only mothers can love, little thinking that the innocent child would develop into the future tramper, who daily begs his bread, and prays the farmer’s wife to

“Pity the sorrows of a poor, old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to her door.”

Recently a clerical friend invited such a vagrant to a seat in his carriage. The kind invitation unchained his lips. “Where were you born ? Who were your parents ? What started you in this dreary way of life ?” Thus freely asked the minister, and the vagrant as frankly answered :

“I was born in ———, Russia. My parents were good, Christian people. They sent me to the village school, and took me with them to the village church. I was taught the Scriptures, and my prayers from a child. The village pastor confirmed me, and after that I learned a good trade. I left my parental home in quest of a fortune in this new world. Landing at New York, I vainly sought for employment. At length, without money and without work, I was driven to wander from house to house for bread. I grew fond of this workless mode of life. Though I could often have gotten employment, my roving habits have become so fixed, that I have no desire for anything else.” He was a man of marked intelligence, who had evidently seen better days. It is the old story of the prodigal, repeated in the nineteenth century. In this case, as alas, in many others, the renegade son succumbs to the dire penalty of his sin, and consents to live on husks, instead of arising and penitently going to his father.

Judge not these poor trampers too harshly. Others besides themselves may have had a share in forming their present habits. Early orphanage, or parental vice and desertion, worse than orphanage; an inherited predisposition to nervous stimulants; the lack of early religious training—these and many other causes help to train the youth for a life of vagrancy and vice. Given, in our case, wicked parents; a Christless home; a churchless, Sabbathless community; ungodly associates, and where, kind reader, would I and you be? “There, but for the grace of God, lies John Bunyan,” exclaimed the author of *Pilgrim’s Progress*, as he passed a drunken man, lying in the gutter. But for the grace of God, we too might be a trumper, roving from house to house in search of bread and brandy. A short time ago a young man was hung in Camden, N. J., for murdering his father, a father who had never told his son that there was such a being as Jesus Christ. In his cell he declared that he had never heard there was such a being as our Saviour, until he was imprisoned for murder; and had never seen a church knowing it to be such; that he always thought these kind of buildings were show-houses. Who was most to blame for this man’s murder, he or his father? And this young man grew up near a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, and with large churches and congregations.

Vagrants are doubtless a low, wicked set, too lazy to work, some of whom get drunk, swear and do all manner of bad things. And yet I have seen some, who would never use a profane word; who would never taste the meal you would set before them, without taking off their hat, folding their hands, and saying a silent prayer. Into what a sad life have these poor people drifted. And now, without parents, families, or friends, they are cut loose from all restraint, and from all hope of getting back to better habits. Even viewed in his worst light, a wilful child of sin, the trumper is to be pitied. It is hard to be wicked; hard to walk the transgressor’s way. His dreary life is unrelieved by a ray of pleasure. He seeks to forget his horrid lot in his cups and in sleep. Now and then one feels his burdens too grievously, and puts an end to his life. None but God knows what a mighty torrent bore him downward to the commission of this last sin. One must think of Hood’s “Bridge of Sighs.” The poor, fallen woman, with none to pity her, leaps from a bridge into a watery grave. Her corpse, dripping with the water of death, is borne to land. A horrid sight, is this wicked suicide! exclaim the people heartlessly. Who knows what and who drove her into the river?

“Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—

Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

* * * * *
"Still, for all slips of her's—
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of her's,
Oozing so clamnily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
While wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Homeless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,

Swift to be hurled—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it, think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

Full well do I remember one of these roving characters. Remember him as far back as memory goeth; and from that early child age till I had entered the ministry, he was a regular visitor at our home. He was a tall, strongly built Wurtemberger. A Schwabian as he used to call himself. A man of bone and muscle, such as the Great Frederick used to collect into his regiment of tall Prussians. He was known all the country round by the name of Mattheis (Matthias), which was his Christian name. His other name I never learned, though knowing him well for nigh twenty years. And nobody else seemed to know. His home he held in three townships, Lancaster, Manor, and Hempfield. His route led him to a few dozen farm-houses. At each one he tarried a night, and in very cold weather sometimes two. He was a frequenter of distilleries, which in those days were more abundant than now. For two reasons he loved to visit these: they furnished a comfortable loafing-place, especially in winter, and a free supply of whiskey. He seldom worked for any one, save a few hours cutting wood for distillers, to earn his grog, or occasionally helping farmers a little to thrash.

Our house he visited every few weeks, very often on Saturday, in quest of a six-pence wherewith to get shaved at Lancaster. For strong drink had made him too nervous to be his own barber. And very often he would return in the evening with a cleaner face, but a reeling head. He was treated with the kindness usually accorded to visitors. He stayed over night, or for a meal without asking for the privilege. Occasionally strong drink made him impertinent. A clerical neighbor of ours, one night felt it his duty to give Mattheis kind advice. In return he received several blows of the enraged vagrant. The man of God meekly bore the blows without striking back or turning the offender out of his house; perhaps even ready to turn to him the other cheek also.

One night he stoutly abused my father. Did not we boys expect, that the ungrateful man would be thrown out of doors? Yet father answered him not a word. Early the next morning, he skulked away, and never repeated his visits for months afterwards. Once, when he was drunk, I kindly entreated him to lead a sober life. He gave me such a furious scolding, that I never attempted to counsel him afterwards.

Mattheis was by no means the worst man in our county. He was a drunkard, of which the poor soul, bitterly and vainly repented hundreds of times. Yet in spite of his well-meant resolutions, he would return to his cups again. Yet this man was honest, and highly honorable. Much as he craved whiskey, I doubt whether he ever used the sixpence begged for barber money for liquor. He was not profane. Indeed he possessed virtues, which some of his benefactors lacked.

Whence came Mattheis? What is the story of his life? He was born in a village in Wurtemberg. His parents were industrious people, and regular members of the (Lutheran) village church, whither their son was sent to school. His intelligence bore proof of his early thorough schooling. He was instructed in the Catechism, and confirmed as a member of the Church. When a young man, he was obliged to enter the army. He was with Napoleon's famous expedition to Russia, saw the burning of Moscow, and passed through the deadly retreat, where the bloody footprints of the poor soldiers could be tracked on the Russian snows. Many a winter's evening of my boyhood did this poor tramper beguile with the thrilling stories of that Russian winter. How they slaughtered their horses, and ate raw horse-flesh, that the blood ran down over his icy frozen beard. Indeed for weeks ate nothing but this. How their track of retreat was strewn with the dead bodies of their starved and frozen comrades. How eagerly they craved strong drink, to keep them warm. All this would be most fascinating to my boyish imagination. He was a soldier till middle life. When he left the army, he had no trade, no family or home, no friends to take him by the hand. His soldier habits had unfitted him for a day laborer, or any other kind of employment. At least so he felt. He worked his way to America, and launched his bark on the Lancaster county community, as a tramper. Analyze the causes, the numerous threads of influence, which led this man into a certain course of habits, and must we not admit under similar circumstances, and without the special interposition of divine grace, most persons would have been liable to end their life as he did his?

When under the influence of liquor, he would often weep as he spoke of the innocent days of his childhood, and repeat the hymns

and Scripture passages he then learned. And the prayers of his childhood he then would tearfully pray to God, until, boy as I was, I felt like weeping with him. He had committed the greater part of the 53d chapter of Isaiah to memory. I can still hear him, in his Swabian dialect, repeat the precious verses of this chapter, now and then laying the crooked war-crippled fingers of his right hand to the side of his nose, and with a wild whistle calling to me. Ho B——, Ho B——, verstanda was der Mattheis sackt? Hah! (Listen B—— dost understand what Mattheis says? Not!) And then he would go on unbosoming these sacred treasures of his early years. He possessed a marvellous aptness in quoting Scripture, usually giving the chapter and verse, and the language with great verbal precision.

When I became a student of theology he seemed to feel a singular interest in me. During vacation he would visit me, and ask many questions about the progress in my studies, sometimes trying to help me with an array of Scripture verses. He seldom went to church, because his guilty conscience and perhaps his threadbare clothing, told him he was unfit for such a place. Only once I saw him there. It was when I preached my first sermon to a congregation of our neighbors. He came to hear his friend. Perhaps vainly hoping that he might hear some kind word to comfort him and help him out of his infirmities. I saw him sitting on the back seat, near the door, looking so sorrowful. Perhaps thinking, "Now, he whom first I knew as a youthful friend, here preaches to us, of Christ and His forgiving mercy and love. So was I once a young man, full of hope, loving the right, and wishing to follow it. Alas! now alas, for poor old Mattheis, a drunkard! Who can save poor Mattheis?" Thus his sad face, which I still can see, seemed to speak. Save my relatives, there were few people in that congregation for whom my heart yearned more tenderly, and no face among them remains so vividly impressed on my memory as that of my vagrant-friend.

Think of it. An innocent child in a Christian home; a youth kneeling devoutly at the confirmation altar; a German soldier forced to fight in the French Army, and who through long years of service acquired the habits, which unfit him for a steady industrious life. Without knowing it at the time, acquires a habit, which ruins him for life; such is the life of poor Mattheis. He became a slave to strong drink; a bondage for life. At length his robust constitution gave way. Though "a sinner," in a farmhouse he was for a while kindly nursed. Then he was taken to the Alms House. There he died and there he was buried,

"Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung."

The humblest human life has a moral. Even the homeless tramp, once received the tender love of a doting mother. Little did she dream, that the innocent babe she fondly pressed to her bosom would one-day figure as a ragged, roving vagrant. Possibly she sowed the seed of his tramp-habits in his child heart. Perhaps he was early left an orphan, with no one to pity him. Or like so many youths, he may willfully have forsaken the teaching of his pious parents, hoping some day to return to them. Alas, habits once formed are not so easily laid aside. A trifle may help to start them. The first glass, the first oath, or the first lie may be the point that turns the soul on to the way of death. A drop of rain on the tender leaf of the infant oak, may give it a bend, which the crooked tree will show a hundred years later. The pliant heart of childhood is easily warped and easily strengthened, but hardened by the matured habits of many years, how rarely is the misgrown soul brought back to God.

“A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever.”

WOMAN IN THE FAMILY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

In the Hearth and Home, woman has much more additional prestige to appropriate than she has thus far been permitted to enjoy. This is her proper domain, we are told; and yet just here she suffers. Let us see in what ways.

“A Babe in the house, is a well-spring of pleasure.”

But babes are not all of like value, it is said and thought all over America. Our proverbial philosophy estimates a little boy at ten thousand dollars!—whilst a tiny little girl goes for but *five thousand*. And as proverbs are coined in the popular mint, such disparity of worth must root itself in an underground sentiment. Why not?—since long ago, a crabbed, cynical philosopher was not ashamed to thank the gods, that he was not born a woman. Did he thank those same gods for his mother, we wonder? But, this cynic's teachings we have reduced to practice, not dreaming that a misogynist is, at the same time, also a misanthrope. Hence, in

theory and in practice, the little boy comes into the world with *eclat*, and the little girl under protest.

Nor does such partiality cease with their infancy. A sort of primo-geniture crops out continually, in favor of boys. To be sure, the girls are objects of interest to all the young men, and poets, and * * * partially deranged people; but, in fact, boys are the favorites, and are treated as such all through. Boys are sent to the academy, to college, and to Europe, as a rule; whilst their fairer sisters go to the kitchen, the laundry, and the dairy, ordinarily, and to all beyond the district school, exceptionally only. Ebenezer has been away to school for six long years, and his sister Eliza, but six short months. Still, the fact that she can "make her bread and butter," and he can't, brings them in equal again, in spite of custom. Notwithstanding, parents claim to treat their children alike—never to make the least difference—O no!

"Female colleges" are comparatively modern institutions in many quarters of our land. The venerable fortress at Bethlehem stood for a long while as a nunnery to the popular eye. It was presumed, that the sons monopolized all the brains of the household, and that the daughters were neither capable nor in need of any culture. We know men of mark, whose sisters cannot pen a line correctly in any language; so too are there husbands, figuring largely and conspicuously, whose good wives cannot write a letter to their dearest friends or control—a store bill.

Is it not true, then, that boys are first, and girls afterward? We hail the rise of seminaries for the daughters of East Pennsylvania, and of the Germanic churches at large. They are proofs of a coming emancipation. Let them be filled to overflowing, we say. But what will that man say, who claimed exemption from paying his school-tax, because his children were all girls?

We are told, further, that sons have prior claims on the patrimony, to the great chagrin of the sons-in-law. They fare best in the last "will and testament," in a majority of cases. Robert invariably has the privilege of taking the homestead at his own option and bid. He seldom takes less than the "lion's share." The public conscience is the brooding bed to such iniquitous disparity between sons and daughters, all through their minority period. And we, consequently, plead for a law, compelling parents to recognize both as their legitimate offspring. We want girls enfranchised and emancipated from their subordinate and clogged condition. We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all girls are born equal with their brothers; and that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which, are, the full and unfettered liberty to enjoy a thorough mental and moral

culture; to inherit, share and share alike, with the sons of the household, and to make herself as happy as 'the girl of the period' can.

Among the Highlanders of Delvany—a country so wild that the nightingale is not heard once in fifty years—a beautiful custom prevails. As soon as a father of a family dies, the sons go abroad to seek their fortune, and leave their inheritance to their sisters. The question of "Woman's Rights" is never mooted there.

The wife, too, is but a secondary character about the Hearth and Home. By a tradition of long standing, home is man's castle, which he is expected to guard like a chivalrous knight. But surely he is not to show his prowess over its inmates, so much, as against outside foes, we submit. The ancient knights were woman's defenders; the modern cavaliers delight not a little in oppressing her. It is not enough, that the wife surrenders her *name* by her union to a man—a sacrifice already great enough, and as uncalled for as it is humiliating, since it isolates her, out and out, from her blood and kindred, and leaves the world and mankind as completely in darkness, as to who she had been formerly, as if she had entered a convent. We speak of ladies "taking the veil." Why, all married ladies are veiled—as to their origin and consanguinity, and are known only by their affinity. Why might not every wife join her name, as well as herself and inheritance, to that of her husband's? "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe," is the name in full—with a little more Beecher than Stowe, perhaps. We know a family of children, who incorporate their mother's family name, as middle names; and we always respect them for that. But, along with the wife's name goes her inheritance, at the same time—unless forestalled by some special and condescending legislation. Though she may have brought castle and contents, land and chattels, to her liege lord—all these and she are *his*. She owns nothing, unless, perchance, some creditors are to be hugely defrauded. In that event, she becomes a rich and handy Sapphira, over night, it may be—only to die, however, with her conspiring Ananias, a worse than death.

Er eagnet Nix; die Frau hut Alles in der Hand.
Er is ihr Aegent, managet Geld und Land,
Und geht nau in die Koscht bei Seiner Frau.

We know that a wife's signature is very important to a deed of transfer. But, even there, it only means, that she can hold fast to what is sometimes called "a magnificent one-third," by litigation and scandal. At best, it teaches us, that the "better-half" equals just *one-third*, at a legal valuation; whilst the *smaller-half* is worth *two-thirds*. By what system of mental or conscientious arithmetic such results are obtained, we know not.

The young husband falsifies under the shadow of the altar, when he solemnly vows: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," so long as he not only withholds his own, but divests and plunders her of all her own, to boot. She is possessed, and yet possesses naught. Under such a regimen, marriage seems very much like swallowing a wife—name, possessions and personality.

"But such is the law," we are told. Ah! Yes—so it seems. All the stronger proof have we, then, of a perverted public conscience, which makes the law. We will not accuse the law, but ourselves, rather. And we will, furthermore, hail and bless the spirit of true progress. In its healthy state, society will surely regard a wife as somebody more than "a tenant by courtesy." Yea, verily!

But the *mother* is most to be commiserated in the Hearth and Home circle—She, the noblest of all women.

Let us softly enter a dying chamber, and hear the hard breathing and broken utterances of a rich expiring husband and father, about to indite his last, and what ought to be his best, "Will and Testament." He, who lies there dying, and she, who stands near by weeping, were made one, just forty years ago. They began their joint history poor—almost penniless. They wrought, and gathered, and saved for each other, beyond a quarter of a century—nearly half a century. Their store increased slowly and happily—not more through his bartering though, than through her daily economy and good housewifery. They looked forward to a sweet and easy old age. Especially was she wont to say:

When we shall once grow gray, John,
We nivver need be pinched!

But he is dying now; and she—worse than that—is aged, and helpless, and about to be widowed. He is doing his last favor for her. And what does he say and do for her? Can you hear him gasp it? Draw a little closer, friends, and hear him say:

"I—give—and—bequeath—to—my—dear—wife,—Sarah,—the INTEREST—of—one—thousand—dollars—annually!" He is resting now, he will do better for her, let us hope. Hark! He says: "And—the—old—house—on—Jake's—farm—as—long—as—she lives!"

Only *this*, and nothing more!

The old miser might have spared himself the breath and effort it cost him, to add, "as long as she lives," since she surely does not want it longer, unless he feared she might want it "to play ghost" in. And just such a "Will" as that might provoke ghosts, we think. Perhaps some such apprehension suggested the clause.

Now, after such a "Will," we say, "Shame! shame!" But it is a dying chamber, and we dare not be rude, else would we rush up to the expiring wife-shaver, seize his "Will"—which is his, indeed, but not God's—and give it to the flames.

We once reprimanded a man eighty years of age, and on his death-bed, because he intended, rich as he was, to settle his wife with the proceeds of ten hundred dollars, and a fat hog, annually. And such villainous "Wills" are so common now-a-days, that most men feel little qualming of conscience over them. Indeed, we seem to expect them, and are rather surprised at any departure from what may be called a custom and rule, in certain localities. One of our parishioners, in his last hour, entrusted all their common possessions to his beloved wife, for her use and the children's. You ought to have heard the neighbors cry out, over what they at once set down as his mortal sin. "Just think!" said one and all. "She may marry it all away, and leave the children penniless!" We could not but ask ourselves—"And do not *widowers*, as well, marry a second time, and nevertheless grasp all, at the demise of the first wife?" We listened awhile and seemed to hear a false echo responding from some quarter—"No! Widowers never marry a second time! Never!" But, believe it, who may.

Would it not seem just right, now, were some rich wife to will her husband the income of a thousand dollars or two, and a snug little cottage, standing in somewhere, for the balance of his natural *unmarried life*—with the stern *proviso* attached: "*In the event of his second marriage, the whole to revert to my dear mother, from whom it originally emanated?*" We suggest this with all becoming gravity, and merely to show the other side. Such a "Will" would find its way into the newspaper columns, as quite an item and event. And yet it might do some good. It would show that the rule is far from being a good one, inasmuch as it does not work both ways. As it now stands, there is much unfairness in it. The wife dying makes the husband heir to all; the husband dying intestate, and the wife must take her chance. In this very week, a sad woman called to receive counsel. A homestead, valued at \$4000, was sold for her, on the demise of her husband. She obtains the interest of one-third, with three little children. "What should she do? Where could she go? How far will her little interest reach?" We could not console her; but we could see how far differently the family would be circumstanced, had the husband survived. We saw the wrong, but could bring no remedy, under the law.

John Holden married Mary Sloan with her \$3000. Two years subsequently, John died. Then the appraisers came and appraised, divided and allotted *but a part of Mary's own goods to herself.*

Mary cried, and declared she never could understand the righteousness of such a law. Neither can we.

Even the wife and mother's children are no longer exclusively her own. Just think of that! The step-motherly Commonwealth, sets "guardians" over them—which is virtually placing them over herself, too. As if God and nature wanted any better "guardians" than a mother! Can a mother forget her child? Surely not as readily as a guardian can his ward.

In the State of Louisiana, we are told, no man can condition his widow; and any humiliating clause will vitiate his "Will." We did not look for it there; but wherever such a law exists—it is right.

Thus we see, that it is humiliating to be a girl, and be treated as an inferior; that it is something subordinate to be a wife, beyond what Paul exacts, who tells us that she is free at the death of her husband; and that it is galling and sad to become a widow, and be settled by an unaffectionate "Will." And all this abnormality we find in the kingdom, which we call the Hearth and Home! If such an order be what God and nature intended, then the agitation of the "Woman Question," will pass away without leaving any benefit to Society. But if it be an abnormal order, as we maintain, then the discussion of the problem will not be at an end, until the Family will have been ennobled thereby. Nor can such elevation be hoped for, unless men *and* women are *jointly* raised, in every sphere. If man shall reign legitimately as king, woman must sit as queen on the same throne. As you sink her underward, she draws him after herself to the pit, however deep. In no nation or period did man ever succeed to climb aloft, over the head and shoulders of women, without turning a humiliating somersault. Whenever and wherever she is left behind, he cannot advance. The Turkish Sultan is just as degraded as is his Harem. So is the unfeathered Chanticleer of Utah, with his barn-yard full of wives. The Indian Chief squats as low as his squaws. In what respect are the men of Orient the betters of their women? Everywhere and at all periods are the sexes conditioned—each by the other. Christian civilization, first of all, gave an impetus to the ennobling of women, and we are not among those, who believe that the social system is finished forever and ever.

"Mind is from the Mother," it is said; and so is much else. Place her where she ought to be, and the family will be the better for it. We want to see her just in such a position, wherein all generations shall pronounce her blessed.

The Sunday School Drawer.

The most of the readers of the "Guardian" are connected with the Sunday-school, either as teachers or scholars. For their benefit, and for the benefit of the Sunday-school cause generally, we will open a Sunday-school department in the magazine. We invite superintendents, teachers, and scholars to send us apt material on this subject. Short articles, facts, and incidents connected with or bearing on the Sunday-school, suggestions to superintendents, parents, teachers or scholars will be thankfully received.

THE KEY TO A CHILD'S HEART.

No one can succeed as a teacher or trainer of children without the key. What is it? Not learning, nor piety, nor faith, nor many other things deemed important. "Mamma, was dat dod," said a sweet little prattler to her mother, as a dignified, learned, godly pastor had gone out the door of a certain home. He was startled, and stiffly "expostulated" with the innocent lambs, and entreated them to lead a godly life and flee from the devil. The poor man, doubtless sincere and conscientious, could not find the way to the child's heart.

Here is another: A journalist, connected editorially with one of the daily papers, was riding up Broadway in an omnibus, or as the New York people will say, "in a stage." Opposite him sat a lady with a baby, while by her side was a boy crying. He would not be comforted. But our friend, the journalist, lifted him upon his knee, and began to tell him of his own little boy, and to repeat to him the stories that he had often told at home. The smile came back, and then the laugh, until the frowning passengers caught the infection, and all laughed with the prattling child. With pardonable curiosity the mother said, "Charley, ask the gentleman what you shall call him?" "Uncle George," said the journalist; and when he got out of the omnibus in the crowded street, a merry little face looked out after him, and a merry voice called out lustily, "Good bye, Uncle George!" That editor had the key.

A SERMON WITH A POINT.

There ought not to be any talking during singing and prayer in Sunday-schools, for two reasons: (1). Because singing is an act of worship, addressed to God, or at least ought to be, and it is a sin not to pay devout attention when God is addressed in our presence. (2). Because the observance of this rule will help to preserve order in the school.

At the last meeting of a certain teacher's Bible class, in which nine Sunday-schools with their superintendents are represented, the leader announced as the closing hymn, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," a most beautiful and solemn hymn addressed to God, and not to trees, birds or man. While singing this hymn, two of the superintendents—two pious and efficient superintendents, men of undoubted godliness, whom hundreds love—kept up a half-audible conversation. Doubtless it was about something important

connected with the Sunday-school cause. The leader tried to catch their eye, but could not, for he felt deeply wounded at their conduct. He hereby tries to catch their eye in the Sunday-school Drawer of the "Guardian," which they both read and like. They are among the best friends he has in the world, and make great sacrifices for the Sunday-school cause, and we feel pretty sure they will hereafter make the additional sacrifice of refraining from talking, while we worship God in the Sunday-school or anywhere else. The scholars and teachers look upon and imitate the superintendent as a model of morals and manners. If he would succeed in his responsible position, he must practice what he preaches.

A CHILD'S A CHILD.

It ought to be. It must be. Its nature is to romp, and shout, and laugh, and upset things generally. How I do pity the dear little souls in the infant schools, when they try so hard to be quiet, and can not be. In spite of them, their little tongues will say something, and their little faces will smile at something that strikes them as very funny, in which the teachers can see no fun. And their little feet—why, bless me, they must put them somewhere, and no matter where, these feet will be heard. All the while their young life clamors to speak through hands, feet and face. Deal gently with their little faults. Seen from our side of life they look like faults; seen from the child's stand-point they are as harmless as the eating of a cake when they are hungry. Children have their own views about people who are always sternly condemning them for acting as children are wont to do.

There was once a clergyman, who often became quite vexed at finding his little grand-children in his study. One day, one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Don't want to go to heaven, my son?"

"No, ma, I'm sure I don't."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will."

"Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew, whew! whew! what are these boys here for?'"

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

I know a little girl; she takes the "Guardian," and reads it. She lives with her grandparents. She is a good child, learns well, prays well, and obeys well. Her grandfather says she has taught him solemn lessons. She will never go to bed without first kneeling down and praying. Not long since, when bed time came, and on account of the lateness of the evening, there was danger of neglecting this duty, she said: "We must pray before we go to sleep." Then in her innocent way, she said: "We will kneel down and pray." They all knelt down, and she prayed the prayers taught her. The old grandfather followed her in another evening prayer. Tears stood in his eyes as he told me, "This child has taught us a solemn lesson." And so has many a good child taught its parents and teachers. "Papa, won't you meet Georgie in heaven?" said a dying little boy to a drunken infidel father. What could the father answer? No? Yes? Georgie went to heaven, but left the father's conscience ill at ease. He could not forget the solemn lesson, could not think of refusing to grant the dying request of his child. In quiet corners of his home, he wrestled with God, and gave himself forever to his Saviour. He entered the church as an active, pious member, and finally entered heaven,—but Georgie led him there.

Editor's Drawer.

HOW TO GET OVER SLIPPERY PLACES.

This winter has again brought its share of icy pavements. Whilst walking over these smooth places in life's journey has its serious side, there is much fun connected therewith. Alas, how many elderly people break a limb, and many are crippled for life by these slips along the way. The *Chicago Post* reported during these days of ice: "Our lynx-eyed assistants report this morning that 1,743 people slipped down yesterday on the perfidious side-walks. Of these 1,140 were men, 403 women, and 200 miscellaneous. The table shows that over 300 landed on their elbows; the others sat down. Of the entire number, 1,742 of them swore—131 audibly."

The last sentence is doubtless an exaggeration. Still, we will not deny, if there is any swearing left in a person, no matter how well "kept under," it will be likely to come to the surface when he suddenly finds his feet and head exchanging places. It is rude to laugh at the unfortunates. For in whatever light we view it, a person, who, in the presence of other people, lies or sits on the ground or ice, without being consulted, is to be tenderly commiserated. Yet we have known ladies, who, of a dark night, with none but themselves to witness their feats, enjoyed their falls with shouts of laughter. Laboring our way tediously over an icy walk one dark night, we spied a shadow seated on the pavement, which, in the person of a young lady, nimbly leaped to her feet, picked up her bonnet, &c., and with nervous haste adjusted her dislocated apparel and vanished. Although ignorant of who it was, how thankful we were, that darkness shielded her from the stare of others.

To our younger readers we wish to give advice, how to fall on the ice:

1. Always try to do your falling where nobody will see you.
2. Once you have fallen, do not look around whether anybody sees you. Above all, do not get angry, nor swear, audibly or mentally.
3. If any one invites you to "Come here, and I will pick you up," don't do it. Pick yourself up.
4. Try and slip on the softest part of the ice, and let yourself down as gently as possible.
5. After all, a fall on the ice, even if you do break a limb, might be worse.

"The wicked walk over 'slippery places,' wherefrom they are cast into destruction" (Psalm lxxiii. 18). Keep from "the slippery places" of sin; a fall here breaks up all your nobler plans of life, blasts all fond hopes, and will keep you sliding downward to eternal ruin. Keep out of the way of the drunkard and the drunkard-maker, the Sabbath-breaker, the profane swearer, the gambler, the whoremonger. All these lead you over "slippery places." "Walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful: But seek your delight in the law of the Lord, and in his law meditate day and night."

CARLYLE'S STUDY

as follows: "Entering his study, you find nothing in the place where you expected it. 'Don Quixoté,' with all its wind-mills, mixed up with Doctor Dick on the 'Sacraments,' and Charnock on the 'Attributes.' Passing accross the room, you stumble against the manuscript of his last lecture, or put your foot in a piece of pie that has fallen off the end of the writing table. You mistake his essay on the 'Copernican System,' for blotting-paper. Many of his best books are bereft of the binding, and in attempting to replace the covers 'Hudibras' gets the cover that belongs to Barnes on 'The Acts of the Apostles.' An earthquake in the room would be more apt to improve than unsettle. There are marks where the inkstand became unstable, and made a handwriting on the wall that even Daniel could not have interpreted. If some fatal day, the wife or housekeeper come in while the occupant is absent to 'clear up,' a damage is done that takes weeks to repair. For many days the question is: Where are my pens? Who has the concordance? What on earth has become of the dictionary? Where is the paper-cutter?" "

LOTTERIES FOR BENEVOLENT PURPOSES.

Upon the subject of church lotteries the *Christian Union* has the following interesting note:

Our Christian people, and especially our Christian ladies say, "Our object is to do good, and there can be no harm in a lottery for benevolent purposes. This reminds us of a little story in Lippincott's: A doctor was called in to see the patient whose native land was Ireland, and whose native drink was whisky. Water was prescribed as the only cure. Pat said it was out of the question, he could never drink it. Then milk was proposed, and Pat agreed to get well on milk. The doctor was soon summoned again. Near the bed on which the sick man lay was a table, and on the table a large bowl, and in the bowl was milk, but strongly flavored with whisky. "What have you here?" said the doctor. "Milk, doctor, just what you orthered." "But there's whiskey in it; I smelt it." "Well, doctor," sighed the patient, "There may be whisky in it; but milk's my object."

AN unbeliever, while vehemently discussing, in a crowded room, the subject of religion, confidently exclaimed: "I should like to meet that Bishop of Litchfield; I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner, "Now is your time, for I am the Bishop."

The man was rather startled, but presently said: "Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Nothing easier," answered the Bishop; "you have only to turn to the right, and go straight forward."

A WESTERN menagerie company recently purchased in Africa, a baby elephant, forty-seven inches high, and had him shipped by steamer, to New York, and thence by express to headquarters. On the way, the propensity for mischief showed itself in the animal. He broke open the mail bags, abstracted a letter therefrom, broke it open and took out a draft for over \$3,000, destroyed the letter and envelope, and when discovered by the keeper had the draft safe in his trunk, it not even being torn.

GUARDIAN, FEBRUARY, 1872.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

P. Fornwald, Nachusa, Ill.	1 50	23	L.E.Bargelt, Woodstock, Va.	1 50	23
Danic. Smith, Zwingle, Iowa,	1 50	21	Miss Maxwell, Marion, Pa.	7 50	22
Mrs. J.W.Philson, Berlin, Pa.	1 50	23	T. Derr, Turbotville, "	1 50	22
Aug. Erbshmale, Phila., Pa.	1 50	23	L. Gerhart, Lancaster "	1 50	23
K. Pott, Big Cove Tan'y "	1 50	23	J. Huhn, Enterprise "	1 50	23
J. T. Shiveley, Cove St'n "	3 00	21 & 22	DWGerhardNewHol'nd "	1 50	23
M. J. Riegel, Easton, "	5 50	21 to 24	H. Sartain, Phila., "	1 50	23
J. C. Driesbach, Nazareth "	4 50	21 to 23	John Wies', "	1 50	23
Rev. M. Smith, "	3 00	21 & 22	L.Schmieke, Gratz, "	1 50	23
Saml. Sprankle, Altoona, "	3 00	21 & 22	G.C.Erlemeier, Freeb'g "	1 50	23
Adam Laucks, York "	1 50	23	C.A.Bassler, "	1 50	32
M.S.Mahaffy, Wilm'gton Del.	1 50	23	W.M.Reiley, Jonestown "	3 00	22 & 23
Mrs. Burket, Arch Sp'ng Pa.	6 00	19 to 22	A.M.Klein, Delmont, "	1 50	23
C. Wannamacher, Phil. Pa.	1 50	23	ECroncmiller, Haronsbg "	1 50	21
Mrs. Barnet, Clear C'k. Ohio	3 50	21 to 23	C.Schaff, Sandusky, Ohio,	1 50	23
L. E. Miller, Lancaster, "	1 50	23	H.J.Walker, Telford, Pa.	1 50	23
W.Seitzinger,Camp'llst'n Pa.	1 50	22	H.R.Chidsey, Easton, "	1 50	23
E.S.Graff, New Holland, Pa	1 00	23	E.Schnebly, Clear S'g. Md.	1 50	23
J. K. Zecher, Lancaster, Pa.	1 25	23	Aug. Feldman, Phila., Pa.	1 35	23
M.Huffman, Mt Crawf'd, Va.	1 50	22	C. Santee, "	1 50	23
Mrs. L. Dinges, "	1 50	23	C. Hamlin, Easton, "	1 50	23
MissSnyder,Chamb'sb'g, Pa.	1 50	23	S.G.Sheaffer, Hanover, "	1 00	23
E.J.Fogel, Fogelsville, "	4 50	20 to 22	OSAschenfelderLanc'ster "	1 50	23
J.D.Zehring, Codorus, "	50	on acct.	Mrs.J.Ritter, Catawissa "	1 50	23
A.J.Kleppinger, Allent'n, Pa.	1 50	23	W.K.Sourbier, Hamilton, Va.	75	23
G.H.Kleppinger, "	1 50	23	Rev. N. H. Loose, Shelby, O.	1 50	23
A. T. Beadlow, "	1 50	23	Jacob Kuhn, "	0, 1 50	23
C.W.Wanamacher, "	1 50	23	Mary Foust, Milton, Pa.	1 50	23
Y'g L'd's Bible Cl's "	1 50	23	L.D.SteckelHunt'gd'n "	1 50	23
Y'g M'n's BibleCl's "	1 50	23	I.W.Brown, Lewisb'g "	1 50	23
H.Schreiber, Leitersburg Md.	3 00	22	B. Rubert, S. Bend, "	1 50	23
M.D.Heilman, Lancaster, Pa.	1 50	23	WGDimmickSpn'rst'n "	1 50	23
C. J. Smith, Lebanon, "	1 50	23	MissL.Anderson Phila "	1 50	23
H.S. Snyder, Grapeville, "	1 50	23	M. Hangen, Reading, "	1 00	23
M. F. Neff, Neff Mills, "	3 00	21 & 22	H.Fetzer, Golden Cor. Ohio,	1 50	23
MissL.Shuck, Cressona, "	1 50	23	MrsSERSchaffer, Derry Pa.	1 50	23
H. S. Dotterer, Phila., "	1 50	23	Rev.L.K.Evans,Pottst'n "	1 50	23
J.B.Kreamer, Reading, "	1 50	22	Rev. Wm. Rupp,Berlin, "	1 50	22
P. Bausman, Lancaster "	1 50	23	MrsMEMillerSharpsb'g Md.	1 50	23
F.B.Baldwin, Millersville, "	1 50	23	T.F.Hoffmeier, Landisb'g,Pa.	1 50	23
M.C.Shafer, Middletown,Md	1 50	23	Rev.J.D.Zehring, Codorus, "	35	23
A.L.Newhart, Allentown, Pa.	1 25	22	H. Bush, Sprankle Mills, "	1 50	23
Mrs.J.Jacoby, "	1 25	23	Rev.S.A.Lcinbach, Coplay "	1 50	22
E.J.Nickel, Mechanicb'g "	3 00	20 & 21	I. Bruner, Fredrick, Md.	1 50	23
J.W.Gundram, Phila., "	10 50	17 to 23	Mrs.S.Fouse,CloverCr'k, Pa.	1 50	22
F. Nixdorf, Altoona. "	1 50	23	St. Mark's S. S., Phila., "	1 50	23
H.S.Coblentz, Reading, "	1 50	23	D.Schnäder,Bowmanv'le "	1 50	23
S.A.Taylor, Lewistown, Md.	1 50	23	Dr.W.M.Guilford, Leb'n "	4 50	
Miss TranseuMont'ySt'n, Pa.	3 00	23	Sade Bishop, Greenville "	1 50	23
Susan Boyer, Reading, Pa.	1 50	22	Lizzie Seepie, "	1 50	23
C.M.Ege, ShellRockF's,Iowa,	3 00	21 & 22	H.S.Miller,Phoenixville, "	1 50	23
E.J.Frantz, South Bend, Pa.	1 50	23	Miss S. Gelbach, Phila., "	1 50	23
G.C.White, Middletown, Md.	2 75	in full	CRDieffenbacherGreenv'e Pa	1 50	23
A.J. Eyerly, Hagerst'n, Md.	1 50	23	J. G. De Heiff, Lebanon "	3 00	21 & 22
I.Patterson, YellowSp'gs, Pa.	1 50	23	H. M. Reber, "	3 00	21 & 22
A.Mader, UnionDeposit, "	1 50	23	F. M. Reber, "	6 00	19 to 22
S.S.Weiss, Allentown, "	1 50	23	E. S. Moyer, Jr. "	1 50	20
A.Krum, Schafferstown, "	1 50	22	J.Sandt,M.D.Stockertown, "	1 50	23
J.W.Killinger, Lebanon, "	1 50	23	RevPSDavis, Ch'mbrsb'g, "	1 50	22
F.W.Doll, Martinsburg, Va.	1 50	23	C. Krissenger, Berlin, "	1 50	24
Mrs.Johnson,Schuyl.H'n,Pa.	1 50	23	RevJSDubbs, Allentown, "	1 50	23
MissHarnish,Hollidaysbg "	1 50	23	Rev JBSchontz, Wilton, "	1 00	23
APoffenbergerKlingerst'n "	1 50	23	B. Wolff, jr., Pittsburg "	1 50	24
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIII^d volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with \$9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for \$15; twenty-seven for \$30.

Discontinuances.—As all subscriptions are commenced with the beginning of the Volume, so discontinuances can take place only with the close. To insure a discontinuance, *written* notice must be sent direct to the publishers before the close of the year, and all arrearages paid. If the notice be received after one or more numbers of a new volume have been sent, the subscriber will be charged for the full year thus commenced.

ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIII.

MARCH, 1872.

No. 3.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
54 North Sixth Street.

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Continued on Third Page of Cover.

THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIII.

MARCH, 1872.

No. 3.

THE RELEASE OF A VETERAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

“The oak tree in the middle of yonder field, is an emblem of a good old man. There it stands, the growth of many, many years; inside it is the little stock which opened out of an acorn, and the sapling which for years used to bend backward and forward with the wind, and in its trunk are what were its outside rings at twenty, fifty, and a hundred years old. It stands aloft now a full grown oak,—an object beautiful to look at, and that is wisdom to think of. Once that tree might have perished by any one of a hundred accidents—by a careless foot, or a drought, or a snail, or a hungry sheep. But it was to grow to what it is. In the shade of it the cattle lie; in its leafy arms birds build their nests and sing; among its branches the wind gets itself a voice; somewhere in it the squirrel has a home, and all over the boughs are growing what will be his winter’s store.”—*Euthanasy*.

I wish to tell the story of a good man’s life—of a Christian warrior, who lately was released from duty in the Church militant. He was of a godly lineage. Two hundred years ago his ancestors were among the chief of God’s people in Germany. In the last century his grandfather, with several brothers, emigrated to this country—to the southern part of Berks County, Pa. The site of Womelsdorf and the country round about belonged to their possessions. Somewhere between the Hain and Tulpehocken Churches they lived—the two oldest Reformed Churches in that region of country. When pious Reformed people of those early times removed to another place of abode, they sought to find one where they could enjoy the worship of a Reformed Church. To Lancaster, Pa., Christian Wolff, a son of these early settlers, migrated, where, for a season, he became an active member of the Reformed congregation. In 1786, he removed to Chambersburg, Pa., where he could enjoy similar religious privileges. On February 6th, 1790, a son was born to him. Not long thereafter he was baptized by the Rev. John Chris-

topher Faber, and received the name of Barnard Wolff—by which he is most likely still known among the angels in heaven. With tender prayerful care was he trained and nurtured as a plant in the House of the Lord; and ever thereafter he “flourished in the courts of our God.” Early was he taught the catechism and prepared for confirmation. The congregation of Chambersburg then worshiped in an old log church. The Rev. James Hoffman was its pastor. The services were then still held in the German language; for more than thirty years past the congregation has become exclusively English. Often he told me how diligently the catechumens of his class had learned the answers and Scripture passages of the catechism. In his old age he used to rehearse to me some of these comforting answers in the German language, especially the first question and answer. He could still run over the names of the large class, and expressed a warm affection for the few who were still living. With what sorrow he used to speak of those who made shipwreck of their faith. As in all his undertakings, he was intensely in earnest, when he studied the catechism, and passed through severe spiritual conflicts.

Soon after he was twenty-one years of age, he was married to Miss Judith Heyser, sister of the late William Heyser, Esq. She was in all respects a help-meet for him. His father was an industrious mechanic, plying the saddler trade. Although in comfortable circumstances, he could not start his son at once in an extensive business, neither did he wish to do it. Barnard learned the trade of his father, and learned it well. Often, when speaking to me about the extravagant notions of young people, who, instead of commencing life where their parents commenced, wish to start where they left off—he told me how he and his bride began. They rented two rooms, and with the help of their parents, furnished them. In all that region of country, there were no happier and more contented people than Barnard Wolff and his bride. As they sat down to their own table for the first time, he devoutly said grace. And as they gratefully ate their first meal, they laughed heartily over the novel yet charming change in their life, where they sat at their own board. “We were as happy as crickets,” he used to tell me with a pleasing smile. On that first day, too, they agreed to invite the Saviour into their home; that they would build Him an altar therein, where, through life, they would worship Him every morning and evening. And this agreement was solemnly kept to the end.

Not long after their marriage, the war of 1812 broke out. Barnard Wolff was a patriot. He that assailed his country’s honor or rights, gave him a personal offence. Can he stay at home, as one of the young men of Chambersburg, when a foreign foe threatens to invade his country? How can he part from his young bride, perhaps never to return, or return as a slain warrior? Not with-

out a struggle did they both decide in favor of their country. Faithfully and courageously did he serve in the army, at Baltimore and at Lake Erie.

After his return he followed the saddler trade; beginning where his father had begun. He soon became known as an industrious, reliable, Christian mechanic, and gained the confidence of the community and an extensive patronage. Little had he thought, that the corner house, in which he had rented the two rooms, would become his own. In it he commenced the hardware business, at which he acquired a considerable fortune, a large part of which he spent in doing good. He was an old style business man, and "an old style gentleman;" just and kind to his patrons, keeping a conscience void of offence; "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Yet not making undue haste to get rich; acting in the world, yet not being of the world.

HIS RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

From a child Barnard Wolff knew the Scriptures. First learned to know it in the good old German tongue. Although rarely using the German language for the last fifty years of his life, often would he repeat a verse of a German hymn, and even sing it, in his devotional meditations, and in conversation with Christian friends. He was thoroughly indoctrinated in the truths of the Scriptures as arranged and expounded in the Heidelberg Catechism—but its lessons, to the hour of his death, he remembered best in the language of his mother.

When I became pastor of the First Reformed Church of Chambersburg, I soon learned to lean on two Elders for counsel and support—William Heyser, Sen., and Barnard Wolff. Both have now entered into rest. Mr. Wolff's locks were then already silvered with age. He had retired from business, and seemed to live entirely in and for the Church. He was a member of the Consistory over fifty years—and a very active member. His constant attendance upon divine worship and his deep interest in the welfare of the congregation kept him acquainted with every member. Nor heat nor cold, storm or rain, only an insurmountable providence of God, could keep him away from God's house. Rev. P. S. Davis, his pastor, says in his funeral discourse:

Early last spring he was seized by a violent illness, from which it was feared he would never recover; but God heard the prayers of the Church, offered for him at every service, and the dear old man was permitted to tread these earthly courts again. And I well remember his first appearance here after that sickness. It was on the bright morning of the 23d of May, when the marriage bells were ringing. I remember as he leaned on my arm coming up the steps, that he called this "the dear old Church," and that as he entered this audience chamber of our God, he exclaimed, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts." I remember how every eye lighted up as he passed

along the aisle. Not in his old family pew would any of us allow him to sit that day; for a place had been especially appointed for him up here at the altar, among the orange blossoms. And not only the four young persons who made their vows at that double wedding (confirmation), but all the congregation was happier because he was here to give his fatherly blessing to his children in the Church."

His devout, earnest prayers at our weekly meetings, for his pastor and congregation, still follow me like a perpetual benediction. Often he would drop in at the parsonage of a Monday morning, to lighten the fatigue of Sunday work with a pleasant chat. His chief topic always was the Church—"Our Reformed Zion," as he used to call it. Although loving all good people, the Church of his fathers, his spiritual mother, lay nearest to his heart. He helped to found her College and Seminary. Her papers he supported and read. Her ministers he loved to meet and befriend; and how many enjoyed his cordial hospitality. In his house the prophet always found his "chamber on the wall." Any unjust aspersions from her enemies he resented as a personal wrong. Nothing delighted him so much as to hear good news concerning her, nothing grieved him more than her reverses. His life was an illustration of one of his favorite hymns.

"For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

He visited the sick, the poor and aged of the congregation regularly. Usually he would read a chapter and pray with them. How often he came to my study, saying: "Come, brother, we will go and see grandmother somebody, she is sick." Often, too, I heard, that some unknown person had left a ton of coal, a barrel of flour, or valuable groceries, at some poor widow's door, without telling who had sent them. And then some of Christ's poor folded their hands and prayed God to bless dear old Barnard Wolff, who must have had a hand in the matter again. His piety was as mirthful and artless as that of a child. He was capable of a hearty laugh, and in his social intercourse his face would often beam with a benignant smile. He loved children, everybody's children, and they loved him, and delighted to kiss him as "dear grandfather Wolff." In the death of William Heyser, his brother-in-law, the Sunday-school lost its superintendent. Who could be the successor of one who for thirty years had been their paternal head? Father Wolff was then in his seventy-fifth year. His eye-sight was failing fast. He shrank from such a responsibility. His natural timidity grew with age. But the unanimous voice of the congregation and Sunday-school he could not resist.

And well he led them, though it proved a great cross to him. He had always judged his actions with unsparing rigor. And now

when his ripe judgment had taught him what a Sunday-school Superintendent ought to be, he fretted under a sense of imaginary inefficiency. He had never refused to perform the humblest service in Christ's Kingdom ; to be "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water," and even to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, would have given him pleasure. And yet what a grand leader of the Sunday-school was the dear old man. His snow-white locks, shining like a crown of glory, his florid countenance beaming with tender affection, his paternal prayers so full of earnest, pathetic pleading with the Great Father of the little ones under his care ; his child-like little addresses—all were just such as a wise and kind father would use for his children. At length he could no longer see the faces of the children. Still his patriarchal form cheerfully moves about among them. Whilst others read the hymns and scripture-lessons, he prays with them, speaks words of love and drinks in the sweet songs of childhood with heavenly delight.

Rare conversational powers did this father possess. In his German mother tongue, he felt less at home, owing to a want of practice. Yet he loved to hear it spoken, and would often attend an afternoon German service in Dr. B. S. Schneck's St. John's Church, in which he devoutly joined to his great comfort. But the English he spoke with great precision and fluency. His extensive reading and enlarged experience had stored his mind with rich treasures of interesting information. Possessed of ample means, he had never travelled much.

" His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

In his earthly and spiritual home centered all his interest. Yet he was no recluse, no moping Pharisee, venting his jeremiads against the innocent enjoyments of old and young. Home recreations he encouraged and enjoyed greatly. A great angler he was ; a worthy disciple of good Isaac Walton. Every good fishing place along many a familiar stream he knew full well. Give him his rod and line and a log, stump or rock on the banks of the Conogochegue or Back Creek, to sit on, and he will forget dull care. Sweet are his meditations as he watches the nibbling fish.

" Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone ;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess ;
My hand alone my work can do,
So *I can fish and study too.*

The first men that our Savior, dear,
Did choose to wait upon Him here,
Bless'd fishers were, and fish the last

Food was that He on earth did taste :
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom He to follow Him hath chose."

Thus sat he for hours, without catching a fish, never losing patience or temper ; whilst I aside of him, could scarcely endure ten minutes fruitless waiting. An occult charm he seemed to exercise over the fish. For, would they not all pass my bait unnoticed and fasten to his ? How heartily he would laugh at my chagrin, when thus slighted by the finny tribe, and he so favored. Now and then, with a roguish twinkle of his eye, he came to my help in adjusting the bait on my hook. Still, he always "had the run," if there were any fish about.

One fishing scene I still vividly remember. Dr. B. S. Schneck and myself had joined him in a day's pleasure along the Conogocheague. We fished along the edge of a certain mill-dam ; the said edge being undermined by the rippling stream. The dear father gave himself no little trouble to aid his awkward comrades, and enhance their enjoyment. Our venerable and tall Brother S. venturing too near the water's edge, perhaps from undue excitement, the overhanging earth gave way, and, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, carried him beyond his intentions. Happening to be the tallest of the three, he touched bottom without any serious peril. I need scarcely remark, that a brother of such tasteful, tidy habits, of so much native gravity and dignity, suddenly brought standing in the water on a level with the fish he had vainly strove to capture, watching his two friends on shore convulsed with laughter at his expense, presented a very comical picture. And yet none enjoyed it more than he. How often father Wolff enjoyed a hearty laugh, as he related this adventure of his warm friend. I know Dr. S.'s kindly heart will forgive me, for presenting him to the readers of the "Guardian," in such an unpresentable place and predicament.

Barnard Wolff was the soul of honor. He had a quick temper, which gave him much trouble. Often he deeply grieved over his irritability. It is said Dr. Tyng, once becoming excited at a vestry meeting, one of his vestrymen kindly reminded him, that he ought to govern his temper. "Sir," replied the good man, "I control more temper in one hour than you in twenty-four." People who have little temper can easily control it. Barnard Wolff's gave him much to do.

Once, in his younger years, a person came into his store, and began to revile and slander a certain friend of his. The slandered person was a poor but good man, whose character was his all. The breath of defamation aroused the blood of the merchant. He sprang across the counter, seized a bar of iron, and rushed after the reviler, who, by this time, had fortunately taken to his heels. How

sincerely he repented of this rash act God only knows. With a sad shake of the head, he used to tell me the story. And yet, is there not something heroic in the man, whose inmost soul is aroused with indignation when a vile person slanders a worthy absent friend?

Many a sorrow pierced his sensitive heart. The death of children, above all the death of his dear "Judith," left him forlorn and lonely. Others tenderly cared for him, but who could take her place. With her departure, the cheerful fire on the hearthstone of his home was quenched.

The last war brought him much sorrow. To his pure patriotic heart his country's honor was identified with his own. To see her enemies parade through our streets, stung him to the quick. First came Stuart's Raid, when a detachment of the Southern army had possession of Chambersburg through a dark night. Then followed Gen. Lee's invasion. For five days and nights the Southern army poured through our streets, past his front window. He heard and felt Southern soldiers hack through the front door of his store-room, now occupied by another party. For five days they shipped goods to the South from his premises. How his wounded spirit chafed under this mute martyrdom! Some young Southern relatives, soldiers in Gen. Lee's army, called on him. His honest, frank soul could not disguise his indignation. They called but once. Then came the burning of the town, six months after I had left it. His cozy home, with the two front rooms, and all the precious home relics of a long life were destroyed. How this affected him, his present pastor touchingly describes:

"The fire came, and destroyed much for many that was beyond mercantile appraisement. For *him* it took 'the old roof trees,' under which he spent most of his married life; where his children had been born; where relations from all quarters had met for half a century; where hospitalities had been dispensed, and from which he had carried his loved ones to their burial;—that home, with all that it contained, everything hallowed by the touch of his departed one, and embalmed by a thousand associations,—all was taken from him by one fell swoop, like that which sends some noble vessel to the sunless depths of the sea. And this of course, helped still further, to break the ties that bound him to earth. I well remember how he looked that day, walking among the ruins. He smiled and was silent, when I approached him with condolence, but his staff, pointed to the skies, told me of his thoughts and hopes. He sought a city that hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. Still, with nothing but blackened ruins left of all that was dear, and with his treasures laid up in heaven, his local attachments were very strong. He seemed to prefer Chambersburg in ashes to the luxurious homes his dearest friends pressed upon him in other places. The old church still stood. Anything connected with it was doubly precious to him, and I shall never forget the warm gratitude he expressed to me for sending to him, in what he called his 'exile,' a simple sprig from his wife's grave."

His last few years were darkened with blindness. For some time before, he had felt the malady approaching. Few persons

enjoy the sight of their eyes more than Barnard Wolff did that of his. The beauties of nature, from the buddings of early spring to the sear and yellow leaf of autumn; the smiling faces of children and friends, how these all cheered and charmed him. Seated in the office of a distinguished oculist in Philadelphia, he remarks to the Doctor about commencing the examination: "Doctor, have you any idea how I feel? Like a prisoner at the bar, awaiting the sentence of the judge, which will either set him free or seal his doom on earth. In a few moments I shall know whether I shall ever see the beautiful light of the sun again, or grope my way in darkness down to the grave." In less than an hour he had heard his sentence—*blindness*. How sadly he related this incident to me!

Yet amid sorrow and darkness, he was a beautiful example of a green old age. With innocent mirth he still laughed, and chatted with his friends. Well do I remember my last visit to him. He took a few of us into his back yard, to show us an eclipse of the sun, through colored glass. We saw it plainly enough, but not he, to whom the sun had veiled his face. A blind old father, in the kindness of his heart showing a few friends an eclipse of the sun, and enjoying it, because he can give them pleasure. Here would be a fit scene for a painter.

Then he took us through a series of rooms in his house, hung with a collection of rare paintings; one of the finest private galleries in this country, belonging to his son, C. Wolff, Esq. Though a blind guide, he led us from painting to painting, named them respectively, and in our enjoyment, seemed to forget his blindness.

At length comes the release of the veteran. After many a hard battle, the armor is laid down. "Sitting on the side of his bed where he had risen with a morbid strength, when no one could detect that he had a pulse, in the arms of his physician, with his dear old feet resting on the knees of his eldest son; surrounded by his weeping children and domestics, and with his pastor committing his soul to God, he passed away." Often, as we strolled through the church-yard together, he would pause at the grave of his wife, and point to the vacant place aside of her, where he wished to sleep his last sleep. On the 19th of December, devout men carried him to his burial at this spot, and made great lamentation over him. All the stores and banks of Chambersburg were closed as a mark of respect to this patriarch borne to rest.

Still I remember him, as I last saw him, standing by my side in his yard, holding a darkened glass before his almost sightless eyes, looking heavenward, vainly striving to get a dim glimpse of the sun. A fit image of an earnest soul, through a long life, fighting and working its way out of the darkness and death of sin into the

light of heaven. Thus on the hither side of heaven "we see through a glass darkly," on the other side "face to face." Now he has passed within the veil, where faith has changed to sight and glad fruition, and where the sun's eclipse shall recur no more forever.

My story has grown long, perhaps tedious to my readers. His death is to me a personal bereavement. Feelings akin to those one has for a natural father, I have for this saint. Part of my life I lived into his, and part of his he lived into mine. People have told me, that in church heaven seemed nearer to them, because their pew was near that of father Wolff. Tenderly have I sympathized with this feeling. And now that he has gone to heaven, that blessed place seems still more home-like and heart-winning. And to many, who will read this story, heaven seems nearer and more attractive since Barnard Wolff has gone thither. I commend the lesson of his life to the young readers of the "Guardian." For more than eighty years he loved his Saviour; for almost seventy years he was a member of the Reformed Church, and "never faltered in his allegiance" to her. By industry, thrift and piety, as a Christian mechanic, he won the confidence and affection of his town, which reverently paused in its business whilst they laid him to rest. He understood the weak points of his character, and strove to guard against them. He bravely fought the foe in his own heart—often fought him on his knees. He began life—domestic and business life—with a habit of prayer, and he kept the habit to his end. How sweet the rest after such a laborious life; how glorious the victory after such a battle.

"And here he rests from trouble free,
'Till Jesus, with a smile, shall call
His dust. Oh! he was good to all—
And more than good was he to me."

"DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH."—By the light of reason we cast a sort of glaring illusion around ourselves; but if confided in, it tends only to obscure our vision of more exalted glories. Illuminate a town, the streets are light, while the heavens are lost in darkness; but when the day breaks forth, both the earth and sky become visible. So that the sparks of our own kindling, while they shed an artificial brilliancy for a short distance around us, involve the scenes above in shadows even darker than those of night; but if the "dayspring from on high" dawn in the soul, we have clear views, both of earth and heaven.—*Rowland Hill.*

LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS.

BY LEPUS.

Every division of the earth has its own peculiar style of natural features and scenery, into which no other could be translated. So too is every region characterized by its own flora and fauna—its own collection of plants and group of animals. In the higher temperature of being, peculiarities in the fashions, manners, customs, habits, notions and ideas of society, distinguish one place from another. The Romans distributed district deities through the empire; and one god differed from another god. Hence we have also local superstitions.

Howbeit the people of our earlier home, a place compassed about by mountains against the profane trespass of railroads, telegraphs, “dailies” and other modern thunder, believed in the direct agency of mysterious and suspicious powers, in extraordinary events, and in omens and prognostics. They had their particular superstitions, which are spiced too agreeably with the subtile aroma of tender memories and associations of the past, to see corruption in the grave of oblivion. Since “superstitious prophecies are not only the belief of fools, but the talk sometimes of the wise,” it may be lawful perhaps to write a few specimens of them, unto the dispensing angel of the “Guardian.” If there are:—

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,”

we should certainly be able to find, at least, some instruction in these alloys of truth and error. The word superstition we will use here, however, in a homeopathic sense—diluted by the mixture of a much weaker meaning than that of ignorant fears, religious blindness and irrational worship. While we call up some of these local superstitions, we must be on our guard against awakening any of the contemporary local witches, else we will get more on our hands, than we can organize in one article.

The breaking of a *looking-glass*, was regarded as a dark prognostic in the family. Hence the people grew naturally very cautious against such a disaster. This fear may have had its primal roots in the inspired prophecies of the Bible, where Jehovah

threatened to make the smart of His judgments sorely felt, by taking away, among other things, the "glasses" of the haughty daughters of Zion. We must own it, that we like this superstition. It advantages much every way. It breeds a habit of anxiety for the preservation of things. In a glass a person must behold his natural face to remember what manner of man he is, which is a shadow of things spiritual. Only he who looks into the perfect law of God, and continues therein, will not be an unforgetful doer of the word. The breaking of a mirror, can, therefore, symbolically, at least, portend no good.

There also lived an idea among the people, that the sweeping out of the dirt would prefigure the sweeping out of the family's "luck." Hence all the good housewives, who had the welfare of their families warmly at heart, always swept towards the centre of the house whither they pursued the dirt with the dust-pan to feed it to the playing flames upon the hearth. Such a superstition has an affinity for a sense of propriety. Those who are distinguished by a palate for clean pavements and green yards could not well taste any heresy in this tenet. There are certainly augural portents bending towards the house, from which moral dirt is swept upon the surrounding community. Give that which is *unholy*, though it be a "bone—of contention," not even unto the dogs. "Busybodies in other men's matters," are always hard by their neighbors' thresholds to watch for the sweepings of family unpleasantness and immoral dirt generally. Send unto them the evil arrows of famine, instead of the polluted food they crave. Had there not been a large stone near the garden fence and the kitchen door been unwarily left open, one morning, not a soul beyond those immediately concerned, would know, to this day, that our neighbor's conscientious wife sometimes indulges in the luxury of broomsticking her deficient husband. If "it must needs be, that offences come"—but woe unto him through whom they come—let them all, as well as all other dirt, be burnt in the devouring flames of the family hearth.

No unimportant degree of alarm used to be carried into the bosom of the family by the ominous "*death watch*." Its elegiac tick in the wall of the sleeping-room, was always listened to as an infallible apostle of death bringing the melancholy tidings of his robbing aim at one of the family congregation. Some learned people, whose souls never knew the profound flow of mystic veins, wanted to make out, that this startling tick was the mere call of a wooing beetle to its straying, foraging mate. Consequently those who had an ear for this magic watch, never ceased crusading against the whole germs of vexatious insects, so as to be insured against a deception in the tick. Nothing has perhaps, therefore, contributed more towards the subjugation especially of that most

pestiferous species of family visitations, the "Schwob" (cockroach). Since we must almost daily witness the sad accident of somebody having either worked, worried, cried or laughed him or herself *half* to death—it must always be the tougher half that survives—there could not well be too many sounds to remind us of the near approach of the last enemy. Every tick in creation, should warn us, though it be in a dream, that "time steals swiftly on with downy feet," so that we earnestly prepare not to *die*—nature will prepare us soon enough for that catastrophe—but to *live* when Christ comes.

The laying of the *unlucky egg*, "unglicks oye," was looked upon as another direful presage of evil. This is an unfinished, yolkless, little egg—"is there any taste in the white of an egg?" (Job)—a mere mockery of the true ideal of the hen's nutritious fruit. No wonder, that the people eyed the finding of such a scorpion when they sought an egg, with fear and trembling. The impending calamity which this abortion foreshadowed, could happily, however, in this case be switched off, by throwing the unfortunate egg over the house. Woe though to that house, if it fell short of the opposite side. It became, therefore, always the duty of the strongest arm scrupulously to perform this anti-fate service. All the boys and girls, as soon as they were old enough to assume the superintendency of the hens' nests, knew better than to trifle with one of these portentous eggs. The mother could always foreknow too, when they had found one, by their screaming precipitation from the barn and the stretching of their limbs to outrun one another, with each one's heart burning first to tell the dread news. There was, of course, no way to pronounce sentence against the guilty hen by a lawful verdict, else the "unlucky egg" would have proved *unlucky* especially and first of all to her own self. It must be allowed that there was room for uneasiness and trepidation in this unfruitful egg. Such sad failures of such good enterprises, could not well be imagined to omen anything else but ill. The prophetic tongue of the augur of evil, does certainly speak in the small, unlucky, unfruitful results of the many promising resolutions and large undertakings in which individuals and organizations continually indulge, that so often and so sadly disappoint the just and fond expectations of society. A person will do well to have his house insured against the bad luck, which such a shortcoming of a true mission and such inglorious results of labors and actions, unmistakably forebode!

The horse had also become the object of a slightly superstitious notion. It was believed that on Good Friday night, during the witching time between eleven and twelve o'clock, horses talked together in the Pennsylvania German dialect. The substance of their conver-

sation were prophetic utterances, which were sure shortly to be fulfilled. Hence they were very humanely treated, so that they might prophesy no evil of their masters. Christian names were given them, such as Bill, Ben, Sam, Sal, Bets, Pol, and so on. From this fact, some regarded them made as fearfully and wonderfully, as man himself. A person who could mix an antidote for the botts, or compound an ointment after the manner of the apothecary for spavin, was honored with "*Doctor*." Those who coveted the proud title of "*Prof.*," merely needed to study the magic lore of horse-taming. There was, in some cases, even a vague belief in the future existence of the beast, based on the fact, that all the ghosts which haunt sylvan retreats, come riding on great white horses that are, apparently at least, in a translated state.

A tradition holds, that a somewhat dubious farmer once, to his own sorrow, kept vigil near the stable, at this fearful time. Tom told Jul, that in three days they would draw their master to the grave-yard. He has never eavesdropped since. This rationalist should have remembered two things; first, that too much curiosity has often proved fruitful of fatal results, and secondly, that there are many things which we must accept by faith, and not by sight, or by hearing. This belief has won for the horse very tender treatment, and a respect incensed delicately, at least, with the reverential awe due to sacred things. It has, besides, an under-layer of meaning. Everything prophesies evil concerning us continually, in our unreconciled condition. The very oracles of God themselves, are against us, without His good will. There are mysterious voices sounding our doom, unless we are growing in favor with God and man.

The most alarming prognostic of death, however, was the profane crow of a hen. To crow is the peculiar and exclusive prerogative of the busy chanticleer. It never belonged to hens' rights. How could, therefore, an event so extraordinary as the crowing of an eccentric hen, be contemplated otherwise, than the sure precursor of a dire visitation. Whenever one so far forgot her own sphere, and became so possessed of a familiar spirit, as to indulge in this masculine privilege, she was immediately arrested, executed and cast into inner darkness, where there was gnashing of teeth, so that she might never again become the presageful prophetess of impending death. This custom sometimes led the ravenous scamp of a boy to bear false witness against one, and others, in a hungry hour, sometimes construct the mere joyful cackle over the production of a new egg, or the mirthful song after the sweet swallow of a fat worm, into the transgression of a crow. Thus some had occasionally to die innocently; but then, who could pen the tearful

history of all the sufferings which guilt has brought upon innocence.

After what things would our old simple-hearted grandmothers look to come on the earth, could they yet see to read the papers, blazing in such reports, as for an instance: "There was a large and enthusiastic Woman's Rights' meeting held in this city last night. Mrs. Hon. — was elected President, Mrs. Gen. — and Mrs. Doctor — were chosen Vice Presidents, and Mrs. Prof. — Secretary. Mrs. Rev. — and Miss — addressed the meeting. The speakers described woman's wrongs in being denied the crowning franchise of the American citizen, as with the kindled tongues of seraphs. Mrs. Col. — offered some resolutions looking towards immediate measures in behalf of female emancipation, which were unanimously adopted." Yea, their hearts would utterly fail them for fear, could they go to the City Hall sometimes and behold the platform graced with the shining, bended, elastic figure of one of their grand-daughters, on whose damask cheek are hanging a thousand admiring masculine eyes, and whose silver voice and embroidered features are the utmost delight of the most select audiences.

"O heert, ihr lieve Leit, was sin das Zeite;
Das unser eens noch dees erlewe muss!"

What else of calamity a hen's trespass on the rooster's rights, may portend, it certainly forebodes the perplexing fact, that if the hens want to do the *crowing*, the roosters must prepare to do the *clucking*.

Besides revealing our profound sense of both external and internal disorder, these and all other superstitions are especially, however, a commentary on the inspired truth, that through fear of death we are, all our life-time, subject to bondage. "Conscience does make cowards of us all." The very notes that we whistle past the grave-yard by night, betray our fear of the pale enemy. Every extraordinary sound we imagine to proceed out of death's melancholy trumpet. The slightest touch of disease we fear to be his icy fingers feeling after our heart-strings. Every uncommon occurrence becomes to us a harassing omen of his near advent. All the labors, painfulness, disappointment, weariness, aches, hunger, thirsts, penury, imprisonments, wanderings, perils, stripes, and shipwrecks to which our helpless, earthly life is subject, are not worthy to be compared to what we naturally fear of death. Glory be to Him, who, through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and now delivers us from the thralldom of this terrible fear.

THE COUNTESS URSULA.

BY J. W. EBBINGHAUS.

*A Picture from the History of the Reformed Church, during the
Seventeenth Century.*

During the stormiest period of the so-called thirty years' war, there ruled over the small principality of Nassau Hadamar, in Germany, a prince, who united in himself all the strong and weak qualities of the rulers of a time, in which nations regarded their sovereigns as the absolute representatives of God. A character at once brave, noble and benevolent, he loved ostentation and knightly splendor, and especially delighted to show himself as a ready debater and defender of the doctrines of the Reformed Church, to which he and his people belonged. During those troublesome times, he zealously labored for the protection of his subjects over against both friend and enemy, the Swedish protestants and the Austrian Catholics, who in turn devastated the surrounding countries. He attempted to keep out of the quarrel, by preserving a neutral position to both, and had, so far succeeded in keeping both armies from entering the boundaries of his estates. His subjects enjoyed a comparative peace, while other estates around them were suffering the effects of this bloody war, in social ruin, pestilence and famine. Yet the general prostration of all commerce and business, in the fatherland, made them feel the effects of it. But at last he received the peremptory summons of the Emperor, commanding him to open his lands to the Austrian General, for the purpose of provisioning the army which was collecting in the neighborhood, in the winter of 1634, with the intention to over-run, early in spring, the northern protestant countries.

This would have been a severe burden for his already impoverished lands; and although he dreaded to make use of the last means for relief, in this extremity, that of appealing to the imperial throne in person, yet, not seeing any other way by which to avert the threatening calamity from the heads of his subjects, he departed for Vienna, with a heart full of anxiety and troubles. During his absence, his wife, Ursula, with the assistance of his

Secretary, was to conduct the affairs of the little State. She was well qualified for the duties imposed upon her by the absence of her husband. Being a woman of rare intellectual qualifications, and lofty nobility of character, she was a devoted and earnest Christian. In appearance, at once commanding and graceful, she, unlike her husband, despised the costly ornaments and finery of royalty, dressing even more plainly than the lowest ladies of her household, and used the means saved thereby, for the relief of the poor and needy of her land. She abounded indeed in works of charity, and the poor and distressed blessed her as a ministering angel of the Lord, who gave them always material and spiritual comforts.

Thus, we find her one day, seated in her room; surrounded by the ladies of her household, busily employing herself in making garments for the poor. Interrupting her work for a moment, she drew out of her pocket a letter from her husband, and meditated upon its contents, which did not appear to be satisfactory to her. The letter contained, in glowing and excited language, a description of his reception at the imperial court, and of the honors the emperor was graciously conferring upon him; it stated that he had been entirely successful in the object of his journey. What would, no doubt, have been a source of gratification and pride to other women, the distinction and honor which her husband received at Vienna, was not so to her. An expression of great spiritual anxiety and care settled upon her beautiful countenance.

Strange and disquieting reports had reached her ear from Vienna, that her beloved husband should have yielded to the subtle and enticing persuasions of the Jesuits at court, and to the favors of the Emperor Ferdinand, whose Romanist and Jesuitic zeal was always at work, to bring back the Protestant Princes of Germany, and their people, to the folds of the Catholic Church. He greatly favored such converts, who exchanged their Reformed faith for the errors of Rome. The report stated, that he had already abjured his faith, and had been seen frequently in company with Father Lamoxmain, the private confessor of Ferdinand, and his spiritual and political adviser. While the letter of the Prince contained nothing, which might have confirmed the report, she could clearly read between the lines that her beloved husband would not return to her, the same man he had been when he left her.

She arose, and going to the window, she lifted her eyes up to heaven, and a silent, fervent prayer went up from her heart to the throne of grace for her husband, that he might be strengthened in this, his hour of sorest temptation. Then she turned and gave orders that both her spiritual adviser and Secretary be immediately

summoned to her. While waiting for them to appear, her eyes rested upon a passage of Holy Scripture, which was, in the fashion of the day, painted in large red and golden letters above the window: "Fear not, be not afraid, for I am with thee, and commend thy ways unto the Lord."

When the two men who were summoned, appeared, she invited them into a separate room, and laid before them the letter she had received, and told them also of her anxiety in regard to her husband. Then the Secretary, Counsellor S., stated, that he also had received letters from Vienna, which confirmed previous reports, and stated distinctly, that if Count Hadamar had not yet joined the Church of Rome, he was expected to do so in a short time, since he was surrounded by Jesuits and received instruction from the father confessor, P. Lamoxmain, a Jesuit of great cunning. The letters also stated, that the Count, having a great vanity to excel, in theological debate, had unwittingly allowed himself to be drawn into such discussions with priests of the Jesuit order, who, by their sophistry and cunning, had completely upset his previous religious belief, and made him a ready convert to Rome.

It was the practice of those times, that whenever a ruler changed his religion, he would force his subjects immediately to submit to the same change, so that the history of those days presents the sad spectacle of a people, changing their creed about every generation. Estates that had voluntarily adopted the gospel, as preached by the Reformers, were forced to be now Lutheran, then Reformed, and then again Catholic. It was of course to be expected, that the Count, with the zeal of a new convert, and led by the pernicious influence of the Jesuits, would not respect the religious convictions of his subjects, but would use every means in his power to bring them back to Rome, and extinguish the Reformed religion in his country.

Neither the Countess, nor the two men, with whom she was in consultation, expected any other result, and entertained the greatest fears for the safety of the Church and the Reformed ministers; who, no doubt, would be the first to suffer the consequences of the Jesuitical intrigues. Before closing the conference, the Countess and Pastor M., her spiritual guide, knelt in solemn prayer, to invoke the protection of the Lord upon His Church and upon the servants of Christ, the ministers of the Reformed faith.

When, after some months, the Count returned, their gravest fears were fully realized. Shortly before his departure from Vienna, he announced to his wife his changed convictions, but assured her of his unchanged love and affection for her, and that she should have perfect freedom in the exercise of her Reformed faith.

Immediately after his return, he dismissed all the Reformed pastors of his dominions, and reorganized the Church after the Roman form. A cry of distress went up from all the Reformed people, when they witnessed the departure of their beloved shepherds; and saw how the Roman priests entered with pompous display, the houses of God, and held their idolatrous mummeries, where before, the Lord had been worshiped in spirit and in truth. They were commanded, on pain of imprisonment and death, to attend the Roman worship, and, although many left their homes and lands, and went into the neighboring Reformed countries, yet many also remained. The gospel light was forever extinguished in these regions. These poor Reformed pastors, with their families, were indeed like pilgrims, homeless, and starving by the wayside. Only the venerable pastor M., who occupied the position of spiritual adviser to the Countess, was permitted to remain, but forbidden to exercise any of his spiritual functions except for the Countess.

The Count frequently invited the officers of his court to his table, on which occasion, he generally led the conversation to subjects of public import, and listened to the opinion of his subordinates. Among those that almost every day dined at court, were his Private Secretary, the Counsellor S., several of the Romish priests, who had accompanied him from Vienna, and also Pastor M. The Counsellor S., was a very peculiar character. A fellow-student of Pastor M., he had remained a bachelor, living a secluded life, and apparently caring for no one. Although, before a member of the Reformed Church, he had never expressed an opinion on the religious changes, which had taken place in the land. While he always appeared to show great respect for the two Jesuit patres, who lived at the palace, and occasionally was even seen at mass in the palace chapel, yet he was never fully trusted by the Roman priests, as they believed him to be the secret head of a strong Reformed party of the land.

One day, while at dinner, the conversation of the guests turned upon the subject of a recent capture of several Roman priests, by Dutch Dragoons, who had entered the Count's lands from the neighboring city of L., seized the priests of several villages, and brought them to the citadel of the strong fortress of L. This was a breach of the peace. When the Count remonstrated with the Dutch military governor at L., he received the answer, that these priests were seized to serve as hostages for some Dutch predicants, who had been captured a few weeks before, by soldiers of the imperial army.

The Count and the priests present, expressed their belief, that this capture must have been instigated by some one in the immedi-

ate household of the Count. They cast suspicious glances at the venerable Reformed Pastor M. When these accusations were made to his face, he solemnly affirmed his complete ignorance of the whole affair.

The Countess Ursula, who had listened in silence to the conversation, looked seriously at Counsellor S., who was all the while busily engaged in satisfying the demands of his appetite. After dinner she invited him to her apartments, and questioned him as to his knowledge of the affair. When he stated that he knew nothing of it, she directly accused him of the authorship of this act, at the same time, urging him to protect his friend, Pastor M., whom the Count had threatened to punish, if the captive priests were not liberated. With a sigh she dismissed him, not convinced of the groundlessness of her suspicion in regard to him. The futile attempts of the liberation of those priests, however, irritated the Count so much, that he banished Pastor M. to a village, near the border of a neighboring Catholic country, promising him, that, as long as he remained in his house, he would protect him against the violence of the Catholic soldiery, who would occasionally visit the village. Here he was permitted to live, with his family, but without means of support. He would have suffered starvation had not a few pitying souls of his former flock, secretly supplied him with food.

The Count, doubtless urged by Jesuit influence, adopted more rigorous measures for the eradication of the Reformed Church within his lands, and the conversion of his subjects to Romanism.

The Countess Ursula suffered greatly under these measures. The poor oppressed people turned to her for help in their spiritual need. In vain she interceded with her husband for them. He had formerly manifested the greatest respect for the opinions of his wife, and often adopted her advice over against that of his counsellors. Now she felt herself without influence over him, and saw him entirely in the hands of the intriguing priests, who began to sow the seed of suspicion, even against her, in the heart of her husband. Her children, whom she loved with the tenderness of a Christian mother, and for whose spiritual welfare she felt so much concern, were taken from her. Into their tender hearts were sown the seed of contempt for their mother's religion. She bore her suffering with Christian meekness and forbearance. Although deprived of her religious privileges, she continued daily to strengthen her faith, by reading the word of God, and communing with her Lord in fervent prayer for herself, her deluded husband, and her children.

At last the tempter approached her directly. The severe spiritual suffering which she had borne, laid her upon a bed of sickness. The Count, no doubt, instigated by the deceitful words of the

Jesuit priests, allowed them to visit his sick wife. Then began a period of trouble and torment, scarcely to be endured. They wanted to convert her to the Romish faith. All the subtle arguments, which Rome always employs when there is a chance to catch a soul in her deceitful net, were used. But Countess Ursula withstood all these cruel attacks upon her beloved religion, and with the word of God on her side, she tore asunder the net-work of sophistical argumentation, which was to entangle her, and to blind the eye of her faith. Her assailants withdrew, vanquished, and reported to the Count the obstinacy of his wife.

Meanwhile, Pastor M. faithfully fulfilled the conditions put upon him by the Count. Though frequently entreated by the Reformed people, to administer to them spiritual comfort in their sore distress, he refused to do so when these demands conflicted with his promise, hoping and praying, however, continually, that the Lord would deliver him out of the hands of his enemies, and enable him to open his mouth for the testimony of the truth as it is in Jesus.

One evening, while engaged in solemn meditation, a man on horseback came riding fast along the road. He stopped at Pastor M's. house, and having dismounted, called through the door of the house for M. When the pastor appeared, he found a man who had hid his face and person under a large cloak. In a disguised voice, he bade him hurry and save himself by flight, as it was the intention of the neighboring Spanish soldiery to kidnap and kill him.

Pastor M. replied, that he had given his word to his master, not to leave the house; upon this condition he would protect him. The man then told him, that he should not rely upon the word of the Count, as he would be glad to get rid of him in this manner, and entreated him again, to seek safety in immediate flight. The man, who was no other than Counsellor S., seeing that his efforts to save the pastor were in vain, then left him.

During the night following, the house was surrounded by soldiers, and the pastor taken captive. He was put in chains, and dragged away. His house was ransacked, and his wife, and helpless little ones left in the street. They wandered away, and after a toilsome journey, during which, they often would faint by the roadside, the faithful wife and her children arrived at the Castle of Hadamar, where she sought the intercession of the Countess for her poor innocent husband. When the Count heard of the affair, he was greatly enraged, unfortunately not at the perpetrators of this wicked act, but at the poor pastor, who disregarded the warning and did not flee. The Countess, however, entreated him to use his

influence for the liberation of Pastor M. She also tried to console the poor woman, and provided a home for her and her children.

The Countess Ursula, was now nearing the end of her life, and she greatly desired to be delivered from this present evil world, which had given her nothing but sorrow. Her soul lived in God. In spiritual communion with her Saviour she spent her last days upon the earth. One morning, the Count vainly waited for the appearance of his Secretary; when, upon his order, inquiry was made for him, it was found that he had fled, and was already beyond the reach of the power of his master. Among his papers, however, a letter was found, in which he confessed to the instigation of the Dutch soldiers, in the capture of the priests. The Countess now urged her husband to take measures for the liberation of Pastor M. He durst not refuse this last wish of his dying wife.

A few days after this Pastor M. was set free. He came to Hadamar for his family, with whom to leave the country of his birth. He went up to the castle, to visit once more his benefactress, to thank her for all her kindness, and to administer spiritual comfort to her in her last hour. On entering the castle gate, he found all the servants weeping. Death, the messenger of God, had come at last and delivered the faithful servant of Christ from all her earthly sorrow. He was conducted to the apartment where her body was lying in state, awaiting interment. Kneeling down beside the coffin, he prayed that the Lord would give him strength also to endure faithfully unto the end, and at last, enter into the blessed mansions above. Having cast a last long look upon her face, on which had settled a heavenly peace, he turned to leave the room. Just then he was met by the Count, who could not endure the sad solemn look of this servant of Christ. With downcast eyes he stepped aside to let him pass.

Pastor M. then united with his family again, left Hadamar and went to the lands of the brother of the Countess, where, in Siegen, he found a field of labor and a home. Here, he labored for the Lord's kingdom, and for the spread of the Reformed faith, with great success.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

AT THE CROSS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Before Thy Cross, dear Lord, I fall ;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
Thou art my hope, my help, my all.

Search, search my heart, surcharged with woe,
Till all its idols I forego,
And Thee, Thee only, learn to know.

A thorny path, with flints bespread,
With bleeding feet I fearless tread,
For Thy dear hand upholds my head.

Oh ! dearest Lord ! Thy tender eye
Rebukes, yet pities, my lone cry,
When staggering 'neath my cross I lie.

The broken cisterns who shall count,
The heart will fill at earth's dark fount,
Ere upward unto God it mount ?

Poor human heart ! with human needs !
How many are its broken reeds !
Grasped till the hand in torture bleeds !

How many gourds have felt the blight !
How many stars have lost their light !
How many suns gone down in night !

All, all are gone, like barks at sea,
Lost in the dread immensity,
And now I stand alone with Thee.

All prostrate at Thy cross I kneel ;
For thou canst all our sorrows feel,
And Thy dear hand our wounds can heal.

No more I mark the dreary road
My bleeding feet so long have trod,
Since it hath led to Thee, my God.

BIBLE CLASS TALK.

LESSON—ACTS 3: 1-10.

A Lame Man Healed.

(In the Union Sunday School Bible Class of the Reformed Churches of Reading, Pennsylvania.)

(This Bible Class is led respectively by the pastors and superintendents of the City. Whilst the leader asks the leading questions all are at liberty to ask such as may occur to them. Free from the formality of a lecture, each one "bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old" in explanation of the lesson. Thus pleasant social intercourse is blended with the study of the Scripture and devotion.

Leader. Were not Peter and John followers of Christ at this time? Why still worship in the temple? In part they continued to worship in the temple for a season. The religious habits we acquire from childhood are deep-rooted, and not easily shaken off. Get the scholars to be habitually pious—regularly engaging in prayer and study of the Scriptures at home and in Church, and they will form a habit which will help to shield them against many a temptation in coming life. Why must the lame man ask alms at the temple gate? That was the usual place for poor people to ask for help. In Catholic countries the doors of churches are still crowded with poor people, asking alms.

A Pastor. Had the Jews any hospitals for the relief of the poor and afflicted? No. They sought and found help around the doors of the synagogues, and of the temple. The Jewish law made many provisions for the poor. Even now, we very rarely find a Jewish beggar. The children of Abraham have richly endowed hospitals in all parts of the world, where the poor are kindly cared for.

A P. Did the heathen care for the poor? No. Around the doors of their temples they were allowed to ask alms. Beyond that they always were, and still are without sympathy and provision for their poor. When Julian, the Apostate, in the fourth century, tried to re-establish Paganism in the Roman Empire, he urged his pagan subjects to imitate the Christians in their "philanthropy towards strangers, * * Christian brotherly love, * * and the moral sobriety which was so opposed to pagan licentiousness."

L. Were Peter and John entirely without money? Yes. Many a day they must have been without a penny at their command. They labored without receiving salaries, depending on the kindness of their friends.

A P. Peter and John fastened their eyes on him. The lame man heeded them and expected something. As teachers, our success depends much upon our manner. It ought to suit the thought conveyed. We should speak of the love of Christ in a tender, subdued tone of voice, and plead with the scholars in a manner that will show our tender concern for them. As Gough says in one of his lectures, "If you were pleading with five hundred Sunday-school children that they should be kind to one another, would you fiercely shake your fist at them, and scream at the top of your voice—'You confounded rascals, love one another?'" Yet I could cite instances where people try to teach love in this wise.

A P. This poor man had been helpless for years. Had no confidence in his limbs. Peter took him by the hand and lifted him up. As pastors and teachers there is much of this kind of *lifting* for us to do; but it can only be done in Christ's name and strength. We have scholars whose parents have started them in the way of sin. They have never been taught a prayer, nor a single verse of the Gospel. They have no faith in their depraved natural parents, and know nothing about their heavenly Parent. Take them by the hand, though it be an unwashed hand, and help them on their feet. How? One of our mission school teachers has a class of half-grown boys—some nearly grown. (She is not here to-night. In her absence I dare tell my story.) A year ago, they were rough, rude to her and others, seemingly priding themselves in their ill-manners. The most of them were such stuff as rowdies and "roughs" are made of. Their insults she returned with kindness. Talked kindly to them, prayed for them, visited their parents and them. How hard for the poor boys to get over their stubborn, sinful habits. She saw noble artits underlying their misconduct. Their habits, were they not of their parents' making? From their birth they were lame. They wound themselves into the affections of their teacher, and she into theirs. On Christmas day she invited them to a dinner. It was a sumptuous feast, as she well knows how to prepare. The boys could scarcely understand it. Shyly they came. They were the only guests. Never did boys enjoy a feast with a keener relish—a score of nice things these boys ate of which they had never dreamed. This was a plain and pleasant lesson. They felt its force. It was taught in a language which they understood. As they walked away from that house, they felt convinced that whatever the defects of their parents might be, there was one good human being that loved them—that was their teacher.

For some unknown reason one of the boys is angry. He shows his ill-will in the class, refuses to answer his teacher's kind question. Walks away from her in a passion. The poor boy fights hard against his evil heart, tries hard to be good, yet insults his teacher. She feels the wound sorely, but silently. A few days later her door bell rings. The penitent scholar, a poor neglected boy, bravely comes to ask his teacher's pardon. Ventures into a parlor, such as he had never entered, and with bitter weeping unburdens his penitent heart, and pleads for pardon. The teacher weeps with the penitent, as though she, and not he, had been the offender ; weeps for joy over the returning prodigal, as though the prodigal were her own child.

Four years ago, what an unpromising set of children these were, that came from their mothers' womb ; now they are an orderly, kind-hearted class, clothed and in their right mind, the most of them catechumens, preparing themselves for confirmation.

To the *gate of the temple* the lame must be brought. Thereabouts are found the means of healing. There Peter and John will find them. To the Church they must be brought, wherein the healing balm is deposited ; can be obtained through baptism, Christian nurture, the Sunday-school, the Holy Scriptures, confirmation, the holy supper. They must be *brought* ; by ministers, Sunday-school teachers and the people of God generally. To the Gate called *Beautiful* ; the only proper "door" of entrance, Jesus Christ the righteous.

Silver and gold are important means to do good ; give all you can spare for Christ's cause. But sympathy with the helpless and fallen, and a believing use of the means of grace, are more powerful. We must fasten our eyes upon the "lame," and they theirs on us. Personal contact, where heart touches heart, and eye meets eye, and a burning faith kindles and begets faith—these are needed for the uplifting of the lowly and lost of earth's children. Bring them to God's ministers.

"How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's Hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal."

Bring them, the lame and lost, to the Gate called Beautiful. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion. Bring them to Christ, on the arms of faith and prayer—the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

There is one touching incident in the life of William Wirt. In his younger days he was a victim to that passion for intoxicating drinks, which seems peculiarly the bane of our profession. Affianced to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, he had made and broken repeated pledges of amendment, and she, after patiently and kindly enduring his disgraceful habit, had at length dismissed him, deeming him incorrigible. Their next meeting, after his dismissal, was in a public street of the city of Richmond. William Wirt lay drunk and asleep, on the sidewalk, on a hot summer day, the rays of the sun pouring down on his uncovered head and the flies crawling over his swollen features. As the young lady approached in her walk, her attention was attracted by the spectacle, strange to her eyes, but alas! so common to others who knew the victim, as to attract little remark. She did not at first recognize the sleeper, and was about to hasten on, when she was led by one of those impulses which form the turning-points in human lives, to scrutinize his features. What was her emotion when she recognized in him her discarded lover! She drew forth her handkerchief and carefully spread it over his face, and hurried away. When Wirt came to himself, he found the handkerchief, and in one corner the initials of the beloved name. With a heart almost breaking with grief and remorse, he made a new vow of reformation. He kept that vow, and he married the owner of the handkerchief. Well might he preserve the handkerchief, as he did, all his life, guarding it with the jealous care, with which Othello kept the Egyptian charmer's gift, and "making it a darling like his precious eye."

DINNER TIME.

Louis XII. dined at half-past nine in the morning; but at the same period in England the Court hour was seven; and when that king married the daughter of Henry VII. he gave up his regular habits and took to English customs, in gallantry to his young bride. In consequence, historians tell us that he fell a victim to late hours, and died soon after his marriage. Louis XIV. dined at

12 M.; while his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., were dining at one P. M. From the Northumberland Household Book (1512) we learn that the family rose at six, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, supped four P. M., and shut their gates at nine. Eleven and twelve o'clock are very usually the hours for dinner in all parts of that empire. In England the Court dinner hour remained at eleven from the reign of Edward IV. to that of Henry VII., but the middle and lower classes dined at nine or ten A. M. The fashionable hour in Henry VIII.'s reign came to be twelve, when Sir Thomas More dined, and it remained fixed there for many years. It is still the working-man's time, and is likely so to remain, as it appears to be nature's own time. When the dinner was eaten early in the morning, it was not always the practice to take a previous meal, so that, in point of fact, the old dinner was a knife-and-fork breakfast, such as is common now on the continent. In Cotton's "Angler," the author says: "My diet is a glass of ale as I am dressed, and no more till dinner." Viator answers: "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast too." In 1700 the dinner hour had shifted to two o'clock, P. M.; at that time Addison dined during the last thirty years of his life, and Pope through the whole of his. In 1780 the poet Cowper speaks of four as the then fashionable time: and about 1804-5, an alteration took place at Oxford, by which those colleges that dine at three began to dine at four, and those which dined at four postponed their time to five. After the battle of Waterloo, six o'clock was promoted to the honor of being the dinner hour. Now we have got on to eight and nine; the epigram tells us,—

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our streets esteemed the greatest;
But surely greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

We have seen that, within four hundred years, the dinner hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from nine A. M., to nine P. M. Nature, however, will revenge herself on fashion, and have her own way in the long run: for as the dinner hour becomes gradually later, it must inevitably return to the early hours of past centuries, and the Irishman's description of his friend's habits will be literally true of us, for we shall not dine ill—to-morrow.—*Chambers' Journal*.

The Sunday School Drawer.

A WORKMAN GONE TO HIS REWARD.

On Christmas day, Daniel Holl, of Reading, Pa., entered upon his reward, in the 62d year of his age. For eight or ten years he was an active laborer in the Sunday School. Humble and retiring, to a fault, his influence, like a deep current, was silent and strong. He helped to organize St. John's Mission Sunday School and built it up to its present prosperous condition. Few teachers are less pretentious, and few are better qualified for their responsible duties than he was. He read, thought and prayed much. Conscientious in little as well as in great things, he never shirked duty. Through all kinds of weather and under the burden of bodily suffering, he stood faithfully at his post. As long as he had strength thus to stand he was there; and doubtless would have stood thus till the end, had that come thirty years later.

He was a day laborer, stooping and stiff from toil, yet a scholar of no ordinary kind. When a young man, he used to take his mathematical book along to his stone-quarry—as Elihu Burritt took his Hebrew grammar to the anvil—to use the snatches of leisure moments in study. For years he served as watchman. On his nightly rounds he studied the heavens with the aid of such works of Astronomy as he could procure. Often, after a hard day's work, when others slept, he arose in the dead hour of night, and by means of implements he had invented and made, used in place of a regular astronomical apparatus, he spent hours in calculating the relations of the heavenly bodies. He would calculate the transit of Venus and other planets, and the coming and going of comets with marvellous accuracy. A homespun philosopher was Daniel Holl, who studied for the sake of enjoying God's handiworks, and not for fame, applause or pelf. It is said, that, in astronomy and certain branches of mathematics, he had no superior in Reading. How some savans opened their eyes when they heard this humble day-laborer solve difficult problems and speak, with his heavy tongue of the heavenly bodies. He could furnish the calculations for an almanac. Many a time I saw him wheeling his barrow as a railroad laborer at \$1.50 a day. Little did the proud sons of wealth, sweeping by in neighboring trains, think that the toiling, soot-covered laborer was their superior. He was an Israelite, without guile, a true friend, loving the right and living for it, hating the wrong and fighting against it. Though of lowly birth, he worked hard for God and man, and worked well. And his works do follow him. He has gone to the other side, from which he can get new views of the heavens and prosecute his favorite studies with new delight.

MISTAKE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

At the recent sociable of the New York Sunday-school superintendents, in New York, it will be remembered, that each one present was asked to name *one* mistake that he had made in his work as superintendent. The following, among forty confessions, will do to repeat again and again until they are recognized and remedied: "Coming into school out of breath, without a hymn selected, and lacking preparation in all the details of the exercises;" "Saying one word

to his school, while it is in disorder ;" " Running music or something else to an extreme ;" " Praying too long ;" " Using tobacco ;" " Taking the word out of the teachers' mouth, by using up all their points in his opening talk ;" " Thinking his work begins and ends on Sunday." " Not having a teachers' meeting." " Retaining inefficient teachers ;" and " Inviting peripatetics to speak in the school." But the most notable of all these striking acknowledgments, was this : " *Thinking he made no mistakes like other superintendents.*" Reader, let us have a little unuttered sociable. What is *your* mistake ?—*S. S. Times.*

GUBERNATORIAL WORKMAN.

During the Grand Duke Alexis' walks through the Bridgeport, Connecticut, cartridge factory, the other day, he pointed to several working-men and inquired of Governor Jewell : " Are these men what you call the common people ?" The Governor replied that they were a fair specimen of the working classes in this country. " But do you mean to say, that these get into official positions ?" further asked the imperial scion. " Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Governor Jewell, " but men of their class do ; they are educated men, most of them—that is, they can all probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers." " Do you know of any cases where such men have actually been elected to office ?" again queried the curious Alexis. " Oh ! certainly," the Governor said, " I myself worked in the shop as a tanner till I was twenty years of age ;" and the announcement seemed to puzzle the Duke a great deal.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

John Ruskin, in his last address to the working-men of Great Britain, says of his boyhood training : " My mother forced me, by steady, daily toil, to read every syllable through from Genesis to the Apocalypse about once a year ; and to that discipline I owe not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of taste in literature."

A GOOD TEACHER.

1. The punctual teacher makes it a point to meet his class at the proper time every Sabbath. He does not stay away for trifles, or seek amusements in visiting points at a distance ; but, if *duty* calls him away for a single Sabbath, he will supply, if possible, an acceptable teacher to fill his place.

2. The *real* teacher will seek to acquaint himself with the peculiarities of each member of this class, and will labor to adapt his instructions to suit even the dullest members. Any intelligent man or woman will find pleasure in hearing " the bright members " recite their lessons, but only the *real* teacher will find delight in furnishing truth to *dull* minds.

3. The *faithful* teacher will not shun to declare to his class the horrible condition of the carnal heart, and point out its real wants. Nor will he ever be content until he has led each member to Christ, the great physician of souls. In harmony with this great design, he will *pray* for his class, member by member, and implore the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit to descend upon them. He will, as frequently as convenient (and an earnest heart will *make* many opportunities), visit his pupils at their houses, and instruct them *personally* in the way of salvation. Should he meet any of them on the streets or highways, a smile and a pleasant word will warm their little hearts, and make them feel that they have in him a *friend*.

Editor's Drawer.

A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

A LADY friend of the "Guardian," greets it from her southern home in kindly words: "Since in this place, the 'Guardian' has regularly been paying us its monthly visits. Indeed, it has become one of our household treasures—a general favorite." Accompanying this greeting are two interesting articles for its pages,—“About Girls.” For the kind words and the articles, we heartily thank her.

A CHARMING GIRL.

A well-meant reproof is often received with a pout. How sad to see young people fall to scolding their parents for correcting them! And how very becoming is the frank confession and meek repentance of an affectionate son or daughter.

GOETHE was, on a certain occasion, in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter, being reproofed, blushed and burst into tears. He said to the mother: "How beautiful your reproof has made your daughter! The crimson hue, and those silvery tears, become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman. A full-blown flower, sprinkled with purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault."

BE SOCIAL AT CHURCH.

A young man comes to your church; he is a perfect stranger to the majority of those he meets; his home is far away and *his church* he has left far behind. He listens attentively to the service, and is pleased and profited by what he hears. The service over, he goes out. Although many know him to be a stranger, yet no one extends the friendly hand, or in any manner notices him. He is somewhat discouraged; a little home-sickness steals over him, but he resolves to go there one Sabbath more. He goes, with the same result. Discouraged, he seeks another sanctuary, where the warm grasp of the hand, information about the evening meeting, invitation to the Sabbath-school, and the interest taken by the members of the second church in his welfare, at once decide his course. The result is, a zealous worker is gained by one church and lost by the other, and simply because the young men were social.

Young men and young women of our churches, never let a stranger go away without notice; never let that chilling feeling of loneliness come over any person in the house of God. It should be your pleasure to make every stranger at home. Try it, and your reward will be speedy!—*Christian at Work.*

NOTHING LIKE GRAMMAR.

Nothing like grammar. Better go without a cow than go without that. There are numberless "professors" who go "tramp, tramp, tramp, my boys!" around the country, peddling a weak article, by which "in twenty days" they guarantee to set a man thoroughly up in the English language. An instance in point comes from Greenville, Ala., where a "professor" had labored with the youth of that people and taught them to dote on grammar, according to "Morris's system." During one of the lectures the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," was given out to be parsed. Each word had been parsed save one which fell to Bob L——, a sixteen-year-old, near the foot of the class, who commenced thus: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and *stands for Mary.*" "Stands for Mary!" said the excited professor. "How do you make that out?" "Because," answered the noble pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, *how could Mary milk her?*"—*Editor's Drawer in Harper.*

A FATHER'S PRAYERS.

A home-bound vessel was overtaken by a terrible storm. She was so severely injured that little hope of safety was left. All hands were employed at the pumps, but the water gained on them slowly and surely. The captain bade the crew prepare for the worst, which must soon come upon them. The mate was a wild, careless young man, but now he was quite sobered. He walked the deck anxiously, every few moments taking out his watch and examining the time of day.

"We are lost," said the captain to him; "the vessel can't live much longer in such a sea."

But still the young man paid little heed to him, looking at his watch the oftener. At last he gave a shout, "We are safe! We cannot now be lost!"

On being asked the reason, he replied, "It is my father's hour of prayer. He is praying to God now for me. The vessel can never sink while my father's prayers are going up to heaven."

The despairing crew caught fresh courage from his words, and redoubled their efforts; and so were able to keep afloat until the storm went down, when they made sail, and came safe into port.

It is a good thing to know, that parents and friends pray for us, and that God hears them on our behalf. But, unless we pray for ourselves, there will come a time when the intercessions of others cannot avail for us. The young man, who had such confidence in his father's pleading with God for him, lived, we hope, to be a man of prayer himself.

LESSONS OF NOBLEMEN.

The following short sentence was dictated by the late Lord Palmerston to eleven British cabinet ministers, not one of whom, it is said, spelled it correctly:

"It is disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of a harassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato."

And Lord R. Cecil, in the House of Commons, some time ago, quoted the following lines which he said were given as a dictation exercise by an assistant commissioner to the children of a school in Ipswich:

"While hewing yew, Hugh lost his ewe,
And put it in the *Hue and Cry*,
To name its face's dusky hues
Was all the effort he could use.
You brought the ewe back, by-and-by,

And only begged the hewer's ewer,
Your hands to wash in water pure,
Lest nice-nosed ladies, not a few,
Should cry, on coming near you, 'Ugh!'

FRUGALITY.

A man who is frugal and economical is self governing. His eye begs him every day, and he says to his eye: "No." His ear pleads every day for indulgence, and he says: "No." His tongue supplicates him, saying, "Indulge me;" and he says: "Thou must be obedient. Thou shalt not have this." Every inch of his skin pleads for some license; and he says: "No." And amusements say, "Give us the day;" and he says: "I will not spare the day." Pleasures and temptations of various kinds, a thousand influences, come round a man, beseeching him to gratify their demands; and he says: "I have laid out my plan, and I will not depart from it. I will save." And there is a continuous process of self-government going on within him. He is all the time governing his thoughts, checking his desires, restraining his inclinations, putting down inordinate pride and vanity, and denying his appetites and passions.

This may be carried too far, and it often becomes miserish; but it is an abuse of a good thing; and in this habit of frugality and economy there is a world of moral benefit.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Discourse, commemorative of the Life and Death of Barnard Wolff, Sr. Preached in Zion's Reformed Church, Chambersburg, Pa., Sunday, December 24th, 1871. By Rev. P. S. Davis.

This excellent discourse is a fit tribute of pastoral affection, to an excellent member and godly elder of Zion's Reformed Church. In simple, touching language, the many noble traits of this departed patriarch are depicted. A more extended notice of our venerable friend, is found in this number of the "Guardian."

REVIEWS AND EXCHANGES.

THE MERCERSBURG REVIEW for January contains articles on *The Germanic and Latin Races, A University or a Gymnasium? Original Sin, Theory of Revivals, The Circumcision of Christ, The Elements of the Parable*, and *Dr. Krauth's Conservative Reformation*, by Professor Henry E. Jacobs, of Gettysburg.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW (Lutheran) for January contains articles on the Dynamics of Success, Lessons of the Franco-Prussian War, Theological Exegesis of the Holy Scriptures, Chronology of the Roman Emperors, Dr. Krauth's Metaphysics on the Lord's Supper, New Phases of the Argument for Immortality, The Right to the Name Lutheran.

The Lutheran Observer, has been enlarged to an eight-page paper, and both in size and contents, ranks high as a first class religious Journal.

The Christian Intelligencer, organ of the Dutch Reformed Church of America, has likewise developed into an eight-page journal. It is issued in a wholly new dress. Its columns are enriched with the productions of the most vigorous minds of the denomination. As it now is, it has few equals among the religious papers of this country.

GUARDIAN, FEBRUARY, 1872.

MONEYS RECEIVED.—Continued.

S. Cox, Newmanstown, Pa.	75		Miss Z. E. Bechtel, Reading, Pa.	1 50	23
M. Dissinger, " "	1 50	23	Isaac R. Ritter, " "	1 50	23
J. White, " "	1 50	23	Josiah L. Acker, " "	1 50	23
Mrs. E. Smith, Philada., " "	1 35	23	Miss C. Shroeder, " "	1 50	23
J. G. Shoemaker, Curllsville " "	4 50	21 to 23	Wm. G. Rowe, " "	1 50	23
L. A. Weaver, Hellertown, " "	7 00		John W. Ives, " "	1 50	23
E. Stoltz, Wind Gap, " "	7 50	19 to 23	E. D. Weitzel, " "	1 50	23
C. H. Reiter, Aaronsburg " "	1 50	23	Daniel Rowland, " "	1 50	23
J. B. Shumaker, Canton, Ohio, " "	1 50	23	Mary A. Simon, " "	1 50	23
M. Feather, New Hanover, Pa., " "	1 50	23	Isaac Francis, Ft. Wallace Ken.	1 50	23
J. H. Stein, Reading, Pa., " "	1 50	23	Isaac From, Reading, Pa.	1 50	23
H. J. Smith, Emmittsburg, Md. " "	1 50	23	M. C. Geise, " "	1 50	23
H. Zacharias, " "	1 50	23	Leonora Boyse, " "	1 50	23
S. Motter, " "	1 50	23	Sallie Fricke, Reading, Pa.	1 50	22
J. May, Finley, Ohio, " "	9 00	17 to 23	Mary A. Brown, " "	1 50	23
M. Oldfather, Germ'town, Ohio, " "	1 50	23	J. K. Gross, Harrisburg, " "	6 00	23
J. L. Reifsneider, Altoona, Pa. " "	1 50	23	C. E. Gross, Harrisonb'g. Va,	6 00	23
C. Reifsneider, " "	1 50	22	L. Feidt, Killinger, Pa.	1 50	23
E. Dieffenbacher, " "			S. Girvin, Baltimore, Md.	1 50	23
Edwardsburg, Mich.	1 50	23	S. A. Leinbach, Stouchburg, Pa.	3 00	21 to 22
H. L. Grandlienard, Balt. Md.	1 50	23	G. J. Eckert, Reading, " "	1 50	22
C. Cessna, Bedford, Pa.	6 00	20 to 23	C. Peters, Millersville " "	1 50	23
Anna Krady, Columbia, Pa.	1 50	23	S. Snider, Martinsburg, " "	1 50	23
T. D. Bausher, Reading " "	1 50	23	M. Hillegass, Pennsburg " "	1 50	23
Margaret High " "	1 50	23	W. W. Deatriek, Charlesv'le, " "	1 50	23
Lizzie Adams, " "	1 50	22	A. Weisel, " "	1 50	23
F. J. Brown, " "	1 50	23	C. Slough, Delaware, O.	7 50	
Emma Lyons, " "	1 50	23	H. Williard, Lancaster, O.	4 50	21 to 23
Amelia Neider " "	1 50	23	Mrs. Alexander, Balt. Md.	1 50	23
Eliza Yocum, " "	1 50	23	J. Rodenmayer, " "	3 00	22 & 23
Miss Kate Hill " "	1 50	23	H. Price, Harrisburg, Va.	3 00	22 & 23
Sallie A. Harbine, " "	1 50	23	E. Wilk, Greenville, Pa.	1 50	23
Clara A. Heller, " "	1 50	23	L. Beil, " "	1 50	23
Tillie V. Baus, " "	1 50	23	M. E. Altenderfer, Greenv'le Pa.	1 50	23
Amelia Bingham, " "	1 50	23	E. Bright, " "	1 50	23
John H. Ruth, " "	1 50	23	L. Schadt, " "	1 50	23
John G. Herbine, " "	1 50	23	M. M. King, Newton, Iowa,	3 00	22 & 23
Daniel H. Knabb, " "	1 50	23	E. C. Baugher, Frederick, Md.	1 50	23
Philip A. Boyer, " "	1 50	23	E. H. Dieffenbacher, Loudon, Pa.	1 50	23
William Resser, " "	1 50	23	Maggie Beyers, Worcester, Pa.	1 50	23
Milton R. Gehry, " "	1 50	23	W. Sonday, Danville, Pa	1 50	23

MARCH, 1872.

A. Beam, Janner X Road, Pa.	1 50	22	L. B. Balliet, Neffs, " "	1 50	23
Mrs. Wireback, Evanport, O.	1 50	23	Mrs. C. Henke, Reading, " "	1 50	23
C. Dutchman, Beckerville, Pa.	1 50	23	E. A. Thirnechter " "	1 50	23
S. Zellner, New Philada, O.	1 50	23	Lizzie Hefner, " "	1 50	23
A. Fahrney " " "	1 50	23	Eva Mull, " "	1 50	23
Rev. D. H. Reiter, B. Sp'gs, Mich.	1 50	23	Mrs. Kate Beidler, " "	1 50	23
C. K. Christman, Clayton, Pa.	1 50	23	E. W. Hustane, " "	1 50	23
Maria Bernd, Egypt, Pa.	1 50	23	M. McCumsey, Lancaster, " "	1 50	23
G. Richstein, Catonsv'le, Md.	1 50	23	Rev. J. H. Smith, Altamont, Ills.	3 00	21 & 22
Mrs. Dr. Senn, Elmore, " "			F. W. Yingst, Harrisburg, Pa.	3 00	22 & 23
Fon du lae, Wis.	1 50	23	Emma Heilman, Lebanon, " "	3 00	22 & 23
W. J. Linn, Leb'on, Kent Co. Del.	1 50	23	R. K. McClellan Chambersbg,	1 50	23
Mrs. S. Kiel, Pittsburg, Pa.	1 50	23	M. C. Roeder, Spinnerstown, " "	1 50	23
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIII^d volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with \$9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for \$15; twenty-seven for \$30.

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ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

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No. 4.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
54 North Sixth Street.

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THE GUARDIAN.

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No. 4.

WOMAN IN THE COMMONWEALTH.

BY PERKIOMEN.

It has been said before, that we might heed and say again,—“The first woman and mother of all the living had not been taken from Adam’s head; nor from his foot; but from his side”—right out of the latitude of his heart—the noblest region of the entire man.

Now, since Providence invests every Divine act with an instinct of design and destiny, this primeval object-lesson is significant, and means to teach the race a truth. But what is that truth in detail? Plainly: *Man and woman’s parallel and correlative relations.*

This must ever be the true answer to the “Woman Question.” The sexual *Tableau* in paradise affords it already. And so readily apprehended too. It teaches us, that woman is not in place on the mantle-piece—above man; nor on the foot-stool—beneath him; but by his side. And any relation whatsoever, of man to woman, or of woman to man, that reflects not all the features of the Mosaic picture, must be ruled out of the discussion. The palaver of man’s superiority over woman, or of woman’s inferiority to man, in any view, is irrelevant, and must be ostracised by the most indifferent logic even. It is just as correct and appropriate to call a parallel line superior or inferior to the other; one lobe of the lungs, primary or secondary, aside of the other; one ventricle of the heart, more or less significant than the other; the right eye, more necessary to vision, than the left; or, to speak of the relative value of “three blind mice.”

Whenever a *correlation* exists, all talk of higher or lower; of better or worse; of superior or inferior—must come to an end. And that is just the relation which the primal human Pair presents.

Adam and Eve are mutual necessities to each other, and to Humanity, to the end of the ages,—

“Useless each, without the other.”

Now, please don't get astride of the development-hobby, and ride John Gilpin-like away ; for there cannot be more oak than there is acorn, nor can any stream rise higher than its source. How then may “man that is born of a woman,” ever excel his mother? Unless men are competent to claim Seraphim for their mothers, the less they expose their inferior maternal pedigree, the less they taint their own blood. And the earlier it is seen and conceded, that man and woman are correlatives, the sooner is the “Woman Question” disposed of to the satisfaction of all parties.

But this conception will become current and popular, only as we review the Paradisaic *frontispiece*, which presents Man and Woman as complements of each other. Thus the scales balanced evenly and exactly during the normal state and period of human history—and balanced, not from their like emptiness either ; but in consequence of both arms weighing like weights. Thus the social scales would still stand, drawing equally between the male and female beams, had not their native equilibrium been disturbed and lost even to this day. And the “Woman Question,” rightly apprehended, is nothing less significant than history endeavoring to re-adjust the opposite levers in the social scales. The study of it, in this view, is not devoid of interest, and affords no “room for the laugh to come in.” Only cast-iron men can smile complaisantly, sneer solemnly, or grin cynically over it. Only such will grow supercilious in its presence, as innocently imagine history to have arrived at its final goal, and society to be finished forever and ever.

But most of us believe in what is called the progress of humanity onward and upward. This embraces the two halves of the Race. And, provided always the roots are not loosened, no one need object if the top extends ever so far into the clouds. The error of a development theory lies not so much in the extent of the elongation, as in its defective proto-plast. Holding fast rigidly to the exemplar in Paradise, no one need fear, because of an indefinite evolution even.

If it be made a question, how the normal equilibrium came to be lost, the answer lies not far away. The fall of man *and* woman accounts for it fully. That which spoiled the universal harmony, spoiled this likewise. The “Fall of man,” means, the fall of the original Pair. Both fell. Fell how? Fell out of and away from their several special and reciprocal spheres and stations. The ancient catastrophe is ever worthy of a fresh thought. Woman fell first, and cringed low enough. Immediately do you witness

Eve surrendering her dignity, as Adam's companion, and turning servant and menial, by bringing him fruit, as a very waiting-maid. Accordingly, Adam rises aloft and lorded it. Thus man became imperious, and woman feeble. The servitude of the one engendered the authority of the other. And as long as woman remains fallen, man cannot be restored. The order of Redemption begins with woman, as did the fact of the Fall. The first promise is given to her, and only mediately to man. Hence the Mother of Jesus stands as the first restored woman, over the daughters of Eve, and sons too.

Thus we account for the beginning of the sexual derangement. And the abnormality, once introduced, wore for itself a deep and ever deepening groove, in which society glided on and still glides. It is not of Providence and right, though ; but of sin and sinful custom, rather.

No student of social science can maintain, that the present sexual relations are normal and happy. Prejudice and passion may pretend thus. Prudence and modesty may prefer to remain in the reserve corps, rather than encounter ridicule and persecution, or, than move to the front and assume the aggressive and agitative side. But the prophets of the period will agitate nevertheless. Discussion will continue from some quarter. The battle will open and be kept open ; and the right will win—as it always does, in the end.

There never has been a moral iniquity fastened on society, which a cautiously and surely advancing Nemesis did not in due time overtake and avenge. There is a volume of philosophy in the exhortation—"Wait, I say, on the Lord." We regard the "Woman Question" as achieving for itself a prospective solution, through the preparatory discussion of our acknowledged incongruity. Every other social relation is conceded to be disarranged in this world ; and if the sexual relations be right, then it is the *only* right thing to be named.

But it is *not* right—else all others would be, likewise. Woman was the last of all creatures made, and her true *status* will be about the last to be discovered and interpreted. As soon as she is once what she ought to be—"then cometh the end." The Fall commenced in her. The order of Redemption commenced in her too ; and when fully realized in her, Humanity will be restored.

Were there no field lying open here, there would hardly be found any champions to enter it. As soon as a call for chivalry was heard, the Knights arose, and, armed from head to foot, went against the existing wrong. So now, were there no "Woman's Wrongs," there neither would or could be heard any long or loud cry for "Woman's Rights." The call has been heard already too

plainly, for all to be but a sham. Nor is it by any means a dying now. It will continue to sound, we are almost sure, until certain monopolized rights and prerogatives are conceded to her—whatever they may be found to be.

This concession will not be made to-morrow morning, likely. A Reformation is never a short and easy process. All goes by approximation; and with but a slight approximation we must be contented. There is always controversy ahead; but the dust of controversy is but falsehood flying from the great revolving wheel of truth. There is not much reformation, either, without a sprinkling, at least, of revolution—bloody or unbloody. And in every revolution we must expect much shooting at long range. Limits and boundaries are not much respected; overt and extreme acts are committed, and much damage is done to the cause under fire, however good that cause may be. Still, the cause is succored—advanced—perfected. A battle lost, is often much progress made.

So must we expect much ultraism to be betrayed in the handling of the “Woman Question”—yea, rather covet it, than not have revolt, and by means of it, reform. Long-standing and radical diseases, in man or society, require remedies which seem to threaten the life of the victim. But they are medicinal and sanitary still. The public conscience, when once corrupt and comatose, awakens and purifies slowly. We have had this truth exemplified in the case of slavery. It required two hundred years and many more than two hundred lives, to prove that the negro is a man. It seems to demand a longer period, and still more victims, to show that intemperance is an evil. Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission, it is said.

Now, if it be a fact, that the better half of the social structure has been long and sadly wronged, either with or without impunity, in one of the paroxysms of madness, to which society is subject, a storm may likewise come, which may not be quite as harmless

As a painted ship .
Upon a painted ocean.

If the Mormon sisters could be fairly enlisted, woman might create a war in thirty days—in Seward’s thirty days, remember.

Napoleon said he feared a certain woman’s *thinking*. Think how Mrs. Stowe made the bones of a dead man rattle, in pleading for one of her own sex! Call it an unfortunate contribution, if you choose. But the men of two continents had better blushed for her, than pretended to despise her. A woman who can set the Press of the entire civilized world a talking—can make trouble in a “Woman’s War.”

In the Commonwealth is it a question still, whether woman is, or is not? On the census-tablet she is enrolled, with the rest of mankind. In other civil instruments she suffers a sort of outlawry, however, in common with minors, idiots and felons. Now—is woman somebody, or nobody? The old query, it seems—

“To be, or not to be?”

—over again.

The general principle of “equal rights to all,” is one item which will be thoroughly sifted and disposed of, through the agitation of the “Woman Question.” It concerns us all to know, whether it is a fact or a fiction, that the two integral factors of society are equal to each other. If it be a fact, let us behave ourselves, so that when the reform comes, we need not be ashamed of our former folly. If it be a fiction, let it speedily be known and proven as such, to be heard of no more. But let us not be angry at the “agitators,” ere we know whether they will or will not bring a lost truth to light. The turbulent sea may bring a lost vessel to the shore.

“All Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed”—is another plank in the great American platform. Let there be light shed on that too. Woman is taxed—divorced and hanged, by Government. But she never “consented” to such an arrangement—how are they then just powers? We teach nothing, let it be remembered. We only catechise.

Thomas Jefferson says: “Were our State a pure democracy, in which all the inhabitants should meet together to transact business, there would yet be excluded from their deliberations as infants; as women; as slaves. Women, who, to prevent depravation of morals, could not mix promiscuously in the public meetings of men.”

But your wife and daughter, besides objecting to be thus coupled with infants and slaves, might ask—“Would there be greater danger in promiscuous meetings held for *political* purposes, than there is in such meetings for worship? for entertainment? for social purposes?”

There will be an answer to this question some day.

James Mill once said: “Woman is one of those characters, whose rights and interests are involved in those of their fathers or husbands.” But suppose there is neither father or husband at hand? And, then, again, suppose a necessity for laws to protect a woman *against* even her father or husband? In a New York court room the “just laws,” to which woman had never “consented,” decided that a little boy must be given over to a brutal father, though the child screamed and the mother became frantic. Is that what must be considered a case of *identity* of interest?

Let the blarney-principle be ventilated, we say.

But—(now for it)—“Ought woman to vote?” She did vote in New Jersey, about seventy years ago. The general term “inhabitants” stood unqualified in the Constitution, and she took advantage of the inadvertence, and voted at State Elections. The oversight was soon amended, however. Still woman really voted. There was no earthquake. But Jersey peaches are splendid!

In Wyoming women vote. The Governor vetoed the attempt to deprive them of that right. In England our good sisters intended to march to the Polls in 1871. But Albion said “Woman is not fit to vote. The most she can do, is to sit on the Throne and sway a scepter over a Kingdom on which the sun never sets!”

“But should she vote?” The “Agitators” maintain that, as there is no color in a “ballot,” there should be no sex attached. Are they right or wrong?

“But is it becoming?” We think there is a more pressing need of other prerogatives just now. Still, we see her performing certain other drudgeries, which seem to shock nobody, unbecoming as they certainly are. She digs a large garden, while her good man digs his and her grave at a “groggery.” How becoming! She carries her babe four miles to church, and her husband’s strong arms dangle empty and idle along. The “Woman Question” will remain open to the public, and be discussed in the abstract, until a definite answer will be given. That answer will or will not include Woman Suffrage—as destiny will direct. Let us “learn to labor and to wait.” Man is not a failure, nor woman either. Humanity is on the onward and upward course. Not a hair of the race shall perish. We may propose, or refuse to propose, God will nevertheless dispose. He is ever saying since the Fall—“Return ye children of men!”

FEAR NOT.—So Jesus said to His little flock; so He says to each one of us. When our trials are greatest, our perils most numerous, our burdens heaviest, He adds emphasis to His words “Fear not.” Why should we fear not? Because it is “the Father’s good pleasure to give us the kingdom.” That signifies all needed good, active supervision, constant protection, loving care. Will the Father’s pleasure be done? Can He fulfil His promises? Will He cause all things to work for our good? Will he never leave nor forsake us? Has He not always fulfilled His promises? We have a sure foundation for faith. God loves to be trusted. We may lean upon Him; He invites us to lean heavily upon His arm, upon His bosom. “Blessed is the man who trusteth in thee.”

SONNETS.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART, WHITE MARSH, PA.

I.

TO AN ELM TREE.

Loud winter cold, with rude, uncourteous hand
Had stripped thy boughs of every tender leaf,
And left thee naked and alone to stand;
But thou, though stricken dumb at first with grief,
Didst from thy torpor to quick life awake,
And from the one, who so uncourteously
Had stolen thy charms, softly and stilly take
A form to suit his mood, and presently
All silent stood'st arrayed, trunk, twig and limb,
In such a fairy garb of purest snow,
That, though I longed for thy lost summer's trim,
What is my wish, I now no longer know.
Thou grievest not for fortunes passed away,
But takest a joy e'en from adversity.

II.

TO A WILLOW TREE.

Summer has gone, Old Tree, but still you cling
To those few withered leaves, so brown and sear,
As if they were thy first-born of the Spring,
And gave thee pleasure equally as dear.
Ah! we poor mortals, true, do often keep
Mementoes of our joys in times before,
And when we see them, too, we often weep
To think those joys are gone forevermore;
And are these kept mementoes of the time,
When, full of hope, the young leaves soft and green
You put forth in the new year's joyous prime?
O, give them to the wind, that cold and keen
Sweeps loudly by, nor grieve for them I pray,
For a new, glad Spring will close brief Winter's day.

III.

AUTUMN.

As oft from dying eyes a light will break,
More lovely far than ever life revealed;
As oft from dying lips sweet words will speak,
More dear than e'er to loving hearts appealed,
And o'er the cheek a sudden beauty steal,
Surpassing that of girlhood's sunny hour;
Then, ere the first quick throbs of joy we feel,

To hail returning life's redeeming power,
 Have ceased to move the heart with hurried beat;
 Silent but swift, from cheek, and lip and eye,
 The light will fade, and—th' work of Death's complete;
 So to the earth, ere life has ceased to be,
 A beauty comes in Autumn's saddening day,—
 A moment blooms, and then—'tis past away.

IV.

NIGHT.

How softly, now, the pale moon's silvery beam
 Dispels the mists of night, and gives to view
 The scene below! How cold and still the gleam
 Of yonder village roofs! Yon taper, too—
 But, ah! 'tis out,—the cotter is at rest,
 And by his side his wife; and there, I ween,
 Her little one lies folded to her breast.
 They sleep; yet all abroad, although unseen,
 The mystic forces of the world are still
 At work, to make the morrow, it may be,
 The lasting record of a world of ill
 Or joy,—some great event of History
 That toward th' appointed time, midst silence deep,
 Grows with the growing hour,—and,—calm they sleep.

ABOUT GIRLS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

“Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
 A woman's noblest station is retreat;
 Her faintest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth,—that shows too strong a light.”

Lord Lyttleton.

Can ye not discern the signs of the times? Thus emphatically are we addressed at the beginning of a *New Year*, by Him who knew all things from the commencement of time. In this age of high hats, high heels and high heads, false charms, false steps and false hearts, every reflecting woman *must* see unmistakable signs respecting her sex. She sees a great drama passing slowly, yet surely, on the stage of gradual development. Woman is to be a prominent actor in the scenes. Will she perform well her part? Not satisfied with the old groove of the past, she *presses* on toward her “high calling.” But she sees signs of danger. In the eager

grasp for novelty, the great end of a "HIGHER LIFE" may not be reached. She well knows the restless nature of "Girls"—often scarcely knowing what to do with the life within them. So prone are they to seek an outlet for this pent up "Girl" nature, that they are often swift to enter untried scenes, provided the representation has been made to them in a fascinating, attractive "style."

"Girls" naturally love the "beautiful." Hence, in seeking their interest in any object, it is only necessary to clothe it in a garb which will strike their fancy.

We feel deeply interested in "Girls." Much of our life has been pleasantly spent among them collectively. Then, too, as Olive Logan would say, we have been one ourselves. We know something of their nature and of what they are capable. Having traveled a few miles in advance of some of them in the journey of life, we, like Bunyan's "Pilgrim," would point out some of the danger by the way. We would call their attention to the "Girl" with the "muck rake." So long has she delved in the low, sordid pleasures of this world, vainly seeking happiness, that she sees not the "shining one," nor the glittering crown just above her. So long has she looked earthward, that she *cannot* now cast one glance upward. Her moral nature is cramped. She has no power to rise. The prize is there; but she fails to secure it. She even hears the voice: "Look unto me, and I will give you a crown;" but she digs on, unconscious of her loss—"wretched Girl."

We cherish a very exalted opinion of the sublime, future million of the "Girls"—their holy vocation, and the grandeur of the destiny awaiting the "*excellent* Girl." Would that the ominous "signs of the times" might call forth a Hannah More or Mary Lyon to the rescue of this interesting class! Yea more, would that the angel of Truth might spread her wings over such and protect them from the withering, blasting influence of the "Girl of the Period"—she who bends over the "muck rake!" Formerly the market place and highway of fashion and frivolity were her chosen haunts; now, she invades the seclusion of our homes. The village maiden is too often her willing captive. Even the sanctuary, in which the poor in spirit find their chief delight, is desecrated by her unholy presence. She is known by her sneer of the "*domestic* Girl," whom she brands as tame, insipid and totally void of "style." Ah! these are perilous times for the "Girls." Well may all interested in them, say with the prophet: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

Notwithstanding, we have great faith in "*our* Girls," and think them equal to the emergency, provided, true beacon lights, not decoys, be placed in their paths. "Girls" are the same now, as in

the days of Mary Washington and Mrs. Adams. The times, however, have changed; and the signs are everywhere appearing. Love, the pole star of every true woman, is made the means through which the modern "Serosis," like the syren of old, seeks to win the "*unsuspecting Girl*" away from *mother, home, and we were going to say, Heaven*. They say, to the "*womanly Girl*," lay aside the traditional maxims of your female ancestors—rise above them—*put on* the bold, dashing air of those fully aroused and *up to the times*. The world is progressing, and you must not loiter to imitate the "*olden time Girl*." Home, they say, is becoming obsolete; and domestic, family life, is fast resolving itself into a myth. The very element with which Providence has largely endowed them, in order that they may be the centre of the domestic circle, is made the instrument for seducing them from Heaven by assailing its only type on earth—the consecrated *home*.

We have said every true woman yearns for affection—earth, without it, would indeed be a solitary waste to her. A certain class who have failed to win this much desired prize themselves, would now try to substitute something in its place and hold that up to the gaze of the "*unsophisticated Girl*," as Heaven's "last, best gift," to the sex. To obtain this boon, they say it is only necessary to lay aside the fetters, which in a darker age, shackled your sex, and with *spirit* assert your freedom from all domestic slavery. We sometimes think the "*reformed Girl*," she who loves to read the "Guardian," and tries to practice its precepts, will stand proof against any such sophistry. As a rule she is taught to heed the counsel of parents, pastors and teachers. Age and experience still claim her respect, while her tender, sacred regard for holy things, is a grace so rare that it has become a *remarkable* sign of the times. For her there is something worthy of search in the "Old Paths." Brilliant indeed must be the talent, which moves the heart of a "reformed Girl" to leave the old "*land-marks*" and forsake her mother's God. Truly beautiful is the honest, childlike reverence for the *good old way*, but it is a plant of rare growth outside the humble, pious family. Long may it flourish there!

Solomon seems to have in his mind, a lovely type of a "Girl" when he wrote that inimitable portraiture of a pious matron. That finely proportioned, Christian character, was the result of principles which had been early instilled. In her "girlhood" she had cherished them, and when our attention is directed to her, they are yielding their legitimate fruit. Her children pronounce her blessed, and her husband finds his delight in praising her. Truly, the arts of combined ages have failed to produce a "style" of woman so entirely worthy of our admiration. Her beauty is unfading. Though centuries have passed, she is still the highest stan-

dard, or ideal woman of the Christian world. Ah! inspired judgment soars too high for the "*uninspired Girl*," say these modern revolutionists. We will then listen to the views of every true father, brother, husband, or those contemplating either of the above relations, as expressed by another. "Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?" *There* is the secret of woman's power—*there* the throne where she rules supreme—the world of the affections. Rob her of this sceptre, and her life is a blight. "Lo, yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind and modesty on her cheek." How does that compare with the modern stamp of female excellence? Why the "*Sorosis*" pronounced her deficient in the essential qualifications, demanded by the age. Say they, she should walk with impudence in her step, cunning in her mind, and bold assurance take the place of her heretofore crowning grace of modesty. So with the remaining elements, which the same writer says go to make up an "*excellent Girl*." A picture which will be endorsed by every Christian man. Such a daughter is in no danger of her parents wishing to get her "off hands." Oh, no. Neither is she desirous to leave the parental roof until her divinely appointed time shall come. She feels the import of those words, "My times are in Thy hands." There is no need for her to push herself into the marriage lottery, nor grasp eagerly the first chance at "settlement." She prefers to ponder these things in her heart before hazarding her own happiness or that of another.

The "*model Girl*" is a kind of trinity. Her threefold nature—moral, mental and physical, are so combined and wholly dependent on each other, in this life, that the culture of one must necessarily include the other, else a deformed, distorted character is the result. While her physical powers lie at the foundation, her spiritual nature crowns the structure, and her intellectual being fills up, or constitutes the ornamental part of "God's building." Her hand seeketh employment. Her body must have exercise. Natural laws must be obeyed or she dies. Fresh air, healthy food, must invigorate her physical powers or they will decay. The Psalmist says the same holds true of her higher nature. Hence, "None can keep alive his own soul." It also absolutely requires a pure atmosphere, healthy exercise and proper nutriment to insure its continued existence. The "*Christian Girl*" aims to keep her social atmosphere uncontaminated, by taking as her friends only those, who have the "marks on their foreheads," as described by the apostle John. Exercise she finds, like her Divine model, who went about doing good. Her nourishment is drawn from the Word, so that "her meat and drink" is to do her Master's will. She has seen written on all the *sinful* pleasures of life, "They that drink of this water

shall thirst again ;" but in God she has found full, complete satisfaction. Her soul, no longer tossed about, is at rest—that rest that remaineth for the people of God. As the idea has been beautifully expressed by the "Evangelical Alliance"—soul knowledge is that for which she yearns, and in proportion as she finds her own spiritual powers freed from the bondage which hitherto enslaved them, in the same proportion does she find her greatest joy in dispensing this knowledge to those, yet ignorant of the way, by which this soul freedom may be sought and found.

What a contrast does this, our favorite "*excellent Girl*" present to the "*fashionable Girl*?" Those who have made her acquaintance, represent her as turning night in to day and *vice versa*. Thus actually ignoring God's law for her physical well being, she lays a false foundation for the super-structure of her nobler *soul* powers. As a result, she seeks the vitiated atmosphere surrounding the giddy dance, with all its debasing associations. The card table, with its attending frivolous, flippant conversations—or, must I say it! she has been found at the tastefully gilded wine-cup—thus seeking in the privacy of her *boudoir*, to stimulate her abused energies, in order to appear *brilliant* in the eyes of her, too often, questionable companion. *Poor Girl*, she has not learned Solomon's recipe for making the face "to shine."

(*To be Continued.*)

THE PATRIARCH'S CRY.

Job xxxiii. 3.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

"O, that I knew where I might find
The Lord of Life and Glory!
Then would I come before His throne
And tell my mournful story."

So sang, in ancient times, the prince
Of Oriental sages.
And still his sad, despairing cry
Goes echoing through the ages.

The Buddhist dreams he sees His power
Incarnate in his Lama;
The Hindoo calls Him "Nature's soul,"
The great, unconscious Brahma.

And while the Brahmin seeks in vain
In Veda and in Shaster,
The Parsee mumbles to the fire
The prayers of Zoroaster.

The Hebrew cries, as once he did
On sacred Mount Moriah,
"O, rend the heavens and come Thou down!
O come, or send Messiah!"

And even we, who well might see
The brightness of His rising,
Oft vainly seek Him far and wide
In ways of man's devising.

We seek Him in philosophy,
But oft our night grows denser,
While poring o'er Cartesius,
Comtè, or Herbert Spencer.

We see a portion of His ways
In every budding flower;
"But who," says Job, "can understand
The thunder of His power?"

Like sons who haste from distant lands
To seek their homes, or rather
Like children lost in trackless wilds.
We cry, "Show us the Father!"

"O fools and blind," the Saviour says,
"Ye see not what is shown ye,
I have been with you many years,
And yet ye have not known me.

God knew before the worlds were made
That man could never find Him;
He saw that of His majesty
A single ray would blind him.

And so the Lord Himself assumed
The form of sinful creatures,
That those who look upon His Son
Might see Jehovah's features.

The boasted wisdom of the world
Too oft, alas! conceal Him,
For none the Father knows, but he
To whom the Son reveals Him."

"O Lord!" we cry, "our faith beholds
The Lord of Life and Glory,
The everlasting God, in Christ,
The crucified, the gory.

And when upon His Father's throne
With angel hosts around Him,
We see our blest Immanuel,
We'll cry, Thank God! we've found Him."

THE FOUNDERS AND DECEASED CONTRIBUTORS OF THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. H. HARBAUGH.

For nearly six weeks I had not heard from home, and for more than a month I had been cut off from all intercourse with the outside world, in the wilderness of Arabia. One of the joys in approaching Jerusalem was the hope of finding letters and newspapers there from American friends. A long while did it take our faithful dragoman, Ahmed, to find these missives from the fatherland, for then there was no Post Office in Jerusalem. All letters were left with the consuls of the respective countries from which they were sent. Frequently they fell into the hands of the wrong official. After much searching Ahmed found mine with the *French Consul*. The dear soul was almost as happy as I was when he found them. We were sitting at the dinner table as he rushed in the door, exclaiming: "Here, my Master, I have found de letters." I dropped the knife and fork (such as they were), and in eager haste read the addresses thereon, to see where they came from. For the remainder of that day my meat and drink were these letters and papers, rather than Antonio's dinner.

Among them was a long letter from Dr. Harbaugh. He was in home sympathy with my peculiar feelings when he wrote it, dated January 13, 1857; thus he begins:

"I have thought a great deal to-day about 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' no doubt because I thought of writing to you. How strange it seems to direct a letter to that sacred spot, and to think, that if you get it, you will perhaps open it in those sacred streets; for you will hardly wait till you get to your lodgings. My fancy runs on a thousand things, as I imagine your circumstances in that distant land of sacred wonders and holy associations. O, what has been wrought in that land! How all history, for 1800 years, has owned the powers that were first active there! 'There stood His sacred feet, the greatest and the best.' And how your heart will beat high, as you move among the scenes where our Saviour walked, rested and prayed, suffered and died. You can now say in a literal, as well as spiritual, sense: 'My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!'

But while our hearts are following you, yours is no doubt turned toward the land you have left, the home of your youth, 'the land of the free, and the home of the brave;' the land of the future. Thus you will be more interested in the news I may give you from *this* land, than my imaginary reflections on *that*.

In speaking of your friends, I am reminded first of all of J—— and P——, each of whom brought us a Christmas turkey, which I confess was more interesting in the fact, as one lay before us on the table, than the news can possibly be to you at this late day. Yet I verily believe, that the spirit, which inclined them to send these gifts on that day had its origin somewhere not far from where you are now! * * * *

I close this letter reluctantly, fearing that you will be disappointed in its contents. I feel as if I had written nothing worth your reading, still, my hope is that it will be of some interest to you in a distant land. * *

Now, dear brother, I feel lonely as I am about to close this letter. I feel, however, the communion of saints, and it seems to me as if you were here. Oh, the mysteries behind the thin veil! How our very sense of limitation prophesies and proclaims the wide, wide freedom that awaits us!"

His heart was always overflowing with tenderness towards his children; indeed, towards everybody's children. The lambs around his hearth always come in for a place in his letters. He reports their merry prattling around the dinner table, and their innocent remarks about their friend in a far country. "M—— begins to talk some. W—— knows the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, and makes some interesting inquiries on theological points. The little boy is growing. Became a member of the Church on Christmas Day, by the 'washing of regeneration.' Dr. N. baptized him. My faith seeks for him now also the 'renewing of the Holy Ghost.' The children are all well, and it is a great joy to me to see them full of life. I thank God every day for the delightful family scene around me." How cordially he welcomed me home, on my return from the East. A somewhat awkward reception it was. His family were in the country, and he had, a few minutes before, returned from a vacation tour. Not having the key to the house, he had crept through the window. Through the window he answered the door bell I had rung. It was amusing to see his awkward excitement, until he could unbar the door of his "Castle," when he embraced and kissed me as if I had been his long-absent child or younger brother.

"Fashionable watering-places" and "Summer resorts" had no attractions for him. Dr. Harbaugh was in living sympathy with unspoiled nature. Much more attractive were Nature's charms, in all their varied forms. How his spirit bounded with joy in his seasons of out-door recreation. The happy, hopeful genius of Spring swept over his heart like a gentle breeze over the strings of an Æolian lyre, and called forth responsive melodies. At such times his mind seeks vent in poetry. Thus he writes:

"May is coming,
Green, green May.
What a creeping forth so cheerful,
Somewhat timid, tho', and fearful;
Birds and buds, first slyly peeping,
Then into the sunlight creeping
Warm themselves to-day.

May is coming,
Blooming May.
Hail, sweet time of early flowers,
Fresh as childhood's rosy hours !
Almost do I wish—though vain—
That I were a boy again,
'Mid the flowers to play! .

May is coming,
Tuneful May.
Insects warmed, begin their humming,
Tell the time of music coming ;
Joy, and peace, and hope are beating
Sweetly in the heart repeating
"Love's soft, mellow lay."

Much as he loved work, in Summer time his spirit panted for the free air of the everlasting hills ; he longed to ramble and muse among the meadows and mountains. How gloriously he could rollick and roar with mirthful laughter on these recreating tours. His worries and cares he would leave at home ; yet, with all the enjoyable glee of his nature, on such tours he usually garnered a rich harvest of valuable material for future use. And well he knew how to use it.

A delightful tour of this kind I enjoyed with him, to Centre County, Pa. We spent a few days with Rev. P. S. Fisher, then pastor at Boalsburg, Pa. In the kindness of his heart, he projected a visit to the "Bear Meadows," a small secluded valley, lying among the lofty mountains in that part of the State. We crossed a number of these—it was said seven—mountains on horseback. It was an unfrequented region, and to us exceedingly novel. Mountain climbing on horseback—on horses as little trained to it as their riders—led to many ludicrous as well as serious incidents. The scenery approached to that of the primeval forests, unpolluted by the woodman's axe or ploughman's furrow ; such as the fancy of poets delights to depict. A small stream in "Bear Meadows" was alive with trout, which familiarly sported up and down the stream, fearless of our attempt to angle them. The birds, too, warbling their sweet notes on the tree-branches, familiarly regarded us as their friends. Full well were we repaid for our tiresome ride. Most of all was our poet-brother charmed by this ramble amid mountain solitudes. Well doth he describe a part of this day's experience, in his "Song of the Trees."

Trees, trees, trees—
O, how many trees !
They cover o'er the mountains, they skirt the vales and leas ;
They make the wide, wide forests, that roll like mighty seas.

I've often sat and pondered
Beneath their shade, and wondered
That the poets, fond of singing,
Have not set the woodlands ringing
With the song of trees."

Many an amusing and instructive anecdote he used to relate about his early intercourse with the neighbors. Some of these were men of rugged virtues, not untainted with glaring infirmities. The story he so often told, with a dramatically ludicrous effect, about the cord of bark, has passed into a proverb, with which hundreds have pointed a moral, and perhaps adorned a tale. One day a certain neighbor, who was in the habit of indulging in inuendoes about the failings of his fellow-neighbors, broke the secret of one of his stories to Henry Harbaugh. We will call the man hauling the bark, George Bollinger, whose dealings are thus cautiously divulged:

"Guck Henner, die Leut sin net all wie sie sei sotte. Ich will ah nix g'saat habe. Du wescht mir sin Nochbare. Aber do der anner Dag hot der George Bollinger en Loot Rinne an die Gerberei g'fahre.—Guck Henner, mir sin Nochbare. Ich will nix g'saat habe.—Un aber, 's 'hot solle en Klofter Rinne sei.—Mir sin Nochbare, Henner. Mer dörf nix sage. Aber die Leut sin net all wie sie sei sotte. Ich will nix g'saat habe. S'hot solle en Klofter.—Nau Henner, du wescht mir sin Nochbare. Mer dörf nix sage, Aber (nau meind) wan sell en Klofter Rinne war! Ich will nix g'saat habe, Henner, mir sin Nochbare."

Which, being rendered into English, means the following :

"You see, Henry, people are not all what they ought to be. I don't wish to have any thing said about it. You know we are neighbors. But, the other day George Bollinger brought a load of bark to the Tannery.—You see, Henry, we are neighbors. You must not say any thing about it.—But it was to have been a cord of bark.—We are neighbors, Henry. One is not allowed to speak about it. But the people are not all as they ought to be. You must not say any thing. It was to have been a cord.—Now, Henry, you know we are neighbors. We must keep mum about it. But—now mind you—if that was a cord of bark! I want nothing said, Henry. We are neighbors."

The old Harbaugh homestead, in Franklin county, Pa., was for him a favorite "Summer resort."

Thither I accompanied him several times. On these visits he seemed to live his boy-life over again. On the first visit, his aged father was still living. With many a kind question he started him in a story of the olden time, the son meanwhile quietly catching every word, as he used to do when a prattling boy on his parent's lap. All the while, and at every turn, he found something which called up fond recollections.

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents to my view
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew:
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood near it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
 The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.”

With the artless innocence of a little boy, he led me over the premises, and explained every nook and corner. I can still see him leading the way up the stairway of the old mansion, explaining as he led me along. I followed him to the different rooms on the second floor of the house, as his playmates had doubtless followed him thirty or thirty-five years before. For each room he had a name—the name by which it was called when he was a boy. One he called the “blue-room,” perhaps from the color of the paint; another, the “red-room.” One room he called “the girls’ room,” where the sisters used to sleep. With perceptible tenderness he remarked at one door: “This is the boys’ room; here we boys used to sleep.” Well might his heart begin to melt at the sight of a room, and of the corner in it where had stood his little bed, at which, as at an altar, he had often prayed as good boys are wont to do. His tender memories of this sleeping-room he has embalmed in one of his best Pennsylvania German poems—“*Die Schlofstub.*” Would that some one would give us a worthy translation of this matchless production. Only a few lines here and there will I try to translate. Just as he herein describes the scene, I found it. Nine steps up the stairway; the railing on which the boys used to slide down stairs amid shouts of laughter; a knot-hole in the wash-board; the door right at the head of the stairs;

“With a sigh I touch the latch,
 With a tear I op’n the door.”

He thinks of the sweet sleep of childhood, in manhood lost. Age brings a hard pillow, and wakeful hours. The moon peeps through the window, and drops her soft light on his bed. A cricket sings its dismal night-song beneath a hollow sill, and a wood-worm gnaws audibly in the closet, which he calls the “*Dodte-uhr*” (the ticking of the Death-clock). He feels himself among a spirit throng—

Aye, spirits from childhood’s years do throng,
 Softly and sacredly they come,
 Athwart the years long fled.
 Mirrored on this lone heart of mine,
 They picture forth my boyhood’s time—
 A time forever dead.

These spirits his fancy and faith see walking about in the moonlight, and he feels certain that they are the guardians and friends of his childhood.

They watch when to our nightly rest,
And with "Our Father's" prayer are blest,
We lay us down to sleep.

"Dess hot die Mammi fescht behaäbt,
Mir Kinner hens ah so geglaabt
M'r hen ah so gedhu!
Die sagscht verleicht: 'Des ganse Ding
Is weiter nix als Einbildung'—
Dummheet! was weescht dau du?

Bei mir hot's doch recht gut gedhu';
Ich macht' dann ah die Aage'zu
Un ruhig war die Nacht.
Ich dhu's ah noch, un's geht noch gut,
Ich glaab gewiss dass wer des dhut
Der hot' n Engelswacht."

At eventide we often sat on the bench of the old front porch, where ever and anon he would fall into a pensive talk of other days, making some tree or other object we saw from there, the text of a charming little story. That old porch was to him more than "a poet's corner," wherein lay buried the hopes of other days. For therefrom he launched his bark, when he left the parental roof. I will let him tell his own story, in his "Heemweh" (Home-sickness), translated by himself.

"Two spots on this old friendly porch
I love, nor can forget,
Till dimly in the night of death
My life's last sun shall set!
When first I left my father's house,
One summer morning bright,
My mother at *that* railing wept
Till I was out of sight!
Now like a holy star that spot
Shines in this world's dull night.

Still, still I see her at that spot,
With handkerchief in hand;
Her cheeks are red—her eyes are wet—
There, there I see her stand!
'Twas there I gave her my good-bye,
There did her blessing crave;
And oh, with what a mother's heart
She that sought blessing gave.
It was the last—ere I returned
She rested in her grave.

When now I call her form to mind,
Wherever I may be,
She still is standing at the rail,
And weeping on for me!
She is in no familiar spot,
As oft in former years;
And never to my fancy she
As in her grave appears;
I see her only at that rail
Bedewed with holy tears.

What draws my eye to yonder spot—
That bench against the wall?
What holy memories cluster there,
My heart still knows them all!
How often sat my father there
On Summer afternoon;
Hands meekly crossed upon his lap,
He looked so lost and lone,
As if he saw an empty world,
And hoped to leave it soon.

Doth a return of childhood's joys
Across his spirit gleam?
Or is his fancy busy now
With some loved youthful dream?
He raises now his eyes and looks
On yon hill's sacred crest;
Perhaps he sees the grave-yard there
Where mother's sleep is blest,
And longs to slumber by her side,
In death's last peaceful rest."

From the old porch you see the God's Acre on "yon hill's sacred crest," where both parents now "sleep in God." And from here, too, you see the old orchard, whose trees he seemed to regard almost with the tenderness of personal friendship. The "Hours at Home" of 1867 contains an article from his pen on "The Old-Time Orchard," in which he makes a kindly record of his tree-friends. He says:

"We are taking a stroll once more through the old orchard that lies directly in front of 'our house.' How quickly they have passed away, those thirty years, or more, since this orchard, with all its trees, was so familiar to our boyhood! Well, this is the fashion of years, with which we have neither disposition nor power to interfere. We ourselves travel as fast, even though we may not finish our work so well. But let this pass, and be thought of, and prayed over some other time."

A stroll, like the one he describes in this article, I had with him through the orchard, along the sloping hill-side. From tree to tree he led me, naming each as we reached it, by way of a formal in-

trodition, and relating some pleasing reminiscence connected therewith.

First he showed me the place where stood "the early apple tree." Nor stump, nor stone marked the place. The lines of the remaining trees enabled him to locate it. Its luscious fruit so often lured their boy-feet thither, that a well-beaten path was formed. Sadly they discovered the first signs of its decay in the wormy fruit. He regarded the tree as precocious, which, like precocity in the human species, was a prophecy of an early death. Though among the best of the trees, it died first, over which he sadly exclaims :

" O sir
The good die first, while those whose hearts are dry
As Summer dust, burn to the socket."

Next came we to the place where had stood "the red stripe." "Just as far back as we can recollect, the storm blew down half of it—split one fork with one side of the tree, down to the root. It survived the shock, and the remaining half continued to bear fruit. Only in part did the wounded side close up with a new bark. Alas! the wound had reached too near the heart.

The story is short. The rot prevailed. The wound proved its slow but sure death. It was reported one morning at the breakfast table, that in the night just passed the storm had brought down the red-stripe. It was laden with apples at the time, and the bark which remained unsevered ripened them that summer. It was its last fruit! Like a venerable saint it went down under the crown-like burden of its own ripe fruit. It was but a tree, and yet we looked at each other as if a friend had fallen. There it stood. The thick bunch of clover betrays the very spot. This way stood the wounded side!"

Now let us to the "crooked apple tree," or rather to the place where it stood. Its fruit was delicious, "plump and yellow, half sweet and half sour. When young it met with a mishap. Half blown down by a storm, it began its growth afresh, and kept on holding its trunk horizontally, a few feet from the ground. We boys used to take a ride on it, whetting our Barlow knives on its rough bark; wounding it while it fed us!"

How many trees have died—there stood the "yellow apple tree;" there the "big apple;" there the "sour apple;" there the "pound apple;" there the "big red apple;" there the "sheep-noses;" there the "vats apple;" there, too, was the "rambo row;" alas, how it is thinned out!

At length he took me to "the old pie apple tree," still bringing forth fruit in old age. The tree faces the barn door. Standing

here the boys used to call to "the little man in the barn," as they called the echo of their voice, who would mock them with his prompt replies to their questions. We both stood under the old tree, facing the barn door, when he, with grotesque solemnity, and if I err not, with hat in hand, woke up with his trumpet voice the little man in the barn as follows:

HARBAUGH—Ho! ho! still alive?

LITTLE MAN—Ho! still alive.

H.—Little man in the barn!

L. M.—Man in the barn.

H.—Are you getting old?

L. M.—You getting old!

H.—Still your voice is good.

L. M.—Voice is good.

H.—Little Man, farewell.

L. M.—Man, farewell!

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!"

"O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O, sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O, noblest brow, and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared, when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurl'd!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn."

All royal crowns are set with thorns, as well as precious jewels. Rulers all the world over have their sorrows. "Uneasy lies the

head that wears a crown." From Saul to the Sultans, from Nero to the Napoleons, the assassin's hand aims many a deadly dart at the heart of earth's rulers. Sorrow and anxious worry, more than preference for an austere life, led Charles V to leave his throne. Solomon, the wisest, greatest and most successful of rulers, in the end, pronounces all his glory vanity and vexation of spirit.

There was a time when the crown of Israel was the proudest diadem that decked the brow mortal. The crown of Scotland, exhibited in Edinburg Castle, adorned with rarest and most precious jewels, is a meagre insignia of royalty, compared with that worn by Israel's kings in the palmy days of their kingdom. For the East excels all countries in precious jewels and pearls. Besides, the crown on Israel represented an unrivalled dominion. Its possessor ruled a chosen nation, a peculiar people, God's favorite realm. The man who had the Castle of David, on Zion's hill, for his royal residence, and the 'Temple' with the Holy of holies, and the Shekinah, for his royal Cathedral, wore a crown incomparably more precious than ever graced the head of mortal monarch.

Yet, what a sorrow-stricken class of men are these kings of Israel. But a small number of them die a natural death. The best of them have faithless, rebellious children. Not a few slay their own offspring from jealousy. On fields of battle, by the hands of the assassin, the warrior, or by their own hands, they fall. Knowing what we know now, who would be willing to accept of their crown, with all its thorns?

When principle decays, the brightest jewels in a nation's crown are dimmed. Its worth and glory are but the reflection of its moral integrity. When Israel forsook the true God, its crown became as empty as the hood of a monk. When the nation lost its virtue, the crown lost its jewels. And when the true King of the Jews came, thorns had taken the place of its precious stones. Hence, His sacred Head is wreathed with a crown of thorns. It was then but the symbol of Israel's moral character—the symbol of a fallen world.

The kings of the earth squander millions to purchase jewels wherewith to adorn their crowns; for the King of Heaven they have nothing better than a crown of thorns. He who laid aside His crown of glory for a season, that He might save us, has His head pierced with the symbol of helplessness and sorrow. "He whose right it is to reign" is taunted, amid His keenest sorrow, with a painful and silly caricature of regal glory. To bear our sorrows, He allowed our sin and shame to be heaped upon His innocent head. "Those who suffer bravely save mankind." By enduring this agony of shame, our Saviour is crowned as the King of the sorrowing, the Ruler of all believing, penitent sufferers, the Healer of wounded hearts. Through His Kingship of Sorrow, He returned to

His Kingship of the Universe ; from His throne of thrones, He re-ascended His throne of eternal glory.

When Godfrey of Bouillon, the first and only Christian King of Jerusalem, ascended the throne of the Holy City, he refused to accept a golden crown on the spot where our Saviour wore a crown of thorns. "King of Jerusalem" was then the proudest title any monarch could covet. Rivers of Christian blood had been shed to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel. And now, that they have at length gained the sacred prize for which Europe had shed its best blood, the Crusaders look around for one worthy to sit on Solomon's throne. It was a tempting offer, the golden crown of such an empire, offered by such brave hearts and hands. Flushed with victory, after so many hard-fought battles, even a virtuous heart might, from infirmity, have forgotten the thorn-crowned King, in the prospect of being crowned king of Jerusalem. Had not Mordecai been honored with "a great crown of gold," and had not David worn "a crown of pure gold on his head" in this same city?

The pious Godfrey thought more of his suffering Saviour, than of royal precedents. "Never will I wear a golden crown in the place where my Saviour wore a crown of thorns." He, too, had but a brief and sorrowful reign. They buried him aside the Sepulchre of the Man of Sorrows, whose bitter passion he devoutly remembered in the day of his triumph. Not the least revered spot in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the tomb of the first and last Christian King of Jerusalem, the brave Godfrey of Bouillon.

BIBLE CLASS TALK.

(In the Union Sunday-School Bible Classes of the Reformed Churches of Reading, Pa.)

LESSON—ACTS 4:13-32.

A SERMON AND A PRAYER.

Were Peter and John unlearned and ignorant men? They were not as learned as the philosophers and noted heathen teachers among the ancients. The expression means that they had been known as private persons, and not as public teachers. But in the higher learning of the Gospel, these two men knew more than the greatest of pagan philosophers. Peter's sermon on Pentecost, and his epistles, contain more sound philosophy, than the greatest productions of Plato. The writings of Socrates can not be compared to the Gospel, Epistles, and Revelation of John.

How readily the people will take knowledge of us, that we have been with Christ ! A teacher can soon tell whether his scholars spend any time with Christ in prayer ; and as readily can the scholars tell whether the teacher learns his lessons from the Master. They can tell from our views of the Gospel, our prayers, our earnest, pious life, and our courage.

BOLDNESS.

Courage ! Peter once thought he had it. If all forsook Christ , surely he would not. No, he would go with him to death. He counted on his own strength, and that failed him. But through Christ, we can do all things. And through him Peter and John are bold here.

Many a child and youth show a high degree of courage. A little boy once travelled with his parents. They spent the night on the steamer of one of our American rivers. At home the parents were in the habit of kneeling down with their children, in prayer, before they retired. Amid all manner of gay, worldly people, they shrank from this duty, on the steamer, ere they laid their child to rest, for a few hours. They tried their utmost to put him to sleep without his prayers. But the noble boy could not thus close his eyes. The two saw and heard wicked people, swearing and mocking at sacred things. But that only showed how much need there was of courage to pray. At length the parents consent. The dear little soul kneels down at the side of his berth, and with closed eyes and folded hands, prayed to his Father in heaven, as his custom is. By the time he arose from his knees, the voice of the swearer was silenced, and in many an eye stood a tear. The little boy taught his parents, and the passengers, a lesson which they long remembered. It was a lesson of godly courage, learned from a child.

A PASTOR.

This evening I took tea with a certain family. A goodly number of strangers sat down with us. After I had asked a blessing upon the food, a little daughter of the family, who had been taught to pray at table, folded her hands on her little plate, and prayed with her sweet voice her prayer, in the presence of all the guests. She did it, because she thought it was her duty, and not a little courage did she need just then and there to do it. I noticed that some of the guests were deeply impressed by her example.

THE YOUNGER THE PATIENT, THE EASIER THE CURE.

This lame man was hard to cure. For forty years he had been lame from his mother's womb. Who can cure such a lameness From our birth we are spiritually lame, and our infirmity grow

with every year of our life. Old people are rarely converted. Like an old oak or apple tree, they are hard to bend. People use a tender little twig to graft on peach or apple trees ; and not a gnarly old limb. To show how great a miracle this was, we are told that "the man was above forty years old." Therein lies the wisdom of Sunday-schools, and of the Church to which they belong. The Church takes the little children to Christ in Baptism, and, through her Sunday-schools, she instructs them before the disease and habit of sin have become so deeply and stubbornly rooted.

AN OLD POLK-STOCK.

A certain father took a stroll through his fields, with his little boy. Seeing a large polk-stock aside of the fence, he said to the boy : "George, that polk-stock ought not to be there ; go and pull it up."

In a moment George was at work, now pulling this way, now that. He flung his coat aside, and pulled again, but in vain. He rolled up his sleeves, threw aside his vest, spit on his hands, and puffed and pulled away, but the stubborn stock stuck fast to the earth.

"Father, I can't pull it up," exclaimed George. "Why not, George?" "Well, father, if I would have pulled at it this way last spring, I could have taken it out ; now, the roots are too large and tough."

"True, my dear boy," replied the father. "Your heart is just now beginning to show sins that are growing on you. You can pull them out now, by praying for help. Wait till you are twenty or thirty years old, and they will have run their roots deeply and toughly into your heart. Then you have to pull and puff in vain. George, pull the polk-stock out of your heart now, before the roots become long and tough."

A GOOD PRAYER.

The Apostles could pray well. Their prayers are always full of Scripture language and promises. They must have committed a large portion of the Scripture to memory. For, both when they preached and prayed, they borrowed largely from the Word of God. In the 24th verse they quoted from Psalm 146 : 6. In the 25th and 26th verses, from Psalm 2 : 1-2. We should embody God's promises in our prayers, and use the very language the Holy Ghost has taught His ancient people to use. To do this, we must learn the Scriptures ; commit them to memory when young. The Bible gives us many good prayers. Besides the Lord's Prayer, what a beautiful, penitential prayer is the 51st Psalm ; and a grand, thanks-

giving prayer is the 103d Psalm. The 23d, 72d, 91st, and many other Psalms, are most comforting prayers. Thus, in trying to pray aright, we must do as Peter and John, and even as our blessed Saviour did, pray in the language and prayers of the Bible. The most of our Saviour's shorter prayers are taken from the Word of God.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

The thousands of Christians were of one heart and one soul. They were filled with the Holy Ghost, and He always unites. Sin divides, leads to decay, death, and decomposition. Dissension indicates the absence of the Uniting One. A class of obedient, affectionate scholars, grouped around a faithful teacher of one heart and mind, presents a pleasing sight. When one is sick, the rest will visit him. When one dies, the rest will gather around the bier of the departed one, with tearful love. When one strays away, the rest try to bring the wanderer back. The hearts of the scholars wind around the heart of the teacher, as the ivy gracefully winds and weaves its vines around the oak, adorning that which supports it. And when every class of a school is thus of one heart and one soul; and all the classes are one-hearted, moving and marshalling all their activities, unitedly under the guidance and control of the Superintendent and pastor, the Sunday-school becomes a grand and glorious power.

I would advise the superintendents of infant schools to take a bundle of twigs along to Sunday-school next Sabbath. Say two dozen twigs, from an apple or peach tree. Tie a twine around them. Show the children how strong they are when thus bound together. How you cannot break them. Then untie the twine. Take each one separately, and break it before them. Thus, show them how easily the divided twigs are broken when they are separated; how strong they are when they are united. Every Sunday-school class is like the bundle of twigs—strong when the scholars and teachers are closely joined together; weak, when they are divided. The cord that binds them together, is the Holy Ghost. He binds us to Christ, and through Him, to one another. O, the bliss, and power of a class, a school, a congregation thus united, where all are “of one heart and one soul.”

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.”

The Sunday School Drawer.

A BURGLAR ON HIS KNEES.

A pleasant story is often told about a matron among the ancients, who, when a great person of state asked her to show him her costly jewels, brought all her children before him, which she held to be her costliest jewels. The following incident is said to have occurred a few years ago, in the family of the late Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister, of Waterford, N. Y. : Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about midnight, preparing a discourse to deliver to his congregation, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that some one was in the room. Mr. Lee exclaimed : "What is the matter?" and turning around in his chair, he beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered the house by a side window, supposing all the occupants were locked in slumber.

"Give me your watch and money," said he, "and make no noise, or I will fire."

"You may put down your weapon ; for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess," was Mr. Lee's calm reply.

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said :

"I will conduct you to the place where my most precious treasures are placed."

He opened the door and pointed to the cot, where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace.

"These," said he, "are my choicest jewels. Will you take them?"

He proceeded to say, that, as a minister of the gospel, he had a few earthly possessions, and that all his means were devoted to but one object—the education of the two motherless children. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act, which he had been about to commit.

After a few remarks by Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join in prayer ; and there, in that lonely house, amid the silence of the midnight, the offender poured forth his remorse and penitence, while the representative of religion, of peace and good will, told him to "go and sin no more."

Such a scene has few parallels.

A GRATEFUL BRITON AND JOHN B. GOUGH.

How beautiful and touching is gratitude. Thankfulness to those who teach us the way of life, parent, pastor or Sunday school teachers, is a most pleasing trait of character. John B. Gough says :

I was appointed to lecture in a town in Great Britain, six miles from the railway by which I came from my last engagement, and a man drove me in a fly—a one horse hack—from the station to the town. I noticed that he sat leaning forward in an awkward manner, with his face close to the glass of the window. Soon he folded a handkerchief, and tied it round his neck. I asked him if he was cold.

"No, sir."

Then he placed the handkerchief round his face. I asked him if he had the toothache.

"No, sir," was the reply.

Still he sat leaning forward. At last I said: "Will you please tell me why you sit leaning forward that way with a handkerchief round your neck, if you are not cold and have no toothache?"

He said very quietly, "The window of the carriage is broke, and the wind is cold, and I am trying to keep it from you."

I said in surprise, "You are not putting your face to that broken pane to keep the wind from me, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Why do you do that?"

"God bless you, sir, I owe everything I have in the world to you."

"But I never saw you before."

"No, sir; but I have seen you. I was a ballad-singer once. I used to go round with a half-starved baby in my arms for charity, and a draggled wife at my heels half the time, with her eyes blackened; and I went to hear you in Edinburg, and you told me I was a man; and when I went out of that house I said, 'By the help of God I'll be a man!' and now I've a happy wife and a comfortable home—God bless you, sir! I would stick my head in any hole under the heavens, if it would do you any good."—*Gough's Autobiography*.

CHILD PREACHERS.

Many a parent has been taught useful lessons by his child. The Sunday school scholars can become teachers at home as the following incident shows:

Little Charlie lay dying. His mother stood by his bedside, her heart stricken through with this her second grief; for already had she buried from her sight a darling little daughter. The father stood a little distance off overcome by the power of his feelings.

"Charlie," said his mother, wishing to make known to her child that he was about to die, "Charlie, I think you will soon be in heaven with your little sister. Is Charlie willing to go?"

"Yes, mamma," said the little boy faintly, "we shall be with Jesus, and I suppose sissy is looking out for me."

"And then," continued the mother, "by and by we shall go, and shall be in heaven together."

Turning his dimming eye, full of anxious thought upon his mother, he exclaimed; "But papa can't, mamma; papa swears!" It was too much for the father. Immersed in the cares of the world, he had neglected his God and wandered far. Love for his child was an absorbing passion of his soul, and the little one, dear to him as life, slipping away from the earthly to go to the heavenly, is setting before him the startling fact that as he is, he can never follow his child! while the parting moments of the child are embittered at the thought. Controlling his voice, his eyes flowing with tears, he exclaimed, "Oh, Charlie, your father will do so no more. He will try to live so he can go to heaven!"

"Yes, papa will come too," was the exulting cry of the dying boy. We shall all be in heaven together." And with a free, rejoicing heart he passed away.—*Zion's Advocate*.

A SINGLE WORM KILLED THAT TREE.

During my sojourn at a place of resort for invalids, I was one day walking through the romantic grounds and park with some friends, when the proprietor of the establishment drew our attention to a large sycamore tree decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to our inquiries, we found that about two years previously, the tree was as healthy as any in the park. When a wood worm, about three inches long, was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It caught the eye of a naturalist who was staying at the establishment, and he remarked:

"Let that worm alone, doctor, and it will kill the tree."

This seemed very improbable, but it was agreed that the black-headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was found that the worm had tunneled its way to a considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

"Ah," said one who was present, "let us learn a lesson from that dead tree. How many, who once promised fair for usefulness in the world and the Church, have been ruined *by a single sin!*"—*Biblical Treasury*.

Editor's Drawer.

BAD MANNERS AT CHURCH.

It has long since been a question in our mind whether the people, who behave rudely during public worship, are not partially insane. Their moral sense, in most instances, has been warped to such an extent, that they can scarcely be held responsible for their misconduct. The *Evangelical Messenger* tells of a minister, "who was much annoyed while preaching by a person talking and laughing. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: 'I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching a young man, who sat just before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, one of the official members came and said to me, 'You made a great mistake; that young man whom you reprov'd is an idiot.' Since then, I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot.' During the rest of that service at least there was good order."

A GENTLEMAN.

A Christian is God's gentleman. A gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything—at least in everything that depends on himself—in carriage, temper, construction, aims, desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate; not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would if the true meaning of the name were borne in mind and the duty inculcated.—*Hare*.

RANDOM PREACHING.

Some of the Scotch ministers of the last century had a very independent way of preaching. The Rev. Nathaniel McKie, minister of Crossmichael (1739-1781), talked to his people from the pulpit with amusing familiarity. Expounding a passage in Exodus, he proceeded thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses"—sneck (shut) that door. I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside that door yoursel', ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open! It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o' cauld; and I'm sure, honest man, he didn't let it stap muckle open. 'And the Lord said unto Moses'—I see a man aneath that laft with his hat on. I'm sure ye're clear o' the soogh (draught) o' the door. Keep aff your bannet, Thomas; and if yer bare pow be cauld, ye maun jist git a gray worset wig, like mysel'. They're no sae dear--plenty of them at Bob Gillespie's for tenpence." The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Grace Greenwood thus writes on the "Woman Question:" "If I had the framing of the law, only such women should be allowed to vote as had sewing machines, and knew how to use them; no woman could have a vote, who could not read and write; who was not able to cast up her millinery accounts and cut them down; who could not make a loaf of bread, a pudding, sew on a button, wash dishes, and, on a pinch, keep a boarding-house, and support a husband decently."

DENTISTRY IN OLDEN TIMES.

It appears, that the ancients were by no means deficient in the art of dentistry, but on the contrary it seems to be one of the oldest of arts. Casse-lius was a dentist in the reign of the Roman triumvirs, and gold was used in filling the teeth. But nearly 500 B. C., gold was thus used, and gold wire was employed to hold artificial teeth in position, and it does not seem then to have been a new art. A fragment of the tenth of the Roman tables, 450 B. C., has reference to the burial of any gold with the dead, except that bound around the teeth. Herodotus declares that the Egyptians had a knowledge of the diseases of the teeth and their treatment, 2800 B. C. In Martial, Casselius was mentioned as either filling or extracting teeth, but he specified that he would not polish false teeth with powder. These acts cover a period of six hundred years.

MISTAKING HER MAN.

A Baltimore lady, who had been greatly annoyed by mischievous urchins who rang her door-bell and then made off, made a bad mistake one afternoon recently. She lay in wait for him, and soon came a step on the porch, and a vigorous jerk on the bell. She cried out, "I see you, you little rascal," caught the unresisting figure by the coat collar, and shook him vigorously. When her strength was nearly exhausted, and hoarse with excitement, she discovered to her horror, that it was the diminutive minister of her church, very red in the face, and very short for breath. An explanation followed.

THE following composition, by an advanced five-year-old pupil in one of the public schools of San Francisco, is sent to the Drawer of Harper's Monthly. With all its faults, there is a certain grit about it which we like. We advise our young readers to correct it, if they can. He has gotton things somewhat mixed up:

A goat is stronger than a pig he looks at you and so does the doctor. but a goat has fore legs. a boy without a father is an orphan and if he aint got a mother he is two orphan. The goat does not give so much milk as the cow but more than an ox. I saw an ox to the fair one day with a card tied on his left ear, and we all went in on the family ticket. Mother picks geese in the sumer. A goat eats grass and jumps on a box some folks don't like goats but as for me give me a mule with a paint-brush tail.

the goat is a useful animal and smells as sweet as bars oil for the hair. if I had too much hair I would wear a wig as old captain Peters does I will sell my goat for three dollars and go to the circus to see the Elephant which is bigger than five goats. Father is coming home and the baby has got the crupe.

ETTY JANE.

THERE'S DANGER IN THE TOWN.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

There! John, hitch Dobbin to the post; come near me and sit down;
 Your mother wants to talk to you before you drive to town;
 My hairs are grey, I soon shall be at rest, within the grave;
 Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave,
 I've watched o'er you from infancy till now you are a man,
 And I have always loved you, as a mother only can;
 At morning, and at evening, I have prayed the God of love
 To bless and guard my darling boy to the bright home above.
 A mother's eye is searching, John, old age can't dim its sight,
 When watching o'er an only child to see if he does right;
 And very lately I have seen what has aroused my fears,
 And made my pillow hard at night, and moistened it with tears.
 I've seen a light within your eye, upon your cheeks a glow,
 That told me you are in the road that leads to shame and woe;
 Oh! John, don't turn away your head and on my counsel frown,
 Stay more upon the dear old farm, there's danger in the town.
 Remember what the poet says—long years have proved it true—
 That "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."
 If you live on in idleness, with those who love the bowl,
 You'll dig yourself a drunkard's grave, and wreck your deathless soul.
 Your father, John, is growing old; his days are nearly through;
 O! he has labored very hard to save the farm for you;
 But it will go to ruin soon, and poverty will frown,
 If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive into the town.
 Your prospects for the future are very bright, my son;
 Not many have your start in life when they are twenty-one;
 Your star, that shines so brightly now, in darkness will decline,
 If you forget your mother's words, and tarry at the wine.
 Turn back, my boy, now, in your youth; stay by the dear old farm;
 The Lord of Hosts will save you, with His powerful right arm.
 Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave,
 Then light her pathway with your love down to the silent grave.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIII^d volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

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Vol. XXIII.

MAY, 1872.

No. 5.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
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LETTERS RECEIVED.

Rev. J. Beck, Rev. J. Kister, J. L. Glase, H. J. Welker (1 sub.), Z. A. Yearick (1 sub.), Rev. J. C. J. Kurtz, Rev. S. K. Kremer, Rev. C. B. Wolff, L. Winick, R. J. Achenbach, Miss K. Bair, Rev. J. Beck, J. Triter, Rev. L. Rike, J. P. Hooper, W. R. Yeich, P. Reimich, Rev. J. E. Heister, S. C. Kohler, Rev. J. A. Peters, H. S. Daubenspeck, G. Welty, Rev. P. S. Fisher, E. A. Gernan', Miss M. C. Hottenstein, A. J. Fogel (1 sub.), D. B. Shuey, A. K. Uhler (1 sub.), H. King, M. H. Dieffenderfer, Rev. I. G. Brown, Rev. C. W. Schultz (1 sub.), J. Royer, Sr., A. J. Eyerly, Rev. H. I. Comfort, F. O. Koelle, W. M. Nevin, D. K. Dieffenderfer, Rev. J. H. Hoffheims, M. H. Dieffenderfer, Rev. T. S. Johnston, Rev. J. O. Miller, J. C. Fallow, Rev. D. C. Tobias (1 sub.), Rev. J. G. Zahner, D. D.

GUARDIAN, MAY, 1872.

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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIII.

MAY, 1872.

No. 5.

THE FOUNDERS AND DECEASED CONTRIBUTORS OF THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Elias Heiner, D. D.

First impressions, if not always correct, are usually lasting. It was on a hot July day. The session of Marshall College, at Mercersburg, was closing. The roads from the neighboring villages were lined with vehicles, whose inmates wended their way to the great annual event of this region—the College Commencement at Mercersburg. “Col. Murphy’s” cosy hotel was crowded with strangers from near and from afar. “Brooks,” his tall, faithful negro hostler, haw-hawed with broadest grin, as friend after friend handed his horse and carriage over to him. Everybody that came to the Commencement, in a private conveyance, learned to know “Brooks.” Although his patrons saw him but once a year, he, being a sort of door-keeper, not only to Col. Murphy’s stable, but on Commencement day to Mercersburg, everybody made him show his snow-white teeth, with the hearty salutation of “how are you, Brooks.” Commencement was Brooks’ harvest season, and well he knew, and well deserved it.

Among the strangers crowding around the hotel, on this Commencement day, was a middle-aged gentleman, tidily dressed, and dignified in his bearing. Dressed fully up to the latest style, everything faultlessly arranged, wearing a high, narrow-rimmed, white hat, a style which had not found its way into our mountain village before—his appearance soon attracted the attention of the students. It was Dr. E. Heiner, a member of the College Board of Trustees. Although I often met him after that, yet his name and character always call up his person, as he appeared to us students on that Commencement day of Marshall College.

Elias Heiner was born of pious parents, on September 16th, 1810, near Taneytown, in Frederick, now Carroll county, Maryland. His parents were John and Mary E. Heiner. The father was for many years an active Elder in the Reformed church of Taneytown. His house was a minister's home. Here and among the neighbors, a weekly prayer meeting was held for many years, which Elder John Heiner usually led. Elias says: My father had a peculiar gift in prayer. Morning and evening family worship was held, which the servants and farm laborers usually attended. From his early childhood, they tried to train him up in the nurture and fear of the Lord. When a boy, he was taught the Heidelberg Catechism, carefully committing the questions and answers, and proof texts. In September, 1821, he attended religious services, where the Rev. D. Zollikoffer preached. His tender, youthful heart, was greatly wrought upon by the truth. Although he had from a child been taught to pray, he now felt the need of a Saviour so keenly, that he prayed most fervently for pardon and deliverance from sin.

When a boy he already commenced to keep a diary. At this time he made the following record of his spiritual change:

"I saw my Saviour wash away my sins, and I indulged a hope of being accepted of God, through Him. That was a day of great rejoicing to many Christian friends, especially to my parents, who had often prayed and labored for my conversion, and hoped that their first-born might be a minister of the Gospel." Later he writes: "For years my peace flowed like a river, and I scarcely knew what it was to be tempted, or to endure the hidings of my Saviour's countenance."

In early youth *he* used to retire with his younger brothers, to a secret *place* in his father's barn, to engage in prayer with them. A touching scene it was, when this group of little boys knelt down in that secret place, where no eye but that of God saw them, and were led in prayer by Elias.

At twelve years of age he was occasionally called upon, to lead in family prayer, and also in the prayer meeting. At that time he was confirmed as a member of the Church, by the Rev. Mr. Graves. At fifteen years of age, he walked with his father into the fields, on a certain day. Speaking to his boy about many things, as a pious parent would, the father finally told him, that he might continue going to school as long as he pleased, and that, if he chose, he might become a minister of the Gospel. At this good news, the youth's heart leaped for joy. For, from his earliest years he had longed to become a herald of the Cross.

After studying for a while in such schools as the neighborhood afforded, in the fall of 1826 he commenced the study of languages, and the higher branches of an English education, at the Franklin Academy of Reisterstown, Md.

In 1829 he made a journey to the West, for the benefit of his health. What his body gained his soul lost. His relish for prayer was partly lost, and his mind carried towards some worldly calling. At Emmitsburg, he heard the late Rev. J. H. Smaltz, then of Frederick, Md., preach. His heart was impressed and his faith rekindled.

Well do I remember Pastor Smaltz, then in later life. I had just communed for the first time. He assisted the Rev. G. W. Glessner, pastor of the First church of Lancaster, Pa. He warmly grasped my trembling hand and gave me a hearty "God bless you." I have a request to make of you, he said. "Will you obey?" Without knowing what it was I said I would.

"When you go home, enter your closet and pray God to make you His faithful child forever." Aside of an old chest, in a retired room I fervently prayed, and somehow I still think that God heard my prayer. A word in season may prove an eternal blessing.

In the fall of 1830, he accompanied the Rev. D. Bossler, then Reformed pastor at Emmitsburg, to York, Pa., with the view of beginning his studies in the institutions of the Reformed Church, then located there. Dr. L. Mayer was then the leading Professor here, to whom he became greatly attached. Indeed the relations of ardent mutual friendship between teacher and pupil, continued to the end of Dr. Mayer's life. And when the teacher closed his eyes in death, the grateful pupil paid him the last tribute of affection by preaching the funeral discourse at his burial.

In 1833, Dr. Heiner graduated in the Theological Seminary. At a meeting of the Synod, held in the fall of the same year, in Easton, Pa., he was licensed to preach the Gospel. A few weeks later, he was ordained at Emmitsburg, Md., and installed as pastor of the Emmitsburg charge. The committee that ordained him, consisted of Dr. D. Zacharias, Rev. J. Geiger, and Rev. J. Rebaugh. Here he served six congregations for a little over two years, during which time he preached, and lectured on the Catechism over five hundred times.

In November, 1835, he accepted a call from the Second street Reformed Church, in Baltimore, Md. He continued the active, faithful pastor of this congregation to the end of his life; for a period of twenty-eight years.

As one of his parishioners writes: "Although he could not be called an eloquent speaker, yet he attracted his hearers by the simplicity of his arguments, and the judicious selection of his subjects." He was exceedingly kind-hearted, always ready to relieve and encourage others. He possessed fine executive abilities, and his pastoral qualities were of the highest order. He trained his

people in Church activity and Christian beneficence. With an unselfish zeal, he founded branch Sunday-schools in Baltimore, which afterwards grew into flourishing congregations. He knew how to keep his people at work ; knew how to work himself, and loved his work. During the first twenty-five years of his pastorate in this church, he preached, lectured on the Bible and Catechism, and delivered addresses about four thousand times. During this period the holy Communion was administered to his congregation, one hundred times. Only from one of these was he absent, and then on account of sickness.

For many years he was president of the Foreign Missionary Board of the Reformed Church, besides serving on many other Church Boards. He was a prominent and active member of his Synod. Although feeling constrained to differ from some of his ministerial brethren on theological subjects, he did not forget the Christian gentleman in the controversialist. In the eyes of some, his prim and precise exterior gave him an air of lofty reserve. But this was only a seeming defect. Once brought into personal fellowship with him, a person soon felt the beating of his warm kindly heart.

He published a number of sermons, and began the editing of "Mayer's History of the German Reformed Church," written by his revered teacher, Dr. L. Mayer. The work was to have been published in two volumes. Only the first of these, however, was given to the public. He wrote frequently for the church papers, and was a warm friend of the "Guardian" from the beginning of its publication. The volumes of 1852 and 1853, were edited and published jointly by H. Harbaugh, Elias Heiner and S. H. Ried. During this time he wrote much and well for its pages. The selection of his subjects, his style and manner of treatment, were well adapted for the readers of this Magazine.

The late Dr. B. C. Wolff, says of him : "He was quick in his impulses, of a generous, noble nature. No one was more willing to be reconciled to an enemy, and when he forgave an injury, he at once forgot it. He and I were associated as pastors in this city, for nine years—during a period of exciting controversy upon church questions—and frequently differed materially ; and yet an unpleasant word never passed between us. We always met as brothers ; assisted each other, and heartily co-operated in the general concerns of the Church. Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Dr. Heiner achieved a career of usefulness under great disadvantages. His earlier education was incomplete. Like many other useful men, he had not enjoyed the advantages of a complete College course. Yet through industry and conscientious

devotion to his duties, he became one of the most influential and successful pastors of Baltimore. During the later years of his life, he was greatly afflicted. Although a growing disease often unfitted him for his duties, his grateful congregation would not permit him to resign his position. For several years they employed the Rev. E. R. Eschbach, as his assistant, who afterwards became his successor. A beautiful tribute of affection and fidelity to their pastor, did the old Second street Reformed Church accord him. He had to live in their comfortable parsonage, and accept of their liberal support, till his death. All honor to a people who thus cling to, and support a faithful shepherd.

Of their attachment to their church, and to their pastor, he speaks with grateful emotion. He says, in the first twenty-five years of his ministry among them, he did not suppose that a dozen had applied for dismissal to other churches.

“And though many of our people in the city, reside at a distance of one or two miles from the church, and others reside six, and some even twenty miles out of the city, in the country, yet they still hold their membership here, and worship and commune with us as often as they well can. I like this spirit much, and hope that the members will continue to cherish it. After a while, by the sale of this valuable property, most of them, at least, will be furnished, I trust, with the ordinances of religion nearer to their homes. What is greatly needed is two suitable church edifices, with suitable parsonages, located in those parts of the city, where our members most generally reside. A Church like the Reformed, whose fathers rank high in the history of the Reformation, whose glorious symbols of faith, labors, sufferings and achievements in science and Christian knowledge, as well as in the cause of civil and religious liberty, both in the old world and the new, deserve our strongest attachment, and should be held by us in everlasting remembrance.”

Since then his wise and well-matured plan has been executed. The old Second Street Church property has been sold, the proceeds equally divided, with which two beautiful churches, together with their parsonages have been built.

Besides the founding of these two churches, in 1845 his congregation sent out about sixty persons to form the Paca Street Church, and at once gave them \$6,000 to erect a house of worship. Although an English pastor, he labored hard and successfully to establish our flourishing German churches in Baltimore.

He had a keen sense of his unworthiness, and often grieved over his short-comings. On his fortieth birth-day he expresses himself as dissatisfied with his religious experience. He set apart this day for deep humiliation before God, on account of his many sins and for earnest prayer for His pardoning mercy and restoring grace. At the close of the day he ventures to hope that God will hear his cry and be gracious to him. On that solemn evening he

renews his covenant vows and consecrates himself afresh to the service of God. In his last letter to Dr. Wolff, he writes: "My health is failing me very fast; am much debilitated. As soon as my good appetite fails me, I shall sink rapidly. But the Lord's will be done. I hope to be saved through His abounding mercy in Jesus Christ, my precious Saviour."

He calmly and hopefully saw the sun of his life fast sinking towards its setting. In the bosom of his genial family he was tenderly cared for; yet loving hearts around him bled in view of his approaching departure. On his last birth-day, September 16, 1863, a little more than a month before his death, he made the following record in his diary:

"This is my birth-day. I have just completed the 53d year of my age, and oh! how wonderful the mercy and goodness of God towards me through these many years. Thanks, many sincere and hearty thanks, to His blessed name. For the last four or five years my health has been declining, and now death cannot be far off. All hope of recovery is past, and I am lingering on the confines of this state. My mind is peaceful and calm. I trust I know in whom I have believed. It will require great grace to save me, I know, but my Father's grace and mercy in Christ Jesus will be sufficient. The grace of God in Christ is the foundation of my hope. I believe what my heavenly Father has given me assurance of in His holy Word. Farewell, dear family, congregation, friends! I trust throughout eternity, I shall gratefully remember the kindness of my congregation, during the long years of my affliction. Fare-ye-well, all."

Thus wrote the good man, just as he was about stepping down into the Jordan of death. Already he saw the

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between."

With tearful eyes the members of his family and flock read this farewell greeting in his diary after he had entered into rest.

Through his whole official life he took a constant and deep interest in all that transpired in the Reformed Church. The Eastern Synod was about to convene in annual meeting at Carlisle, Pa. He had been ordained by it, and labored as one of its most influential members for over thirty years. At but few of its annual meetings had he been absent. This time he could not attend its sessions; nor would he ever thereafter. His heart yearned after his brethren. In spirit he was with them, but not in body.

One of the last, perhaps the last, production of his pen was his report as President of the Foreign Missionary Board to the Synod of the Reformed Church. He fell asleep before it was read before Synod. When his assistant, Rev. E. R. Eschbach, was about leaving for the meeting of Synod, he charged him with his last

greeting to the Synod, saying with a tremulous voice: "*Bid for me my brethren in Christ farewell, and say I am gone to my reward.*"

Soon after the Synod had been organized on the morning of October 21, 1863, before his message of affection could be presented, Dr. H. Harbaugh arose and announced that a telegram had just been received, announcing to Synod that Dr. E. Heiner had entered unto rest on the previous evening. He spoke of the fine Christian qualities of the deceased, of his warm-hearted friendship, his untiring zeal and labor in the cause of Christ, his active participation in the meetings of this Synod for thirty years past; he referred to his personal pleasant relations to Dr. Heiner, who, even when an opponent in debate and controversy, was always a man of honor and a true Christian gentleman. He alluded to the singular coincidence of his death, occurring on the previous evening, while the Synod was engaged in the solemn worship of God.

Such, in substance, were Dr. Harbaugh's remarks, as nearly as I can remember them. A number of other brethren spoke words of mournful, loving remembrance. A committee was appointed consisting of Dr. H. Harbaugh, Rev. J. H. Derr, and J. Coblentz to prepare a minute on Dr. Heiner's death. The following report of this committee was unanimously adopted by the Synod:

"This Synod has heard with deep and sacred interest the announcement of the death of Rev. Elias Heiner, D. D. This event occurred at the time when the representatives of the Church were about assembling in annual Synod. The vivid recollection of his presence among us in our Synodical sessions one year ago, the circumstance that his burial occurs during the sessions of the present Synod, together with the fact that he honorably and efficiently held, for twenty years, the office of President and Treasurer of Synod's Board of Foreign Missions, and was otherwise an honored and faithful minister of Jesus Christ, has given to the event, in our minds, increased solemnity. While we, therefore, bear grateful testimony to his faithfulness as a minister, his courtesy and kindness as a Christian brother, his warm-hearted love for the Church to whose interests his talents and life have been devoted, we humbly acknowledge that in the removal from us of our esteemed brother and fellow-laborer, we realize that our Lord and Master has laid upon us additional responsibility, and that it is our solemn duty, by increased zeal and devotion, to take up and carry forward the work which he has laid down. Personally, and by this Synodical act, we shall perpetuate his memory, while we thank God that though death break the bonds that unite us in the earthly life, in Christ Jesus there are no separations, and rejoice in the continued and blessed 'communion of all the saints in which He giveth us also to have part.' To his bereaved wife and family we extend our affectionate Christian sympathy, commending her for comfort in her deep affliction to God and the Word of His grace. We also hereby instruct the Corresponding Secretary to communicate this action of Synod to the mourning family of our departed brother, and also to the congregation over which he has so long presided."

In connection with the adoption of this action, Rev. E. R. Eschbach announced to Synod, that his senior associate had requested him, on his dying bed, to communicate to this Synod his Christian salutations, and assure it of his continued interest in the prosperity of the Church, passing away to his account as he soon would have to do, and, as he trusted, to the enjoyments of the world above.

Among the members of Dr. Heiner's Second Street Church was a young lady of earnest piety and rare intellectual accomplishments. For years a mysterious Providence had confined her to her sick-chamber. The experienced judgment of the pastor soon discovered her moral and mental worth. Though sick, her heart longed to do something for her Saviour and her fellow-beings. He encouraged her to use her talent in writing for the press. Thus it happened that Vara Montrose, the name she assumed as a writer, became the author of many articles in religious papers, which were pleasant and useful to read. The most of them appeared in the "*Reformed Church Messenger*." Many of them were copied into other papers, and read by a large number of people. Few of her readers knew that they were written by an invalid, to whom the writing of them was a pleasant pastime, and a grateful means of speaking words of faith and hope to many hearts. Thus the long, leaden hours of sorrow seemed shorter and less burdensome from talking to and thinking of others. Little did the poor girl think, that her pastor would go to heaven before she. But a few years later, she followed after. And now both are together among the pure and blissful throng of the redeemed. In touching language she poured out her heart's keen grief, soon after her pastor's death, in the columns of the "*Messenger*," in the following:

IN MEMORIAM.

"He giveth his beloved rest." Softly breathe that little sentence which speaks of comfort to the stricken heart. For how much need have we of comfort, when mourning for him, who has gone out from our midst forever. Gone hence forever from the people of his tender care, and tears of bitterness well up from the fountain of grief for all that is lost in him. But he is at rest, sweet blessed rest! Free from all suffering, care, or grief, and we would fain calm the throbbing of anguished sorrow before these blessed words: "He giveth his beloved rest."

I cannot think of him as passed away from earth, even as the autumn leaf has fallen beneath the chilly blast. To me he seems still to be here, passing in and out among us, with his cheerful smile and his pleasant voice. But alas! it is not so. That voice is hushed in the silence of death, that smile has brightened an angel form.

What has he not been to me, my beloved pastor? His hands sprinkled the baptismal water upon my infant head, and from that hour he has been to me a father and a friend. He has ever been my guide and counsellor, speaking words of encouragement when I grew weary of the toil of life,

and giving me a new and brighter stimulus to labor. He was ever ready to sympathize in my pains and pleasures: how I loved to watch his bright eyes kindle, and the smile of enjoyment lighting up his countenance. Through the two weary years, in which I have scarcely ever left my sick-room, how often he came to help brighten its solitude, and to teach my heart cheerfully to bear, even as he has taught his own, "to suffer and be strong." For the few past months I have missed him so sadly, and even though I knew he was not able to come to me, I could not help watching for him as of yore. But now he will *never* come. All watching and waiting is vain. They have robed his form for the silent tomb, and laid him down to his peaceful rest, where the autumn winds sigh softly round him, and the angels guard his last sound sleep. I have only the memory of his loving-kindness. He is resting from his suffering now; for "God giveth his beloved rest."

For nearly twenty-eight years the sound of the Second Street bells was to him a gospel call, where, from the sacred desk he strove to lead his people, and where he trod in the narrow path that led to heaven's gates. He never grew weary of the work before him; but with uplifted hands and heart he labored on, wearing out his life for the sheep of his pasture; zealously working in his Maker's cause, and winning many precious souls for his hire.

How many stars there are in the crown of his rejoicing! How many thronged to meet him on the other side of death's river! whose feet he had guided to that shore; whose pathway over the river he had made sure and smooth! Oh, what a blissful meeting that was between the pastor and the flock, who had been gathered home to heaven before him! The church-bells rang as usual on Sabbath morn, but he did not hear them. The people met to worship, and he had passed from their midst. Well might they drape his sanctuary in mourning, and shroud their hearts in gloom; for he has worn out a life-time for them, and passed from his people crowned with the laurels of victory, and equipped with the full armor of a soldier of the Cross.

He was the friend of everybody, rich and poor, and his creed was truly not to let his left hand know of the good deeds which his right hand performed. The poor and needy will miss him for many a long day, and their prayers and blessings followed him over the dark river. How his step and voice will be missed in the Sabbath-school, no one can tell but the little child who vainly longs for his coming. I have seen every little face brighten at the sound of his approach. Even the touch of his hand would gratify the little applicants for his favor. Missed! Oh, I cannot find language of sufficient power and pathos to tell how he will be missed in the sanctuary, the Sabbath-school, and the usual round of his ministerial duties. His labors here are ended. He has finished the work given him to do, and as a faithful servant, he was found with his lamp trimmed and burning. The "rest that remaineth" is his; for "God giveth his beloved sleep."

WEIGHTS ON SOCIETY.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honor of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself.

EVENING.

By REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART, WHITE MARSH, PA.

I.

How soft the shades of evening steal
Across the sleeping lake ;
How soft the mountains to themselves
A deeper shadow take ;
And silently upon the plain,
The slender village spire,
More faintly seen, fades from the sight,
Though tipt with flaming fire ;
And yon tall poplars, on the verge,
Now dim appear to me,
Beyond whose boughs I have discerned
The white sails on the sea.

II.

And yet, although the world appears
So indistinct to view,
A dearer beauty all things speak,
Than daylight ever knew ;
More dark and dark the mountains grow,
More faintly shows the green,
And still upon the sleeping wave
A deeper blue is seen,
But with a tranquil motion all
Sink to sweet unity,
As many chords of music blend
In perfect harmony.

III.

A perfect stillness holds the air,
And reigns o'er hill and dale ;
A perfect peace and holiness
O'er all things doth prevail,
That with mysterious influence,
An answer from the heart,
Draws from each one, as it to all
Its spirit doth impart ;
And deeper and more holy yet
That spirit each must feel,
As over mountain, lake and plain
The deeper shadows steal.

IV.

Oh ! bright is childhood's happy day—
Bright as the early dawn,
When, from his Eastern gate, the sun
Throws gems upon the lawn ;
And glorious a young man's strength,
Mature in manhood's years,
When in himself before the world
Sufficient he appears ;
And dear to me and reverend
An old man's silvery head,
That, with bowed form, so sadly tells
How manhood's strength has fled ;

V.

But sweeter still, and dearer far,
Is it when there descends,
Upon the heart of youth or age,
The shade which sorrow lends ;
And each bold line of life and strength,
Subdued to calmer tone,
Partakes of that mild beauty, which
Pure evening calls her own ;—
When each bold line of life and strength,
Though it be overlaid
With shadows dark, yet ever takes
A beauty from the shade.

VI.

Oh ! loud and clear the trumpet's note
Resounding far and wide,
But sweeter yet, when soft it steals
Across the swelling tide ;
And bright in heaven, and glorious
Rolls on the mid-day sun,
But brighter still he shines, just ere
His royal course is run ;
And beautiful the fair haired child,
Whose happy voice you hear,
But sweeter shines the light of love,
That beams through sorrow's tear.

VII.

Then, let the shadows softly fall
On mountain, lake and plain ;
And though the beauty that appears
Is not unmixed with pain,
Yet this I know, howe'er it be,
That if they do not fall,
The beauty which I love so well
Will ne'er appear at all ;
And when the light from earth and sky
Is all and all withdrawn,
I know the darkness soon must break
Into a perfect dawn.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Many people laugh at the idea of the world's end. They take it for granted, that such a doom is written in the Bible only—nowhere else. I purpose to consider the fearful theme with the Bible *closed*.

The end of the world is quite *possible*. Naturalists tell us the earth is like an egg, in shape and structure. They speak familiarly of its outside shell or crust, and of its internal heat. The volcanoes are safety-valves to let off the extra fire-mass. The craters save the creatures.

Now, suppose those outlets to be closed, might not an explosion follow them, as readily as on a railroad or on the trackless ocean, when the steamer chokes? If geologists are not grossly wrong, the earth's crust is no thicker than an egg's shell, relatively. Multiply the forces and we can easily imagine the "crack of doom."

Naturalists tell us of the earth's fearful velocity. To turn on its axis once a day, and to run its full round in a single year, requires fast travelling. It beats any engine man has ever set going, or ever will. But imagine even an engine to come to a sudden halt. Fragments—ruins—annihilation! For a much better reason we may believe such a jar to cause a universal dissolution, were the earth to be brought to a sudden stand-still. Where lies the flaw in our logic? The Power that speeds it on, can surely bid it—Hold! And that conceded, then the jolt which this framework would sustain, would be amply sufficient to produce "a wreck of matter and a crush of worlds." To be sure, Nature is well and strongly built; but like every other mechanism, [its strength is conditioned by the laws which govern it, and the orbit assigned for it. Let these be interfered with, and a crash follows. The irresistible and the immovable in conflict, dissolution must result.

Astronomers bring their arguments likewise. The sun is the center of the solar system, as the fire-hearth is to the family circle in December. Subtile lines, more delicate than sunbeams, hold our earth off and to the sun. Thus far from, and thus near to, we fly. Now, let one single subtile chord break, and, in case the break occur towards the sun, one flake-white curl of vapor will be the "re-

mains." Fling a drop of water on the cook-stove if you wish to see the catastrophe in miniature. Giovanni Castro, a nebulous philosopher of Italy, coolly tells us of a stray comet that will strike us on the 11th day of January, 1877, suffocating us first and then burning us. If, then, naturalists, geologists and astronomers teach us anything like correct principles, my conclusion is logical.

The end of the world is quite *probable*. Chased from behind the bulwark of the impossible, the skeptic takes refuge beneath the rampart of the improbable. "Why destroy this world? It is a reflection on the All-wise Creator!" Let us see. God created the heavens and the earth for some great end. History is an approximation, step by step, towards this end. Let such a progress continue for years, for centuries, and for ages. At last we reach the mark. Now of what further use is this world, after the goal is attained. Is the same course to be gone over a second time? a third time? millions of times? That would be rendering time a monotonous eternity, which is an absurdity.

No! When the house is finished down comes the scaffold-work, no matter how securely it had been planted. When John the Baptist had done his work, his head was severed from his body, and in a summary way. God takes men up higher, as soon as their mission is over below, however much we may lament over their untimely end, as we are wont to say. The whole universe of dead matter is not worth so much as one man, created, redeemed and sanctified. Why then should the earth escape a like fate after its time is out, and its purpose accomplished? To say that God *cannot* supplant this world by a better and more glorious one, is to limit Omnipotence, Omniscience, and every other attribute of God. To say that He *will not*, is to truncate the whole existing order of being, and to forever forestall every higher economy. Men pass out of the lower sphere into the higher, by regeneration. Cities go under ground, and new ones rise over their house-tops. Races become extinct and vacate the room for succeeding ones. One layer of civilization is covered up and over by another, and still another one. The world is never stationary, but ever in a transition state. And so will it, at last, make way for a new heaven and a new earth. That final metamorphosis will be but the same familiar one, occurring every day; only in this will it differ:—all will occur on a universal scale. History is the precursor and the consummation of Revelation, at the same time, when we consider the probability of the world's end, just as the domain of science furnishes us with arguments, when we look merely at the bare possibility of the thing.

The end of the world is *inevitable*. This proposition clinches the argument. Let us examine it from all sides. Matter and

spirit are in conflict on this world's theatre. No one will question the assertion. The question, then, falls home, Will this conflict never cease? If not, then an eternal dualism is to be forever considered as the ripest fruit of cosmogony. Monstrous thought! The Pagans could never bring themselves to believe that—defective as their notions of the gods have been and still are. Philosophers speak of the world's *Teleology*, little as they bother themselves about its *Theology*. The individual conscience confesses, that warfare implies a victory at some period, let it be never so long drawn. Lincoln told the people, "men cannot always fight." And is this present world-theatre, then, never to be anything more than an everlasting Aceldama?

Man lays his flesh aside and enrobes his spirit in a finer drapery, as the worm forsakes the clods and dresses itself for a bath in the sunshine and a poising on flowers. Just so the whole creation groaneth and travaileth after a deliverance. Will not the birth-pangs cease when the new world is born? As long as the present economy stands, no one seriously hopes for such a victory. It is a very pleasant theme to sing over, and to practice on; but no one in his conscience holds that the "Golden Age" will dawn on mud and dirt. A butterfly requires a different element to move and live in, from that in which it crawled a caterpillar. So, too, the sublimated, glorified race of man requires a new economy, that is, a new theatre, a new atmosphere, and a new order of existence, if humanity is ever to be clothed upon with immortality, incorruptibility and spirituality. Man must not only be rendered fit for the kingdom, but the kingdom must be rendered no less fit for him.

And how about the *moral* bearings of the question? If we feel inclined to maintain a never-ceasing earth-economy, certain problems must go unsolved. How long will Cain kill Abel, if the warfare will not cease? How can any limit be set under the circumstances that now are? Of what avail is the crying of the latter's blood from the ground, if no account is to be rendered by the hand that spilled it? The whole world knows of the murders. Shall not then the whole world likewise know of the avenging? Shall right never become might in the eyes of all? Will not the Prophets, Apostles and Martyrs slain, have their verdict of acquittal and reward granted in the hearing of all? Will not the guilty be branded by such marks as shall render them known to all? Will not all things, done never so secretly, be proclaimed on and from the house-tops? How is it that men think intuitively of a first of April day—a day of manifestation and of close reckoning? Whence the universal tradition of a Judgment Day? Unless the race has been hugging a lying phantom, such a consummation is in waiting.

But, in order that such a manifestation-day may be rendered possible and practicable, men and their surroundings must be differently garbed. A change of "the Lord's doing, and marvelous in our eyes," must come over earth and them that dwell therein. Nothing opaque dare exist. All things will be, as it were, *transparent*. In order that sin and wrong may all be cast out, and righteousness reign, both factors must first be known and recognized by a world looking on and approving. Hence the necessity for such a looked-for metamorphosis.

Thus, with a closed Bible the final catastrophe and consummation of all things still stands. Burn all your Bibles up, and all your churches down; *that* will not set the consuming fire a day farther off, and still less will it prove an extinguisher—it may even bring it nearer!

The better way, however, is to open your Bible, and study devoutly the confirmations which it brings to the service of Science and History.

We verily approach the Day,
Of God's Great Son, appearing
In His Omnipotent array,
To judge the bold and fearing.
Then will the scoffer's jeers expire,
When all things shall dissolve in fire—
As Peter's record tells us.

"MOTHER IS DEAD."

BY JOHN.

Mother is dead! So read the telegraphic despatch. Only three words. But Oh! how full of meaning. How the little sentence made my heart beat strong and quick. My mother *dead*. I had heard and known of many mothers' deaths. I was present at many a mother's funeral. I often saw sons and daughters, in deep distress, bending mournfully and weeping bitterly at a mother's grave. I myself often wept with those that wept, at many a mother's burial. I thought I had learned to understand, altogether, the sorrow that hangs upon the heart of the child, as with slow and trembling step, he follows a dear mother to the grave. But I confess, that, not till now did I fully comprehend the length and breadth of the penetrating meaning contained in the short sentence—*Mother is dead*.

Mother is dead! My own mother. The one who gave me birth. The one whose heart o'erflowed with rapture when I, a new-born babe, lay beside her. The one who nourished me from her own breast and fed me with her own hand. She lifted me up and laid me down. She hung over me with anxious heart and wakeful eyes in hours of sickness. She fondled me in her lap and pressed me, lovingly, to her warm heart. She watched over me, in all my infantile days, with careful and prayerful solicitude. And in after years, through boyhood days, and later still, when life's duties separated me from her, her love knew no abatement; her concern and anxiety for me remained unchanged.

Mother is dead! Strange! Can it be! I have had my last conversation with her. I can now no more sit by her side, happier there than anywhere else, because so near to her. I have looked upon her as a living, moving, acting being here upon earth, for the last time. That hand of hers, that oft so warmly pressed my own, will press it now no more. Those eyes of hers, once so eloquent with maternal affection, are now dark and dim. The light is all gone. The lids are closed. That voice I loved so well to hear, is now hushed. It was a voice more familiar to me than any other. In childhood and boyhood I heard it more than any other voice. In after years I heard it not so often, but when I did hear it, it had a charm for me above every other. It was a voice dear to me—for it was *my mother's voice*. But, methinks, I yet hear her. Yes,

“And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around *thy* grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness
Bless, bless thy child!”

Mother is dead! Ah now I remember especially how good a mother she was. I think of her love. It was

“A noble, pure, and tender flame
Enkindled from above.”

I think of her sympathy—her attachment—her fidelity. I recall her little and big acts of kindness. And it strikes me now,

that, with all her mortal frailties and short-comings, she was, notwithstanding, one of the best of mothers. How cautiously she would advise and counsel. How she would gently warn and rebuke, at times. How continually concerned and anxious she was for her children's good. How she would rejoice at our coming and weep at our going. How she would slip into our hand little tokens of love. How tenderly she would express her fears, lest some harm should befall us or some sickness overtake us. How she would think, and dream, and talk about us, and pray for us, during our absence. All this, and much more, is vividly remembered to-day. And I am made to think—

"There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart!"

Mother is dead! Her place is now vacant. Her old arm-chair is empty. With her form bending slightly under the weight of seventy-six years of age, toil, and care; her countenance radiant with smiles; and her head crowned with snow-white hair, she will not again meet and greet me at the yard-gate of the old homestead. And now I am led to think that perhaps I did not always appreciate, and return her love as readily and fully as I ought to have done. Who can altogether repay a mother for a mother's love? Who of us can do as much, in quantity and quality, by way of return, as a mother has done for us? Alas, no one. There is no love like mother-love. And with all our faithful acts of filial obedience, we can never wholly cancel the debt we owe our mother. And yet how impatient, how inconsiderate, and how ungrateful children sometimes are! They too often forget the hundred-fold amount of love, esteem and gratitude they owe to her. And now in meditating over the past I am made to think, that, perhaps sometimes I may have said something, or done something, to wound her feelings. Perhaps I did not always show her that attention, that devotion, that affection which she had every right to expect of me. Alas, that this should be so! God forbid! She is dead now. I cannot call her back. But I can go to her, and I know that, if perchance some of these imaginings might be true, she has long ago forgiven and forgotten.

Mother is dead! Truthful, but cruel despatch! Dead! Then who can take her place? Who can fill her now vacant position? None. There is none can fill a mother's place, in the same way, as she filled it. Many, many others, old and young, rich and poor, are very dear to me. Here is my dear family, and around me is my precious flock. I love them all strongly and warmly.

I live and labor for their good. But who in church or family can usurp a mother's place? And now though dead, *my* mother shall still retain in my heart her proper place. Oh how much I will miss her!

"I miss thee, my mother! thy image is still
The deepest impress'd on my heart,
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill
Ere a line of that image depart."

Mother is dead! She has only gone before. Not dead but alive forevermore. She has left the land of the dying to dwell henceforth and forever, in the land of the living. She suffered much. She endured much. But we know that "the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Glorious promise! Sweet comfort! Jesus is the resurrection and the life. And while she has gone, we know she has gone at her Master's call. Come, Holy Spirit; help me to say—Thy will, Father, not mine, be done.

Mother is dead! Dead, but not forgotten. She is gone, but never from my heart shall time her image blot.

"And while my soul retains the power
To think upon each faded year,
In every bright or shadow'd hour,
My heart shall hold my mother dear.
The hills may tower—the waves may rise
And roll between thy grave and me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee."

Surely my heart would be cold, unfeeling, stoical, unchristian, if I could forget her. With feelings somewhat akin to those of pilgrims seeking the holy sepulchre, so will I at times seek the grave of my mother. In encountering the stern difficulties of life, and in my feeble efforts, to fulfill my duty among the living, I will sometimes think of her. And while she has gone to eternity, I will endeavor to live nearer Jesus our Saviour, so that I myself also may daily become more ready to depart. May her death teach me anew the shortness and uncertainty of life! May it impress me forcibly and effectually with the mutability and transitoriness of all things below! And may it, therefore, make me more anxious, and zealous to labor and to live for the glory of God and the salvation of men!

"*Forget not thy mother!* she cherished thy youth,
And loved thee with tenderness, fervor and truth;
She led thy weak footsteps with caution and care,
And taught thee to lisp forth thy first morning prayer.

*Forget not thy mother ! sad vigils she kept,
And knelt by thy bedside to pray whilst thou slept ;
When sickness and pain set their stamp on thy brow,
And robb'd thy young face of its bright healthful glow.*

*Forget not thy mother ! when far. far away,
She thought of thee often, by night and by day ;
How her heart clung to thee thro' the lapse of long years,
When hope sweetly beamed through her bitterest tears.*

*Forget not thy mother ! thy love should e'er be,
Like ocean's broad billows unshackled and free ;
In life's busy moments, or death's darker hour,
Let thoughts of that mother all others o'erpower.*

*Be kind to thy mother ! let gentle words fall,
Ingratitude sends forth its wormwood and gall ;
But love blent with duty, rich blessings impart,
And gilds each recess of the desolate heart."*

ABOUT GIRLS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

(*Concluded.*)

'Tis in the midnight revel in which the *circle* of the "stylish Girl" is wont to display its chief attractions. For it, the drama has been changed to suit the growing need of the times. From occupying a refining, educational position, it has become one of the deadliest foes of society. It presents vice so attractively, delicately draped in the garb of virtue as to wholly deceive the "*unthinking* Girl," and altogether repel the "*fastidious* Girl," who could not be induced to sully the mind with which God has gifted her by bringing it in contact with like deceptive glare.

But if the night is spent in unrest, how does the "*shoddy* Girl" pass the day? We are told the revelries of the night haunt the day. She seeketh sound, peaceful rest, but findeth none. She tries the varied hues of the toilet, but relief comes not. The Frenchy, *yellow* back novel fails to give her the distraction she so much desires. The *ennui*, that bane of an idle life, still heavily oppresses her. Her only hope for the ensuing night is a repetition of the preceding. Such as seek the covert of the shades of night. That, *anything* is preferable to the disquietude consuming her.

Just here she opens the way for the little foxes "to steal the tender grapes." While the soul thus idly dreams, the earlier impressions, made, perhaps by a sainted mother, Sabbath-school teacher,

or some silent influence from the sacred desk, are wholly obliterated. To add, if possible, to the woes of this "*wretched* Girl," she may have a mother who almost sinks under the burden of her household cares. She toils, yea groans in spirit, as she feels her waning strength give way, lest this frivolous daughter may be obliged to cease *dreaming* and commence doing. We have heard the daughter lament the results of the laundry, when the laundry maid was the careworn mother! Precious martyr to an ignoble cause! Surely the hard, sinewy hand will speak to that obdurate heart, when it peacefully lies on the *mother* breast—her work on earth all done? Have you never seen the counterpart of the above "*ungrateful* Girl?"

But we will turn to our "*excellent* Girl" in order to revive our faith. She considers nothing beneath her notice or kind consideration, provided it conduce to the comfort or happiness of others. To that end, she cheerfully shares the multitudinous routine of family duties. In blessing others, she finds the best earthly panacea for the ills of life, be they real or imaginary. She goes out of herself, as it were, and enters into the experiences of those around her. Her leisure she devotes to the improvement of her mental and moral capacities, to the end that she may make her home attractive to all its inmates. Here we are just reminded of a gay, giddy, "*trifling* Girl," who remarked within our hearing at a depot, "Oh, how I wish I too were going on the train. It is *awful* lonely at home." Poor "*deluded* Girl," thought we. You have not the faintest conception of the true meaning of that precious word—*Home*. Her dwelling is superior to any of the town in which she dwells. Externally, no expense has been spared to make it attractive, and the same may be said of its internal arrangements, as far as outward adornment can go. Apparently, she has not a wish ungratified, if in the power of wealth to grant it. Yet the society of her widowed mother and only brother was not sufficient to dispel the feeling of "*awful*" loneliness. And why? Simply because *self* has been to her an object of worship. Having lavished on this, her idol, all the affections and comforts of her beautiful home, she finds the tyrant demanding something more.

Soon this "*fashionable* Girl" expects to be the centre of a new home circle. We very much fear the same "*awful*" result of selfish sway. How true—the mind is a mill. Give it something to work upon and it will grind it. Leave it empty, and cannot, still grind on, until it consumes itself. An idle, useless life it will fail to be one of great unrest.

The "*excellent* Girl" puts her soul into everything she designs to execute. If she train but a flower, it speaks to her in words like this, "Look at me; God made me." If she strike a note of praise;

she feels that much better fitted to tune her harp in Heaven. She regards this life as her training school; and every step of progress in her mental or moral acquirements, only prepares her that much more for the reception of her "white robe and palm, from her Saviour's hand, in heaven. Of all her possessions, that alone will she take with her to her "many-mansioned house" on high. She believes

"There is predominance in Heaven, and grades
Of lower and superior sanctities;
All are not equal there; for brotherhood
And freedom both abhor equality,
The very badge of serfdom; only there
It is true nobility of worth,
The aristocracy of gentleness,
The power of goodness and of doing good."

Impressed with the great value of time, she has no heart for gadding from house to house, with its attending, miserable scandal, gossip and littleness. Nor has she time to be fashionable. It has been truly said, "There never has been a great man or woman, who had a fashionable mother." Good women and "*excellent* Girls" put too high an estimate on this precious boon to squander it in "style." She is clad with neatness and taste—a proper index of her inner, higher life. Gaudy attire, betokens the coarser nature of the "*stylish* Girl." A traveller has told us, that the nobility of Great Britain cannot be distinguished from the masses, save by the universal plainness of their attire. Is that true? Nobility known only by its want of "style," just as humility is always the badge of a nobler soul.

Only a few days since our attention was called to the fact, that the wife of the English Minister now at Washington, a woman of wealth and refinement, had the moral courage to appear at the Presidential reception, attired in a plain, becoming, wool dress; an example unprecedented in the history of the White House, we presume. England may be proud of such a woman, and "*American* Girls" will do well to notice and imitate her *heroism*; for such it really was.

But to return to the "*excellent* Girl." Decency in all her words; in her answers, mildness, coupled with maidenly dignity. This is but an additional test of her truly refined nature. Calmness, with a subdued manner, always characterizes the well bred. The loud, boisterous laugh, such as we hear in the cars, depots, concert rooms and public places generally, are peculiar to the "Girl of the Period," who makes no pretension to the cultivation of the inner life. With her everything will yield to the one idea, "Will it pay?" Will it enhance my political rights? Will it weigh in the scales

of my selfish plans? Will it increase my chances to a "good settlement?"

From habits of reflection the "*thoughtful* Girl" has learned, that none of these things, pertaining to a frivolous life, will satisfy the yearnings of an earnest soul. This was exemplified in the case of the renowned "Catalina," who, on one occasion, when sad, dispirited and sick at heart, was induced to consult a skillful physician of France, on the supposition that the mental disquietude was occasioned by physical ills. After a brief examination the doctor said, "Cast all medicine aside; stop mental labor, and give yourself up to relaxation, with change of scene." Then cheerfully added, "Go to hear the celebrated Catalina; it is just such diversion as you require." "Alas, *alas!* doctor," replied the desponding patient, "I am Catalina." If such relief fail in the case of the gifted, truly there is no efficacy in them to heal the wounded spirit of those, whose susceptibilities are less acute. The soul came from God and will not be satisfied until it find its rest in God.

Before the "*excellent* Girl" walketh discretion; virtue attendeth at her right hand. The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent. Certainly the youth of the opposite sex place a high estimate on her. They feel her influence drawing towards a higher, better life. Tell us the character of the young men of any congregation or community and we can describe their female associates.

We believe, with Hannah More, that young women do stamp their social circle with their impress. It is only the shallow, uncultivated circle of female society, into which the clownish jester is admitted as the only type of a young man to insult the "girls." No, no—this doctrine does not prevail throughout the "sisterhood." The young man who seeks to excel in flippant nonsense to suit the "*excellent* girl," excites in her only pity or disgust. When scandal, that scourge of her sex is busy, if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lips. Her heart is the mansion of goodness, therefore she suspecteth no evil in others. What a eulogy! To sum up the whole matter, she undertakes nothing which does not enlist her soul powers. We remember having heard Dr. Duryea illustrate this idea very beautifully.

During the exhibition of the "World's Fair," in London, some years since, two, plain, timid, young "*peasant* girls," entered the department devoted to the exhibition of musical instruments. It was at an hour when the immense building was almost emptied of its sight-seeing throng. It was probably noon. The "*unpretending* girls" may have chosen this hour, to avoid publicity. As they tremblingly advanced, a piano stood before them, with up-lifted lid. After considerable whisperings and occasional glances

in all directions, one of the maidens was finally induced to seat herself at the instrument. She hesitated to view its exquisite finish. No doubt she sadly compared it with the diminutive piano of the olden time, as it stood in her own rustic home. But presently she ventured to touch a key, that brought forth a chord, and from that she gradually passed into a composition of Beethoven, requiring high musical appreciation and rare execution.

The charm of sweet sounds was upon her—utterly lost to herself, she was borne away by her inspiration—regardless of the teeming crowd which had been attracted around her. When her music was ended, and she became conscious of her situation, she modestly glided away—the wonder, yea, admiration of the vast assembly. She had put her soul behind the execution of her music. What a beautiful result!

Thus the “*excellent girl*” consecrates her *home* life. When she exchanges it for *eternal life*, may she then recognize so much that was typified in her preparatory home, that she may joyfully, enter her “*Father’s house*,” and feel *at home* forever and forever more!

FIRE IN ERFURT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Noted places are made famous by being associated with great men. True, Niagara Falls, and other places of similar grandeur, are grand by reason of what they are in themselves. But such you find only here and there. The workshop of Peter the Great, and the house of Shakspeare, in Stratford on the Avon, have become historical shrines, before which the travelling pilgrim pauses with hat in hand. Such too is the convent cell, in Erfurt, Germany, where Luther lived and fasted when a young man. The most of our readers must surely know how the poor boy, Martin Luther, begged his bread at Mansfeld and Eisenach. He says: “I am a peasant’s son; my father, my grandfather, and my forefathers were all genuine peasants (farm-laborers). Afterwards my father went to Mansfeld and became an ore-digger. My parents were at first right poor. My father was a poor miner, and my mother carried her wood on her shoulders. And after this sort they supported us, their children. They had a sharp bitter experience of it; no one would work so hard now.”

The boy had a stern life of it. Even his schoolmasters treated him roughly. One morning he was flogged fifteen times. Think of that ye prankish boys, who hardly average one flogging a month,

and even get out of humor with that, when you so much need and deserve it. He said : "It is God's way, of beggars to make men of power, just as He made the world of nothing." And so Luther had to beg his bread at Mansfeld and Eisenach and sing hymns from door to door for his food. At length good Ursula Cotta, a kind wealthy lady, took the poor boy to her house, and gave him a home till he entered the University at Erfurt in 1501.

He was then eighteen years of age. His father wished him to study law. Walking into the fields one day, a stroke of lightning killing his comrade at his side, struck Luther to the earth. This aroused him to a sense of his spiritual condition. Two weeks later he entered the cell of the Erfurt Convent. He had by this time become a young man of marked intelligence, and bright prospects. But the troubles of his soul, the burden of his sins drove him into this Augustinian Convent. He must become a monk, and by life-long penance and self-assumed mortification obtain pardon and peace. On entering the convent he changed his name to that of Augustine, as some people still do when they connect with the Roman Catholic Church. Luther afterwards said : "What is more impious than to renounce one's Christian name for the sake of a cowl!"

In the convent he was obliged to submit to the most degrading employments, "to open and shut the gates, to wind the clock, to sweep the church, to clean the room, and other still more servile work; and when, as porter, sexton, and servant, he had finished his work, he was compelled, with his bag on his back, to go through the streets of Erfurt, begging provision from door to door. He endeavored to crucify the flesh by fastings, macerations and watchings. A little bread, a single herring, were often his only food. On one occasion he passed seven weeks almost without sleep."

Here he gave himself to meditation and searching the Scriptures. "My brothers of the convent would say to me when I was studying,—'Come, we are all alike here, put the bag around your neck.' " They said he could be of no service to the community but by begging, and collecting bread, meat, fish, eggs and money.

Overcome with sadness, he one day shut himself up in his cell. For several days and nights he suffered no one to approach him. One of his friends, uneasy about the unhappy monk, took with him some young boys, to dispel his misery by their sweet music. He vainly knocked at the bolted door. Breaking it open, he found his friend, Martin Luther, lying insensible on the floor. In vain were his efforts to arouse him to consciousness. Then the boys began to sing their sweet hymn. Their voices acted like a charm on the monk, who had always been passionately fond of music. He opened his eyes and began to speak. Yet, not music, but faith in the atoning merits of Christ could give him peace.

In this convent cell Luther spent three years of his life. A small, dark, dingy room, I found it, as nearly as possible in its original condition of 1505, with a small door, thick walls, looking like a prison cell. In it were preserved Luther's portrait, his Bible, and his stationery box. The building, on a narrow, quiet street, looked very plain, and of course very ancient. For it is more than six hundred years old, having been built in 1266. For many years it has been used as an Orphan Asylum. The town of Erfurt numbers about thirty thousand inhabitants, of whom seven thousand are Catholics, and about four thousand soldiers are garrisoned here. It is a quiet, dull town, and but for Luther's cell in the convent, would attract few travellers. At the altar in the convent he read his first mass. He says: "Then I was almost dead, for I was without faith." In this cell he first studied the Bible. Luther says: "I was twenty years old before I had ever seen the Bible. I had no notion that there existed any other gospels and epistles than those in the service. At last I came across a Bible in the library at Erfurt, and used often to read it to Dr. Staupitz, with still increasing wonder." The convent had purchased at a large price some Latin Bibles. Luther opened one and his eyes rested with inexpressible ecstasy on the story of Hannah and her son Samuel. ("My God!" he said, "I would seek no other wealth than a copy of this book.") Doubtless the most of the readers of the *GUARDIAN* know all the above facts, but they may not know that this convent-chapel, with Luther's cell, was destroyed by fire, on the 7th of March last. Some one writing from there, says:

"Our Erfurt, the ancient city of Luther, has to-day lost one of its most celebrated historical monuments. At half-past five o'clock this afternoon, the storm-bells rang the alarm. All the people hurried to the place that was burning. On our way thither we learned the sad news. The large hall of the Evangelical Orphans' Home, and Luther's cell are in flames! The fire spread so rapidly that not even the most valuable ancient documents could be saved,

The cell in which Luther fought his violent penance-conflict as an Augustinian monk, regarded as the cradle of the Reformation—which we have been accustomed reverentially to visit as the birth-place of his strong faith,—this pearl has been taken from us. Henceforth the pious pilgrim will only inquire after the venerated memorial to irritate the wounds of the Erfurt Bürgers. The Bible, with Luther's comments on the margin of the leaves, the book in which all the visitors recorded their names, in which Schiller, Göthe, Alexander von Humboldt, Queen Louisa and Frederick William II. had written their names, has been destroyed. The famous painting, the Dance of Death, the Museum of the Orphans' Home, and the Bellerman Museum, with many irreplaceable articles, the costly Bible printed in golden letters, which with much difficulty was kept out of the plundering hands of Napoleon I.—all these have been burned. Truly, the 7th of March, 1872, constitutes a painful memorial in the history of Erfurt."

HORACE, BOOK II, ODE 14.

BY THOMAS S. STEIN.

Alas! friend Postumus, the years glide swiftly by;
Your piety prevents not old age drawing nigh
With its attendant wrinkles. We cannot delay
Unconquerable death, however oft we pray.

No, no, my friend, this messenger you can't delay,
E'en though you sacrifice to Pluto ev'ry day
Three hundred bulls. To Pluto stern, who does restrain
The monsters, Geryon and Tityos by name,

With that dark stream that must be traversed by us all
Who do enjoy the gifts of this terrestrial ball;
No matter whether we be kings with titles sure,
Or spend this mortal life as tenants poor.

In vain, from cruel, bloody war shall we be free,
And from the billows of the stormy, raging sea;
In vain, shall we escape the dry Sirocco's blast:
The gloomy realms of Pluto we're approaching fast.

The dark Cacytos, wand'ring with a sluggish stream,
The cruel daughters of Danaus must be seen;
And Sisyphus, eternally condemned to toil
At rolling up hill stones which constantly recoil.

Earth, home, the pleasing wife, all these we must forsake.
None of the many trees which you do cultivate
On earth, will follow their frail master to his doom,
Except the cypress dark, fit emblem of the tomb.

A nobler heir will drink thy old Cæcuban wine
Which under keys thou hast secured. In after time,
Within thy court, a better sort of wine will glow,
Than all the costly banquets of the pontiff's show.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FOREGOING ODE.

Sweet bard, is this the only cheer thou could'st impart
To Postumus, who had an avaricious heart?
To seize the present day and have no thoughts beyond?
And merely, since we all must go the destined round.

Alas! hadst thou but known the Christian's joyful hope,
Then would'st thou not have left an erring mortal grope
In dark uncertainty. Thou would'st have shown the way
That leads from troubles here to a more joyful day.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S RIDDLE, ET CETERA.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The following puzzle is said to have been composed by the Bishop of Oxford: I have a trunk with two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, two established measures, and a great number of articles a carpenter cannot dispense with; then I have always about me two fine fish and a great number of smaller ones, two lofty trees, fine flowers and the fruit of an indigenous plant, two playful animals, and a number of a smaller and less tame breed, a fine stag, some whips without handles, some weapons of warfare and a number of weathercocks, the steps of a Hotel, the House of Commons on the eve of a division, two students or scholars, and some Spanish grandees to wait upon me. Answer—The human body, eyelids, knee-caps, drums of the ear, feet, nails, soles, muscles, palms, tulips, hips, calves, hares, heart, lashes, arms and blades, veins, insteps, eyes and nose, pupils, tendons.

And now, while we have our eye on the curious, we may just as well call attention to the following:

Seeing is Deceiving.—Here is a row of ordinary capital letters and figures—S S S S X X X X Z Z Z Z 3 3 3 8 8 8 8. They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive, that the upper halves of the characters are a *very little* smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size. Now turn the page upside down, and, without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object upon which it looks. We might draw two circles of unequal size, and so place them that they should appear equal.

Perhaps one more item may prove of use too. See now, the following paragraph illustrates the importance of punctuation. It can be read in two ways, making a very bad man, or a very good man, according to the pointing:

He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the walks of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow-creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing disorder among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has now been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the Gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward.

We have another queer composition :

The *Essex Statesman* says a boy in South Danvers wrote the following composition upon his native town: South Danvers is in the United States. It is bounded by Salem and reaches to Middletown. Its principal river is Goldthwaite's brook, which empties into Salem Harbor. Its principal lake is the mill-pond, which is dry in summer. Its principal productions are leather, onions, South Church, and George Peabody. South Danvers has many religious sects, among which are the Orthodox, who worship the minister, the Spiritualists, who worship everything, and the Unitarians, who worship nothing.

Our catalogue will close with a circumstance, which, we are sure, will make nobody cry !

A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, lest he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence ; but at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with "Cheer, boys, cheer." On this the butler was directed to remove him, and he had got so far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke."—*Old and New,*

Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action ; it is calculation realized ; it is foreseeing contingencies, and providing against them ; it is expecting contingencies and being prepared for them.

The Sunday School Drawer.

THE HAND THAT NEVER STRUCK.

We once heard the following touching incident:—A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid in a cold, lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper; for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it. She took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and looking up to her mother, through tears of affliction and love said, "Mother, this hand never struck me." What could have been more touching and more lovely? —*Selected.*

ANGELS AND BOYS.

"I want to be an angel," Bobby kept singing, at the top of his voice, except when he was teasing the cat, spilling the milk, contradicting Bridget, or making mud-pies; "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand."

"That is all well and good when the time comes," cried Bridget at last, quite out of temper; "but before you can get to be an angel, Bobby, you must just want to be a good boy. Good children is the stuff angels are made of; mind that, sir. Put it this way: 'I want to be a good boy, and with the good boys stand,'—then folks can know how much you mean it."

Bobby did not like Bridget's view of the case; so he made up a lip, and walked off.—*Child's Paper.*

PLAYING AND WORKING.

I like that saying of Martin Luther when he says: "I have so much business to do to-day that I shall not be able to get through it with less than three hours' prayer." Now, most people would say: "I have so much business to do to-day that I have only three minutes for prayer: I cannot afford the time." But Luther thought that the more he had to do, the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic: may we understand it! "Praying and provender hinder no man's journey." If we have to stop and pray, it is no more a hindrance than when the rider has to stop at the farrier's to have his horse's shoe fastened; for if he went on without attending to that, it may be that ere long he would come to a stop of a far more serious kind.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

I never knew but one or two fast readers and readers of many books whose knowledge was worth anything. Mrs. Martineau says of herself that she is the slowest of readers, sometimes a page an hour. But then what she reads she makes her own. Do impress this on E. Girls read too much

and think too little. I will answer for it that there are few girls of eighteen, who have not read more books than I have; and as to religious books, I can count upon my fingers in two minutes all I ever read. But they are mine. —*F. W. Robertson.*

CHILDREN.

Children are God's messengers to us. They are the blossoms of human life. We could not spare them, babes though they be. They do not earn anything. They do not know how to sing or frolic. We could not spare even the new-born babe—the babe of a week. It is in every way crude. It is utterly unreciprocating. It is a mere germ-plant, waiting for food in our arms. And yet how rich we are! How rich are our homes! And how it stirs, with its magnetism, every thought and feeling of the sensitive soul, and brings near the other life, and lifts us up, every day, in hymns and prayers and thanksgiving to God. How much we have to thank God for in the child! and yet how little, so far as the present value of the child is concerned.—*Beecher.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S ADVICE.

In the year 1848, about four years previous to his death, Daniel Webster wrote the following advice to his grandson. We copy it because it is good for all boys who want to reach an honorable manhood:

"Two or three things I wish now to impress on your mind. First. You cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might.

"In the second place. Be of good character and good behavior; a boy of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that be always to act right and fear nothing but wrong-doing.

"Finally, 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.' You are old enough to know that God has made you and given you a mind and faculties; and will surely call you to account.

"Honor and obey your parents; love your sister and brother; be gentle and kind to all; avoid peevishness and fretfulness; be patient under restraint. Look forward constantly to your approaching manhood, and put off every day more and more all that is frivolous and childish."

THE ACCURATE BOY.

There was a young man once in the office of a Western railroad superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and "it paid well," besides being in a line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand-boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned telegraphy. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did, because he was just right. And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's column, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

Editor's Drawer.

LOVE OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

There is no love like that between parents and children. This comes nearer divinity than any thing we can find in this world. The boy is born, parents are poor, on a penurious farm; all their thoughts centre on him. He shall be educated; every inch of ground shall tell; they will deny themselves food and clothing, may be; that boy shall go to college. Other children are born—the strife is terrible. God pays poverty with better coin than gold or silver. With almost supernatural ingenuity the old wilderness of a farm is worked, so that it contributes parts for the university. He may be truly said to light his candle of knowledge by the marrow of his parents' hearts. By and by news comes that he has disgraced himself—he is expelled. O, what tears, what anguish, what heart-aches! what dead people they are! Their darling is disgraced, set adrift, for whom they have given everything. What shall he do? Come home. Into his mother's arms—back to his mother's prayers—on another term of service. Isn't that love? Do you dare to say that there is no such thing as disinterested affection in this world? O, my friends, there is a great deal of pure gold that is never recognized here, but which counts, for all that.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Henry Ward Beecher, in the Christian Union, makes the following close shave: Who marries for love takes a wife; who marries for fortune takes a mistress; who marries for position, takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, and a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of you and your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearance. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress will share your money, and your lady your debts. If you die, your wife will weep, your mistress lament, your lady wear mourning; which will you have?

A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say, that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day, he may pull him out?" "Yes," said the Syrian, "but if an ass has the habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should fill up the pit, or sell the ass."

DANGEROUS ENEMIES.

A very comical affair occurred lately during the grand manœuvres near Gratz, Austria. The horse of an artillery stepped upon a wasp's nest concealed in the ground, whereupon the wasps came out and made a desperate attack upon the cannoniers. The warriors would certainly have withstood any other enemy; to these dastard opponents, against which neither breech loader nor sword availed, they hastily gave up the field. They ran away headlong. An officer, hovering in the vicinity, saw the flight, not knowing the cause; urging his horse to a gallop he hastened to bring his men to a halt, and no doubt had a variety of "strong" words in his mind. But alas! Hardly had he reached the domain of the sting-protected enemy, when they attacked him also, and he knew not how to escape them, except by likewise beating a hasty retreat. It is said that such a march to rearward was never witnessed in the history of the war.

THE BABY.

Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, now sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents is the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks so little, that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurns, and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards and checkers he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle, he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countryman, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandmas—all fall an easy prey.—*Emerson.*

The King of Sweden is said to be an excellent locksmith, and to devote much time to the improvement of that branch of mechanics. The King of Portugal excels as a turner of wood and ivory. The members of the royal house of Hohenzollern—possibly with a view to some future contingency—have all been trained up to some useful art. The present Crown Prince is said to be an expert book-binder, and his wife an accomplished miniature painter. The Queen of Holland is a poetess, but poetry is an inspiration and not an art. Louis Napoleon and Queen Victoria have both essayed to write books. The wife of the Prince of Wales is a superb musician, and has but few equals among amateurs as a pianist. The Czarina of Russia paints miniatures well. The Queen of Belgium is a horse trainer and a fearless rider, while the Queen of Denmark is a great housekeeper, and one of the best cooks in her dominion. It is also said that some of the junior male members of the royal family of England are proficient as practical composers, while the Prince Imperial of France is a first-class typographer.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIII^d volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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Vol. XXIII.

JUNE, 1872.

No. 6.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
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SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

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LETTERS RECEIVED.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXIII.

JUNE, 1872.

No. 6.

THE FOUNDERS AND DECEASED CONTRIBUTORS OF THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Rev. H. Funk.

In the first volume of the GUARDIAN, issued in 1850, are a series of "Letters to the Young,"—seven in all;—some of them are signed by the assumed name of "Orangeville," where the writer then resided; the later ones are signed with "H. F." Besides these letters, he contributed other articles to the pages of this magazine.

Henry Funk was the son of John and Anna Funk. Both were born near Hagerstown, where they lived and died. Henry was born May 7, 1816. His parents were members of the Reformed church of Hagerstown, Md. According to the custom of their Church, they had been baptized in early childhood. The home of his parents, on a farm, gave him and his brothers those healthful and innocent sports and pastimes, in which boys so much delight. Here too he was taught to work, and trained to habits of industry and thrift. He was a farmer's boy, and passed through all the early toils and innocent tricks usually found in the life of this class of boys.

Like many country boys his earnest active mind yearned for a wider sphere of usefulness than the occupation of a farmer afforded. His thirst for knowledge sought gratification in such books as came within his reach. But these only intensified his yearnings after a life, wholly devoted to the knowledge and dissemination of truth.

At length the way opened for the consummation of his wishes. It was soon after Marshall College had been removed from York to Mercersburg, Pa. He was over twenty years of age when he

commenced his studies there. He was an earnest, faithful student, with more industry than brilliancy of talent. Yet the latter, too, he possessed in no small degree. Dr. F. A. Rauch was then President of Marshall College. Along with his strictly college duties, he performed the duties of a spiritual shepherd to his students. Every Sunday he preached to them. His style of preaching was of a high order. He combined clearness with depth, scholarly finish with a rare unction and religious tenderness. Besides his sermons, he possessed a personal charm which attracted his students around him, and measurably moulded them after his personal image. He was a high-toned Christian gentleman, and strove to teach the students the art of acquiring a like lofty style of Christian manhood. And this he professed to do, by leading them to the Lamb of God. Henry Funk was one of the number whom he led thither. Along with others, his revered and learned pastor confirmed him, in the old stone church, in which the college students then held their Lord's Day services with the Reformed congregation of the town. To the end of his life he cherished the memory of this, his spiritual father, with filial tenderness. And well he might. A great and good man he was. So scholarly, yet so humble, a master of ancient and modern learning, yet with the meekness and simplicity of a child, sitting at the feet of Jesus, and learning of Him; a man of mighty intellect, but using its might in gathering the honey of truth from all ages, and gratefully laying it on the altar of Christ—no wonder in sooth, that the memory of such a man should be embalmed in the hearts of his grateful pupils and spiritual children. With equal ardor did he love Dr. Rauch's successor as President of the College, Dr. J. W. Nevin, under whom he studied theology, and of whom he often spoke with tender gratitude.

After graduating in the College and the Theological Seminary of Mercersburg, he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Classis of Maryland. Subsequently he received a call from the Bloomsburg charge, now in Columbia County, Pa. He was ordained to the gospel ministry by the old Susquehanna Classis, and by it, too, installed as pastor of this charge. He was married to Miss Matilda Snyder, daughter of Mr. Daniel Snyder, of Bloomsburg. He had one son, his only child, whom he named after his theological teacher, Nevin. He strove to be, in the full sense of the term, a faithful pastor. His pulpit preparations were made with care. He seemed conscientious, even in the minor duties of his office, and was immovably steadfast in his convictions. His was an unswerving honesty of purpose, of the real, old-fashioned kind, wholly free from the hireling spirit.

There are many ministers more eloquent than Henry Funk was,

but few more sincere in their motives, and more solid and substantial in their ministrations. His pastoral field has since then developed into three charges—the Orangeville, Bloomsburg and Danville charges, each self-supporting and prosperous.

His ministry was but of ten years' duration. A constitution, tainted with hereditary weakness, and the unsparing, laborious zeal with which he prosecuted his ministry, helped to develop consumption, which ended his life. Nearly two years before his death his growing infirmities compelled him to lay aside his ministerial duties.

I was in the beginning of my ministry at Lewisburg, Pa., and a member of the same Classis with himself. Hearing of his illness, I paid him a visit. Though personally unknown to me, I had learned to love him. Sweet and pleasant were those days of Christian fellowship. How warmly he grasped my hand, and assured me of a desire to spend a few days with me. On a bleak winter day I brought him along to Lewisburg. He led the congregation in prayer, but was too feeble to preach. They were memorable days, those few I spent with the afflicted brother. He seemed to forget his affliction amid the pleasures of Christian conversation and intercourse. Full well I saw that his days were numbered, and felt sad at the sight. Some hearts ripen earlier for the heavenly harvest than others, but their very ripeness makes us grieve over their loss all the more. How useful one still in the prime of life, possessed of such noble qualities of head and heart, might be in the Church militant! So reason we; the Master has need for them in heaven too.

Not long after this visit he returned to the home of his childhood, near Hagerstown. Here he fell asleep, on April 16, 1855. His mortal remains repose in the old cemetery of the Reformed church of Hagerstown. Dr. D. Gans, then the pastor of the congregation, being absent at the time of his death, the Rev. J. W. Santee, of Cavetown, Md., officiated at his funeral. A few months later his father, and in 1869 his mother, followed him to the world of rest.

A few months after his death, the Susquehanna Classis, at its annual meeting, appointed a committee to prepare a suitable tribute to his memory. This was prepared by Rev. C. Z. Weiser, and with this I will close my sketch of this sainted brother in Christ.

A TRIBUTE OF SUSQUEHANNA CLASSIS TO REV. HENRY FUNK.

Life has many shapes—and so has death. It is the "*Manner of Living*," or the "*Mode of Dying*," that is often pleasant or sad, and not the article itself. Some go off in the ecstasies of delirium—having tasted the nectar of madness. Others breathe away their breath, as sweetly as a rose exhales its fragrance. Some storm with unavailing resistance against the grim de-

stroyer. They crouch and beg for one more day of worthless, aimless breathing, that watchers even turn away with loathing from so mean a spirit. Others long knock with staves at the grave's doorway, and are admitted only late. Whilst life, with some again, glares up once more—as fire does before its flame expires—and dies as meaningless and insensible as a candle dies. Then others satiated, even bloated, go desolate; or hungry still for earth, depart because they must.

And surely now, of all these manners, not one is beautiful. Oh! best of all is it, when one is not weary, exhausted or surprised; when one has lived to purpose—rounded off his life and done his work. To him death is neither “the king of terrors” nor the “end of life,” but rather the “terror of kings” and the “end of earth” alone. With him death deals gently; crosses the arms upon the heart, or lays them down along the sides. The “terrible one” becomes lovely. We learn to gaze, but shudder not. The spirit was borne away by angels, that waited on the threshold of eternity—yea, that stepped over into Time and left a footprint in his Grave. Are not the graves of good men the footprints of angels?

We think it was an hour of blessed communion with the souls of the departed, when the gentle preacher, Henry Funk, left the “Quick” to join the “Dead.” For, truly, a spirit departs not alone on its last journey. But spirits of its kind attend it—“ministering angels”—and they go in families and in choirs to the land, opened and prepared by Jesus, the “Conqueror of Hades,” and the “King of heaven.” Neither in life nor in death are we alone:—“I believe in the Communion of Saints.”

The far-off country seems nearer to us now, and the way to enter it less dark. A familiar spirit has gone before,—gone so quietly to rest, that day itself dies not more calmly. And yet we feel quite sad on his departure. The common sympathies of nature, even, that bind together a thousand millions of the human race, remind us, that he who lived and struggled, suffered and died among us, was most dear to us. Gladly do we recognize his brotherhood. But stronger, still, is the title of grace—the bond of Christians—a life of so much wholeness, that when *one* dies the dying is a part of one. And furthermore, beyond all else, is his endearment close to us, by virtue of our common calling, *the ministry of Jesus*.

That we were fellow-servants makes his departure one of *interest*, too. We long to know somewhat of the acceptance of his account, as steward, and then think back on ours. It is of interest to us to know how just spirits, and that “innumerable company of angels,” listened and appeared around the new-come spirit! How Jesus smiled upon him. And how they all rejoiced in the end—they *over* him and he *with* them! Though we cannot know all this, yet speak we thus, to manifest our relationship to him, as well as our concern for his *state*, *reward* and *grade* in the “kingdom that is above.”

But something we do know. He lived among us, and died as one of us. Then let us rather speak his portrait as it is in the “kingdom that is below.” We that saw him, saw the features of a good and pious man. We remember him by associations dear and strong. He was a man, faithful to his office; humane, full of labor and desire; anxious that his duties should all be done, before the sun went down; before his day, like the pilgrim, should reach the western gate of heaven, and evening stoop down to unloose the latches of his shoes. He toiled for years under the approach of the malady that finally triumphed over him. Still, he never for a moment yielded to the dread of death—only to the extreme necessity of physical prostration. His “*tribulation*” had brought to him, what it should bring to all—“*patience*.” And thus he waited patiently through the seasons of weariness and darkness, not in dreary, vague delight; for his “*experience*” had wrought “*hope*.” His sentiment was not: “Life! only life! on any condition at all!” For

this life, not being his highest good, was no longer life to him, if it had not its duties and its labors. And so he hoped in "life eternal." And when he died "with the dew of his youth upon him," his tribulation, patience, experience and hope, were crowned in full "fruition."

He was humble. His humility, the fruit of Christian graces, had around it, as a mother, a group of child-like virtues—gentleness, docility, simplicity, sweetness and love. But with all his meekness was he never *timid*. Such a man is not fearful, but bold—and well he may be, having continually Truth and Right as his support and bail. Moses was a meek man, and yet he dashed the tables of stone to pieces, beholding idolatry in the camp. The wisdom that is from above is indeed "peaceable," but is first "pure," which obliged him, and all of us, to follow it through many furnaces.

All this we can say of him—and do say it, because we know him to be beyond the blandishments of earthly friendship. He heeds not our praise, however cheerfully we give it. The sufferings, the cares, the toils and the duties are at last gathered with him into the treasury of death. Peace and reverence rest upon his dust. To mourn for him is Christ-like. It is peaceful to linger round his tomb. Come let us see how the dead one rests. *He sleeps!* If he sleepeth, then he shall *awake again*? Yes! We know that he shall rise again. But how have we such an hope? From many *promises* and from one fact. Nature prophesieth an Easter. Spring waketh up with signs of a reviving. The sun goeth down to rise again. The grain of wheat falleth into the ground and dieth, to grow up again. Forests decay, to give place to youthful ones. Insects shed their grave-clothes and come up from the tombs. The spirit of man longeth for a resurrection. Ghosts and spectres are shadows of an event. Nero, it was thought, was hidden for a season only; and Herod was uneasy lest John the Baptist should return. All fear, or hope to see their dead again. All these help our faith in that higher Easter in store for man.

But turn now to the fact—the Rock of our Faith. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Here every doubting fear, longing desire, and aching expectation end in sure conviction. Therefore are we glad to look into his grave; the stone is rolled away, darkness fled, and a radiant light shines there, where angels sit.

THE HOME-QUESTION.

Some of the best husbands and fathers, whom I know, have some one or more evenings which they assign to home-life. They consider themselves engaged to spend such allotted hours with their wives and children. Why not? What early obligation is more sacred? What claim or engagement should interfere with it? Moreover, these model husbands and fathers are always inventing topics, or games, or occupation that shall make the allotted time they spend at home as pleasant and instructive as possible. Why not? Should a man devote all his genius to making money, or sermons, or lectures, or editorials, or inventions, and never try it on home-life, on the nature of his children, on the comfort of his wife? There are various opinions about what is the great question of the day. I think it is the home-question. And our homes are to decide the future of American civilization. Let us look to them.—*Christian Weekly*.

PRAYERS AND ALMS-GIVING.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The Italian soldier and captain, Cornelius, was a "devout man." His devotion was of a healthy kind, because of his right relation to God and men. "He prayed to God alway, and gave much alms to the people." His prayers and his alms, like the two wings of an eagle, bore his soul aloft—to heaven. I often think of Cornelius and his devout habit of praying and alms-giving, during my sick-calls, and feel condemned whenever I must enter and leave the lazar-home of some poor man, without such a double equipment of prayers and alms. I never see a bird fly high with but *one* wing. Just so am I somewhat apprehensive, lest my devotion might not come quite up before God, as long as it is lop-sided.

Prayerless alms do not benefit the poor man's soul much, I am ready to concede; but almsless prayers are just as lean food for his body, I say. The poor man—no matter how poor he be—is just as well, body and soul, as anybody else is, and unless I am prepared to minister to the wants of the whole man, my charity is but half done. The unsophisticated farmer spoke the whole, naked truth to his pastor, when he remarked in reference to a poor spot of land: "Prayers are all very well in their time, Dominie; but this field needs a fertilizer!" We are told by the most blessed tongue, "Man shall not live by bread alone;" and the only reason why that same incarnate Truth did not record some such correlative saying as: "Man shall not live by prayers alone," is, because He never indulged in any superfluous words. Sermons—prayers—sacraments. God guide my pen, lest I set down an *iota* against these! But, may our high regard for holy ordinances ever justify us in neglecting holy practices? St. James answers the question in no doubtful way. "*If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, 'Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled;' notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"*" I sometimes wonder whether there are not pastors and flocks, who innocently imagine St. James' Letter to have been expunged from the canon by Martin Luther, as an "Epistle of Straw," indeed. So little account is made of it. I am happy to find it still included in all the copies of the New Testament about our house, and to believe

all that he teaches as heartily as I do all that the other sacred writers have left for our faith and practice. But St. James apart, Peter and Paul and John and Jesus furnish us with abundant authority and precedent for ministering to the temporal and bodily wants of the poor. The Gospel nowhere ignores the body and its claims. Christianity is the only system that pleads for the redemption of the *whole* man. Jesus had not been a stoic; neither is He now. He made bread for hungry multitudes in the desert, and did not put them off with a prospective food with the angels in heaven. The most mocking, and cruelly tantalizing sort of religion is your New-York-Mutual-Life-Insurance kind, which would hold all its benefits in reserve, until the poor man is clear across the Dead Sea, as it were. A hope so entirely deferred, sickens the heart indeed. To many a poverty-stricken and afflicted household, the Church of his choice seems heartless and cold, without doubt—though not without reason. Her deeds of charity and mercy are fewer and at longer intervals than angel visits are. Indeed, if angels do not visit under such a roof more frequently and more efficiently than the elders and deacons do—“*whom we may appoint over this business*”—then that is a deserted household, verily. Dry as dust is all our controversy over High, Middle, or Low Churchism, to the suffering poor, whom we have always with us. “Ritualism” concerns them less than *Victualism*; nor do they fear an invading “Puritanism” so much as impressing *Pooritanism*. It is easy to understand that Polemics, measured out by the monthly and weekly, will never satisfy an empty larder or a shivering body. No food, no raiment, no hope, no deliverance, come over such roads.

It is not well, either, to be quite so large-mouthed against the several Orders of “Odd-Fellows,” “Knights,” “Mechanics,” “Red Men,” or of any like clan of men, so long as the channels of church-charity can be crossed dry-shod. These men of the mystic-tie are sure to beat us in a popular argument. They will glibly name, and directly point to some family near by, which may be identified with both Church and lodge. “You visit, pray, and leave,” they say. “We come to stay; we nurse; we advance from *three to five dollars per week*.” The crowd laughs, and you don’t much like to argue long with these “Brothers.” You feel like acting the part of the “Dog in the Manger,” that neither eats nor will let others eat. It speaks louder than all the words you can utter, in the popular ear at least, when the lodge has carried ninety dollars to the home of a poor widow, as a benefit for her husband’s six weeks’ sickness and funeral expenses, whilst the Church had offered her prayers only—and, it may be, not even those. You must admit that the act is good, even though the agent be a wrong one. The argument, that such charity is like fire struck from a

flint, falls stone dead on your hearers, since not one of us would hesitate to warm himself even at a gipsy-fire, should the sun refuse to supply us with heat. "But the Church is the mother of charity!" I am told. Ah! Yes. The Church might—could—would—should. But then the Church is only in the subjunctive mood, you see. Let her put herself in the indicative once—then we can talk on another key. I can see no way to right the wrong, confessed on all hands to exist, unless by practically reviving a neglected duty. Prayers and alms-giving are the only deliverance. My Bible told me this so plainly, that I felt compelled to tell my consistories and people. I pointed to scores of young fathers, who crowded up to the door of the Lodge, "like doves to their windows." "They want prayers and alms," said I. "The Church offers the former; the lodge the latter." It helps nothing to say, that the lodge-alms are a counterfeit, because the unction of prayer is wanting; for we will be answered, that our prayers are not genuine either, since they are not supported by alms. This divorce is unnatural. What God hath joined together, let us no longer keep asunder. Let us consecrate and set sacredly apart all our offerings, on the Lord's day, as alms. What say you, brethren?" Such was the essence of my address. The result was—an alms-treasury, just as our fathers had it. Wonderful to tell! the business of the copper-smith has been greatly damaged. The faithful save their "pennies" for the toll-gate, and bring better offerings for God. Several hundred dollars flow together annually, and none of us can tell exactly how. Each and every one seems to have no less, and yet the fund increases. We give more largely and more cheerfully. Even little children are glad to cast in a gift. I noticed a pert little lad march boldly out of his father's pew, and carry his contribution to the deacon, seemingly mortified because he had been passed by. The consistory dispenses the alms among the poor and needy in the several districts. Every week, or month, or season, a proper claimant is reported. We deliberate, and make an appropriation accordingly. At the close of each year it does our hearts good to know that we have made not a few homes happy. I, too, never leave a poor-house without feeling like having lent to the Lord. I begin to see what that strange paradox means, "*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

I think the only way by which to break up a Lodge, is to build up the Church. Only such families as have no wells will slake their thirst at a cistern. I but record the confession of a worthy young member in these words: "I have severed my allegiance to the Lodge, and shall hereafter seek refuge in my Church, to which I belong, body and soul, in time and eternity." I entered the sad home of an afflicted and straitened family, during the Easter

season, of which I must say something, because it is in point. The invalid parents partook of the Holy Communion. The babe was by baptism given to God. A trifle over *twenty-five dollars* was left to fill one little cold stove with fuel, and seven hungry stomachs with bread. There was joy under that roof, I say. They wept for joy—and somebody helped them, too! The father made this speech, right from his heart: “My neighbor, T., often tried to persuade me to enter the Lodge, in my well and better days. Only last week he lamented over my obstinacy.” “How timely your weekly benefit would now come to you,” said he. “Sorry, we can do nothing for you now. In your present sickly condition, you know, the door is shut against you. Had you but heeded my advice!” “But I told him,” continued the sick father, “that a *Divine* charity would *now* compassionate me more than at any other time. The whole need not the physician. The fact that you do not commiserate the sick and infirm, is to me proof, that your Order is not animated by the genuine spirit of charity. I belong to a Church. That is Lodge enough for me. She will take care of me and mine. To-day my hope has been fully realized.” I rejoiced over his faith, and joined some prayers with the sacraments and alms. We keep an eye on that man’s house. The deacon, in whose ward the family lives, looks to their wants and “reports progress.” Still, the invalid father will probably die soon, and not need much more charity-money. His widow and little ones will remain to the care of the Church, until Providence will relieve us from the special duty of caring for them. I just now think of another consumptive brother, for whom we cared substantially during the last year of his life on earth, and whose way we paid down to the tomb. Yea, his little son had been a pleasing burden for us, until God said, “It is enough.” Then we defrayed the cost of his little coffin and funeral, and left the account with God. I can mention one dozen widows, who bless the alms-treasury, because the alms-treasury has blessed them. And besides these, households that can hardly “make ends meet,” have been recipients of gifts, which made them and us feel as if we were on our way to glory. My people, far from growing tired of this heavenly business, become rather more liberal and prompt to render aid. They nominate proper subjects for help to the consistory, and urge their claims. A family, severely poor, was twice augmented by twins. Now “babes must be fed on milk,” you know. Well, the elders bought a “brindle” and drove her into the poor man’s yard. We called her “Churchy.” The officers become more and more interested in their sworn duties. It provokes them to visit and search out the sick and the poor. They feel that their office is not an empty one, but that there is indeed something for them to do. I, too, can accompany my prayers

and spiritual ministrations with substantial aid, and learn that one way by which to approach men's hearts, lies through their bodies. There is an indescribable fascination attending the habit of joining "Prayers and Alms-giving." No pastor or flock that has once tasted its sweetness, will rest satisfied under an unnatural divorcement of the two. The mere "calling to see" the sick and poor is not much more than a hollow ceremony, after all. To offer your prayers is good; but to offer prayers and alms, that is better, yea, the best that is to be done. St. James does say, that to *visit* the widows in their affliction, and the fatherless, is one characteristic of a pure and undefiled religion. But let any one look at the original, and if he will not agree with me in rendering it, after a far more impressive manner, then I will have to say, that my amiable and venerable preceptor, Prof. William M. Nevin, has succeeded badly in endeavoring to teach me how to translate Greek into English. To save the scholar the task of looking up the term, and in order to do the common reader a favor, let us place the Greek word which St. James uses before us. Here it is: *Episkeptesthai*. It means, 1.) *to go near*; 2.) *to examine into*; 3.) *to take in charge*; 4.) *to relieve*. Is it not plain, then, that the pastor or flock that neglects this duty, lacks one essential mark of true Christianity? A full liturgical service, though never so unctiously gone through with, will not atone for the want of practical charity. Nor will "Prayer-meetings" and "Protracted meetings" be taken *in lieu* of it. Would that the term "Revival" were once made to embrace this feature of vital Godliness!

An occasional "collection," held for the benefit of a particular family, is a miserable apology for alms-giving. Unless it assumes the character of a rule and system, it wears the look of an advertised "beggary." No sensitive man or household will thank you for your skimmed-milk charity. Verily, I would fear my own brethren, bearing me such presents! But make alms as common and regular as sermons, prayers and sacraments are, and the cream will remain over them and flavor them.

How to dispose of street-beggars, so as not to encourage vice and idleness, on the one hand, or not to turn the worthy empty-handed away, on the other, is a question for the conscientious man. An alms-treasury enables one to answer that, in no small degree. Invite the applicant to appear before the church officers, assembled on every Lord's day, to state his claims. If he is a vagabond or impostor, he will not be present more than once, if once, indeed. Then you see that the coast is clear, at least in that instance. If he be a worthy and deserving subject, he is able to make his point. Itinerant beggars hate the alms-treasury, as a rule. The exceptions who rejoice in it, are generally worthy objects of charity. They

will wend their way to the Church, attend worship, and present their "ticket." Why it is, that "the poor are always with us," or, that "the rich and the poor meet together," is a social problem, which we are not asked to answer at large. The Church has light enough to see and do her duty. The plain, open way for her to walk in is called, "*Prayers and Alms-giving.*"

YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Work is a pleasure, if our heart is in it. Idleness is a source of sorrow. The happiest Christians are the busiest; those who do the most for the cause of Christ. But what can they do for Him? Many, like the unhired people in the market-place, spoken of in our Saviour's parable, really know not what to get at to make themselves useful. Possibly their pastor never spoke to them about the subject. Many preach about theories of Christian benevolence, but never start their people in the habit or practice of it. Giving to God, whether money or work, must be cultivated as a regular habit, the same as a man acquires the skill of penmanship. The more regularly we practice it, the more skillful we become. By and by, what once was a burden will become a delight. To illustrate this I will give a few notes received from a parishioner. Though a member of my flock, the timid young lady withholds her name from me.

DEAR SIR:—I am a member of your Church, and feel it my duty to give something for the cause of Christ. I was fifteen years old when I joined the Church. How happy was I in those earlier days of my Christian life! That was nine years ago. I am sorry to say, that I have never given anything for the spread of Christ's kingdom. Although I attended Church, I neglected many duties. My father died when I was a little child. We tried to help our widowed mother in gaining her support. For her we needed all the little we could scrape together. O how it used to pain me that I had nothing to give to my Saviour.

I now have an employment, where I can earn more than formerly. I can help to support mother, and spare something for Christ's cause. Some time ago, at a Wednesday evening meeting you urged us to give to Christ according to our means. I then resolved that I would do this. I sometimes have a desire to teach a class of little children in the Sabbath-school, that I may do them good. But my backward nature shrinks from offering my services. I will hereafter send you by letter, at the beginning of each month, as much of my earnings as I can spare. Please accept for the cause of missions the enclosed mite of 25 cents, as an humble offering from a widow's

DAUGHTER.

The next month she sent me the following :

DEAR SIR :—Enclosed find 50 cents—25 cents for missions and 25 cents towards the erection of St. Paul's church. It may seem a small sum, but I will try and do still better. Since I can give these small monthly offerings, I feel happier than I have ever felt before. For years had I longed to do something of this sort, and grieved because I could not. I would bring my gift to the missionary meeting, but cannot get through with my work in time to attend it. Hence I send it by mail, which please accept as the gift of your unknown
FRIEND."

The next letter contained \$1.00 as her monthly offering to Christ.

A TRAINING SCHOOL.

A certain brother of my fold is blessed with a large heart and a large household. He is a laboring man. By industry and thrift he secured a home for himself. Recently his tent became too strait. He secured a larger dwelling, where his twelve children find ample room. One has moved to heaven, and twelve are living in his house "made with hands." Along with both parents, each of the children's name is recorded in the mission book of the congregation, with the monthly offering annexed. Recently his thirteenth child was born. Shortly after its birth the father appeared at the missionary meeting, reporting his new-born babe as a regular contributor to the cause of Christ, subscribing a fixed sum per month in its name. As soon as the child can understand it, he will explain what was done for it. 1. That it was given to God in holy baptism, and therefore belongs to Him. 2. That its life must be an offering of praise to Him. 3. That from its birth and in its name, he regularly offered a monthly gift on Christ's altar, and that this offering the child is to continue through life. This kind of home training cultivates a habit of regular, liberal benevolence among the children of a family. Where children are thus trained, a large family is a blessing. The children will truly be a heritage of the Lord, a glory and joy to their parents, and a blessing to their fellow-men. "They shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate."

A LEGACY.

Among the many children of our Sunday-school, was a sweet boy, in his eighth year. His language and manners were more like those of a young man than a boy. His brain grew faster than the rest of his body; his mind and heart developed ahead of his physical frame. It has passed into a proverb that a child smart beyond its years will die young. With some people this has become a sort of superstitious belief.

For a year or two past I had noticed with sadness the premature

development of this boy's mind. Every attack of illness rushed to his head. In his premature wisdom and precocious intelligence, I saw the prophecy that his end was rapidly approaching. A month before his death commenced his last sickness. The whole burden of his pain was laid on his brain. "My head, my head," was the hourly cry of the poor sufferer, reminding one of the sorrowful moan of the Shunamite boy (2 Kings 4: 19). One day after I had prayed at his bed-side, and grasped his little white hand with a soft "God bless you, Charlie," he faintly said: "Mother, please give Mr. B. the thirty-five cents."

"What do you wish, my child?" asked the sobbing mother. He repeated the request. It was his dying request—the last will and testament of the now sainted boy. So, too, the heart-broken father and mother regarded it. For months before he had saved all his spare pennies, and given them to his mother, to give in his name toward the erection of the new St. Paul's Memorial Reformed Church, in Reading. Now, as his short life was about ending, he must formally will his small fortune, large in the eyes of God, to the cause so dear to his heart. Among the last solemn thoughts of the suffering, dying little saint were those about the Church, in which he had hoped to become a useful member. And on the list of persons living and dead, who have laid their gifts on Christ's altar for the erection of this house of God, stands prominently the name of my dear little friend in heaven, *Charlie E. Fry*.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY KEPT BY A RESIDENT IN HOLY LAND.

BY ROLLA FLOYD, OF JOPPA, SYRIA.

In our last February issue we gave an article, under this head, and promised a continuation of the extracts. The facts stated by Mr. Floyd are of interest, as coming from a gentleman who has resided six years upon the spot and is competent to draw intelligent conclusions, which cannot often be said of mere tourists.

EDITOR.

AT ASHKELON, FEB. 26, 1872.

I am sitting in a peasant's house in this old "City of Philistia." My seat is the stone floor and my light is so dim I can scarcely see at all. This morning I left Joppa in company with a postman, who carries the mail from Joppa to Gaza once or twice a week. We came along the seashore, the telegraph poles being all the time

in close proximity on the left hand. My companion said, that the inland road is very muddy and, that if we pursued that route we should be unable to cross some of the little streams that lead down from the hill country of Judah. The ride was to me a long and dreary one, presenting but few things of interest. I met quite a number of Bedouins, both with and without camels. All saluted us kindly. Several times I turned from the sand beach and rode up the banks, where I could perceive many villages on the plains to the left. All the time the mountains of Judah were in sight, and I knew I was on the borders of the country made famous by the exploits of Samson (about B. C. 1137) and the destruction of Sennacherib (about B. C. 715). In places the hill country did not appear to be more than five or six miles distant; at others as much as twenty. The sand banks extend quite a distance inland from the sea. I saw as many as twelve gazelles during my day's journey.

The room in which I am writing these notes is about twelve feet by eight in dimensions, and seven feet high. Over about half the bigness of the apartment, the floor is raised in a rude sort of dais, about twelve inches. This portion is for dining, sleeping and social purposes. On the housetop green grass eight inches high is growing. The name of my entertainer is Mustapha el-Kardy. He has just brought in a wooden dish filled with boiled rice and four pigeons cooked and laid on top. Setting the dish close to me, he says, "Help yourself." His boy has thrown down upon the floor around the dish of rice, some loaves of bread, rusty in appearance, resembling large shells.

Beginning to eat, Mustapha takes the pigeons in his hands, which are black with dirt, tears them into pieces and lays them before me. We all use our fingers in place of spoons and forks.

It is now 11 o'clock, and my host is propounding so many questions to me, and the light is so dim, that I can scarcely write. He is saying, "This house is your house; you are welcome," &c., &c., but I know he will expect *backshish* enough to make him ample compensation.

FEBRUARY 27, 1872.

I write this just outside the town of Gaza. I have just taken a lunch, and will copy out my notes. Last night I scarcely slept half an hour, the fleas were so numerous. It seemed as if all the fleas in Ashkelon visited me through those dreary hours. My sufferings were really beyond description, and how I did long for morning. As soon as I detected a little daylight I went down to the sea and enjoyed a bracing, cleansing, cooling bath in its pure brine. This was indeed refreshing and healthful. After my bath I mounted an artificial hill made of small stones intermingled with

immense columns of marble and granite. As I surveyed from this eminence the ruins of Ashkelon and the beautiful gardens that surrounded them, I really begrudged these filthy, degraded Arabs the possession of so lovely a spot. They are not worthy to have our Holy Land under their control.

The ground in places is covered with vegetables of very many species. Pieces of white marble are seen in every direction. But the town is composed of only about fifteen mud huts, with squalid, wretched-looking people to inhabit them. Many kinds of fruit are raised around Ashkelon. I observed two large upright granite columns, and many others prostrate. Some have the ends sticking out of the sand, their bases buried far below. At a hasty view I should say the ruins of Ashkelon cover a mile square or more.

I am now at Gaza in the Greek Convent. When I came into the place, I went to the Khan. Then I looked around for some sun-burnt bricks, which was the errand that brought me here, and easily found them. The people, supposing I wanted a large quantity, said they were worth a napoleon (\$4) the hundred. So I left them at once, and in a few minutes met a man in the street who, as soon as he found I spoke Arabic, informed me that the Greek priest of this convent had learned that an American was in town and wanted to see me. I followed him, therefore, to the convent, and here I am. The priest received me politely, gave me a cup of coffee according to universal custom, and appointed me a room for sleeping. I went and fed my horse at the Khan and returned here with my things.

On the way I saw a man fall down and break a jar of olive oil, a serious loss to him. He instantly lay down and drank as much of it as he could hold, lapping it up from the dirt into which it was mingling, seeming to care nothing for the filth that he was swallowing. This is a common illustration of the habits of these people.

Gaza is not so "compact together" as Jerusalem or even Joppa, but covers much more ground than those two cities united. The streets, as usual, are narrow, and, of course, indomitably dirty.

When I found the Greek priest was not offering me anything to eat I went out again and bought me some bread and cheese. Most of the dwelling-houses and shops have fragments of elegantly-carved marble built into their walls, presenting a strange contrast. In purchasing my sun-dried bricks, I find that the Gaza currency differs materially from that of Joppa. The *bishlick* which is five and a half piastres with us (22 cents) is eight piastres here (32 cents). But in almost every town and hamlet the currency is differently reckoned. The napoleon here is 144 piastres. A piece of money worth six and a half in Joppa is worth eleven here, etc.

I had a good deal of trouble to hire two camels to take my bricks and a bag of sand to Joppa. First they wanted 20 *bishlicks* (\$6.40) for each camel, but I got the two for *ten*. A person must know how to manage with these people, or he will fail in all respects. It requires very great patience and you must never be in a hurry. "Your moderation must be known of all men," as the Apostle justly advises.

A CITY IN RUINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Many years ago a kind-hearted gentleman of our city built a few houses for the martins, to the gable end of his dwelling. The following spring a number of the birds accepted the generous invitation, and moved into their new houses. The next year the martins demanded more house room, and new dwellings were erected. Thus the city of the martins was annually enlarged, until nearly the whole gable end of the large house was covered with their habitations.

The martins increased and multiplied rapidly, and soon became a strong and numerous people. They were, if not always, a quiet, a peaceable neighborly folk. Many a time I watched them, sitting at their front door, warbling their merry songs, as their human neighbors thronged the busy streets around them. So wisely they seemed to look down from their lofty abode upon the din and drive, the rumbling drays and wagons in the street. Without consulting an almanac, they knew the time of their going and coming. Usually they arrived on the third of April. A day or two before, a few martins could be seen, going from one box to the other, to see if their houses were in a habitable condition. A sort of visiting committee they were, which reported to the tribe, and brought them to town the following day. Then began a general house-cleaning among the martins, which took to their work very good-naturedly, merrily singing as they swept and garnished their homes.

In the fall of the year they always left on the same week, usually on the same day. By some secret agreement they met other tribes at a specified place, where they formed a vast caravan, which gloriously careered away through the air to their undiscovered wintry home.

The day before their departure was always an exciting time in

the martin city. From early morning a boisterous discussion was had, during which, very often, hundreds "had the floor" at the same time, in violation of all parliamentary decorum. Around their house-doors, perched on neighboring house-tops and fluttering through the air, they kept up their boisterous debate, while the more domestic martins were busy setting their houses in order for their departure. Perhaps some discussed routes of travel, others may have had some family feuds to adjust. Some in the wildest excitement flew back and forth, and kept bobbing into their door, most likely trying to tear themselves away from the endearments of a pleasant home. For here children were born to them, and here they grew up from big-mouthed, hungry bird-babies, to glossy-feathered, full-fledged martins. A bird, too, forms home attachments, and feels a pang when it comes to the severing of home ties. It must have been this, that made these martins act so strangely on their autumnal departure. Again and again would some of them leave their box, and hasten away through the air, then rush back again, to sweet, sweet home. They went on as if their wings, if not their hearts, might break.

The past spring they came as usual, on April 3d. It was a cold, "peevish April" day. The advance guard came the day before to see whether their houses were in readiness for them. It was the general moving week in our city. Alas! the poor martins found their homes desolate. All save a few were in ruins. Their usual calculations had misled them. All along their route they found pleasant weather. In Pennsylvania they found "winter lingering in the lap of spring." Moving was bad enough even where people had houses to move into; but for the poor martins after their long and weary journey, to be thus left out in the cold, was a cruelty which neither man, bird nor beast should be subjected to. The next day they arrived in broken bands, and from neighboring house-tops took a last sorrowful look at their ruined homes. Whither they have gone no one knows, save the small band of martins whose homes were spared. The poor birds have no means of redress, and speaking in a foreign tongue, there is not one in our community sufficiently learned to understand their statement of the case.

In the name of these unfortunate martins I protest against the wrong inflicted upon them.

I do this, firstly, in the name of our common law. These dwellings were their own property by the right of possession, having occupied them for more than twenty-one years, a term of years necessary to give them a legal right and title to them.

Secondly, I protest in the name of our common humanity. It is inhuman, and, indeed, illegal, too, without previous quit notice, to turn a family out of house and home. Had their homes been

destroyed last summer, when the pleasant weather would have allowed them to seek other quarters, the case would have been less aggravated. The method of their ejection was in a cruel form.

The reasons for it were not sufficient. They were good neighbors, and gave many a free concert to the passing public; concerts more respectable and meritorious than some which charge a large admission fee. They had become a historical fixture in our city, an ornament to their neighborhood; more of an ornament than some people whose homes were spared; the principal charge against them was a want of cleanliness around their premises. The charge is not without foundation. But, why pry so closely into the domestic arrangements of our neighbors? It is the old trouble, produced by our eagerness to sweep before other people's doors, instead of before our own. Many a home has lost its peace by the efforts of other people to do its sweeping. And many an intruding neighbor has been brought to grief by not using his broom sufficiently before his own door.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNFINISHED BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG PARSON."

Our little rural-gothic chapel, so beautifully situated by the side of the mountain, had not been built as it was, and where it was, without something like a protest. Old John Double wanted it built "in town," by which he meant a point along the mud road three miles away, where he owned a third-class country tavern, a yellow weather-boarded dwelling, and a cooper shop, or, as he termed it, a "bar'l fact'ry." This place he had dignified with the name of Double-ania, and seemed to labor under the impression, that, at no distant day, it would rival some of the sea-board and great lake cities in size and importance.

Some time previously, he had visited a married daughter in Kansas, when laying out cities was all the rage, and he had brought home with him a full determination to transfer the Western mania to the East. So he staked off his fifty acres into town lots, asked the courts to grant a charter erecting the place into a municipality, petitioned the Postmaster General not only to declare the mud road a post route, but also to establish an office at Double-ania, and give the son-in-law of the proprietor, who kept the tavern, charge of the mail bags.

And as he had seen Western speculators in real estate and Chris-

tianity display the policy of erecting churches, he thought he would adopt the same pious ruse here. Accordingly, he marked off a plot of ground seventy feet long by fifty wide, which he offered to sell upon certain conditions, for the ruinously low price of five hundred dollars—a little more, by the way, than one-fourth of what he had paid for his whole briar farm. The conditions were, that the purchasers were to build thereon a two-story brick building, the upper part was to be for “religious meetins,” and the basement of which was to be rented to the directors of the county school, who were to pay to him a ground-rent of sixty dollars a year. But, alas!

“The best-laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.”

No one saw things as Mr. Double did. The court thought, that no one was interested in “the town,” except the sole proprietor, and that as he could already have, hold, sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, there was no use to incorporate him. The letter to the Post-office Department remained unnoticed. The commissioners of public instruction saw no necessity for entering into a contract for a school-house, when there were no children to be accommodated; and Mr. Waldo, the young missionary, besides other objections that presented themselves in the way of the locality and style of the proposed church, to say nothing of the terms, was decidedly opposed to having *the gates of Zion up stairs*.

Mr. Double professed to be wonderfully aggrieved that his “lib’ral propersitions,” as he called them, were treated with such marked indifference by those to whom they were made, and resolved to “interview” the youthful missionary with the hope of converting him to his plans, or rather of making a tool out of him to accomplish his purposes, although the little stone chapel up at the mountain was already in the process of erection.

And so Mr. Double “writ” Rev. Mr. Waldo “an episel” upon a half-sheet of fool-cap paper. The letter was characterized by flaming penmanship and bad grammar, and begged that Mr. Waldo would do Mr. Double the honor to “eat supper” with him the next day—Mr. Double had some “official bisness with his Raverence.”

The young missionary saw at once, that there was a scheme in the letter. There was to be an evident attempt to reach the seat of his convictions through his stomach, but what the “official bisness” was, he could not divine. He wrote a note in reply, declining the invitation to “eat supper,” on the high moral ground, that it was against the spirit of his mission to go out to a feast, but saying that, as there was some intimation that there would be a call for some exercise of his ministerial functions, he would be at Mr. Double’s house the next day at 3 o’clock precisely.

Mr. Waldo was punctual to the moment, and found Mr. Double in front of his house dressed in his Sunday clothes, the most conspicuous part of which was a pair of calf-skin shoes wonderfully polished for the occasion, and a white neck-cloth with long ends wonderfully displayed. Besides these, Mr. Double wore a pair of cassinette pants, and a swallow-tailed coat, to which last part of his wardrobe a little four-year-old, dressed in an indigo blue delaine suit, and a white ruffle that reminded one of the days of Queen Bess, hung very tenaciously.

"I am glad to welcome your Raverence," said Mr. Double, "and I have no doubt you are glad enough to come out of the mountains into civilization every now and then."

"I love my new mountain home better than any place in the world, and never leave it, except when some duty requires it," replied Mr. Waldo.

"Well, well, come in," said Mr. Double. "Bub, don't hang on to my legs so," said he, speaking blandly to the missionary, but rather impatiently to the child.

"That is not your little son, is it?" asked Mr. Waldo.

"No, it is my grandson. Fond of children, Raverend sir?"

"Passionately fond of them," replied the "Raverend sir."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Double, "everybody as has a heart to love any child, must like that one. Remarkable boy, if I do say it as oughtn't to. Quick to learn, and nat'rally inclined to good principles. We have called him after the father of his country, and have so infused that great man's character into him, that I am sure he would never tell a lie."

"What do you mean by infusing a good man's character into the boy?" asked Mr. Waldo, really anxious to know what Mr. Double *did* mean.

"O, telling him about the well-known incident, and surrounding him with moral influences, such as exerted by a sight of the great and good of the land," said Mr. Double, with a pompous air and gesture that called attention to some cheap, highly-colored prints that hung around the walls of the room.

Mr. Waldo was about to remark, that he thought "that cherry tree" had been hacked at long enough, but as he could not edge in his suggestion at the proper point, he concluded to let it pass. So he proceeded to examine the pictures, to which his attention had been called. Among them he found a representation of "Washington crossing the Delaware;" "Andrew Jackson" on horseback; "General Taylor" with a spy-glass in his hand, standing by the side of old Whitey; the "Battle of Buena Vista;" "Santa Anna," and a pugilistic contest between "Tom Heyer and Yankee Sullivan."

"Heard you were fond of the fine arts," said Mr. Double, complaisantly; "but take that easy seat, Mr. Waldo," he continued, with a change of countenance, as he saw his visitor standing in wonder before the last named picture. The young missionary did not heed the invitation to be seated. He was musing sadly.

Mr. Double had been up at the missionary's house once, and for want of something else to carp about had affected to take offence at a small picture he had seen hanging over one of the book-cases. It was an exquisitely engraved copy of the head of our Saviour, by Rubens, which Mr. Double subsequently to his visit spoke of in his own rough terms as an outrage on Protestantism, if not on Christianity itself. He had proclaimed the missionaries to be Jesuits in disguise, in which slanderous charge he was assisted by a colporteur, who was canvassing the county and selling a miserable caricature of the very same picture *bound up in the lids of the Bible*.

"Down with all pictures," they said, as if the cardinal principle of Protestantism was to consist in yielding all art to the tender mercies of Rome. Mr. Waldo knew, that intelligent Protestants the world over were not inclined to any such unjust concession. They had proper feeling for pictures, even of sacred persons and scenes, without being liable to the imputation of worshiping them, and if Mr. Double had different views of the subject, he had said nothing upon the subject to Mr. Waldo, and it would have been a waste of time and breath to introduce and discuss it now. But the young missionary could not help but ask himself: If all pictures are wrong, as this poor man has proclaimed to his bar-room friends, why break the law not only in favor of patriots and battle scenes, but also in favor of ambitious Mexicans and brutal prize-fighters?

And this, thought Mr. Waldo, is what is called infusing character into a child by "surrounding it with moral influences such as are excited by the sight of the great and good of the land!"

"The old General played a sharp trick on them there red-coats, Mr. Waldo," said Mr. Double, pointing to the first picture we have mentioned.

This remark called to mind the fact, that the Father of his country was here represented as engaged in a bit of *strategy*.

"I don't think the old General did quite right in some of them things," said Mr. Double. "Do you?"

"You are disposed to be critical," replied the young missionary. "Strategy in war is generally regarded as justifiable, but some questions have been raised in times past in regard to the moral quality of the act. It has been seriously asked whether a man, with the best object in view, can practice deception which is the

essence of a lie, without infracting the law of God. The abstract question really involved is, whether a man may do evil in order that good may come thereby."

Mr. Double struck a Pickwickian attitude. He put his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, smiled facetiously, and expressed himself as highly pleased at the young clergyman's sage remarks. "But, Mr. Waldo," he said, "I am not so much interested in what others have thunk. I would like to have *your* opinion on the subject in pertick'ler."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Waldo, "for my own part, I never could subscribe to the theory commonly attributed to the followers of Ignatius Loyola, that 'the ends justify the means,' and would not like to adopt it as my rule of action."

"What do you do with Gideon, and them Old Testament fellers that broke their pitchers, and made out they had so many more men than they had?" asked Mr. Double, triumphantly.

"Many examples," said the missionary, "have been cited from history, and even from the Old Testament Scriptures as precedents to justify the Jesuitical maxim, but much that we read of then, like war itself, which God sometimes commands, is a necessary evil that flows out of a sinful condition of humanity and will not obtain in the full glorious reign of Him, who has said, 'Let your communications be, Yea, yea: Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh from evil.' Even as the world now is, I believe if there were more characters like the prophet Daniel, there would—without any under-valuation of proper means—be more disposition to commit consequences to God, and less propensity to resort to human expedients. But, after all, the highest human characters are imperfect, and cannot of themselves transcend the disordered constitution of the world in which they live; and so it is well, that we have 'Him for our example,' 'who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth.' *His* character can be infused into us; yea, we must be *in* Him and He *in* us, even as the Father is in the Son and the Son in the Father. But we cannot conceive of such a relation to George Washington or any other man, however great and good he may have been in the estimation of the nation and the world."

"For this very reason," Mr. Waldo was about to add, "leaving all art out of the question, I would sooner look upon my picture by Rubens, as a reminder, than all the models with which your walls are garnished." But it occurred to the young missionary, that, perhaps, this would be mis-interpreted, and so he left it unsaid.

It appears, that this general subject had been discussed by a debating society in the neighborhood during the preceding winter,

and Mr. Double, having tried the arguments he had then heard, on his clerical visitor, had no further interest in the matter, unless there might have been some wish to have the young man commit himself to Jesuitism. Of this last motive honest Mr. Waldo had no suspicion, or he would not have gratified his questioner by expressing any opinion whatever on the mooted point.

At any rate the subject was dropped. Mr. Waldo's eyes wandered from the picture of Washington to that of the pugilistic contestants, and Mr. Double seemed anxious to divert attention from that work of art for obvious reasons. It leaked out through an apology for the presence of the picture, that the old man had transferred it from the bar-room across the road, to his own walls, for the purpose of making a large display of fine things, of which the young missionary was said to be very fond. It was intended as part of an ovation, with which the visitor's disposition to remove the church was to be oiled. But "vaunting ambition had o'erleaped itself and fallen on t'other side." Mr. Double had offended rather than gratified Mr. Waldo's taste, and was anxious to cover up the blunder.

"Do be seated, sir," said the old man, wiping the unbidden perspiration from his brow. "You must be tired of walking three miles. Wouldn't you like to have your boots brushed?" he asked, glancing from the missionary's dusty feet to his own polished calfskins.

"No, sir, I thank you," said Mr. Waldo, throwing himself into a pea-green wooden rocking-chair upon which flaming tulips had been painted.

Mr. Double seated himself on a settee, which was covered with a buffalo robe. An embarrassing silence ensued, which the missionary did not care to break, because he hoped his aged friend would introduce the "official business" spoken of in his note. Instead of this, however, Mr. Double sought to relieve his *non-plussed* situation by petting and talking to the little boy, who stood between his knees.

"George Washington is grandpap's little boy," he said. "Georgie, that's Mr. Waldo, the good minister that's come here to build a church, and preach the unsearchable riches. Don't Georgie want to be a good man and go to church like grandpap? Don't he now?"

Georgie buried his chin in his Elizabethan ruffles and was mum. "Ah! now I know how it is, Mr. Waldo," said the old gentleman. "Georgie has no tongue."

At this assertion Georgie put out his tongue to show that he had one, and demonstrated very palpably, that grandpap had told a lie, whether either of the George Washingtons were capable of such a thing or not.

The young minister was about to say something in regard to minor morals, but Georgie Washington, Jr. gave signs, that he was about to *use* the tongue, the existence of which had just been doubted, and "grand-pap" was willing enough to call attention to the interesting remark that seemed to be forthcoming.

"Grandpap"—

"There now! I knowed he had a tongue," said the old man.

"I thought you just said you knew he *hadn't* one," the preacher was about to say by way of introducing his moral, but Mr. Double seemed determined that the juvenile should be heard. "There now!" he said quickly, "put down your hands and hold up your head. George Washington didn't hang his head and put his fingers in his mouth when he told about the little hatchet."

"Very likely he *did*," interposed the young minister, but "grand-pap" gave no heed to this suggestion.

"He's goin' to speak now, Mr. Waldo," continued the old gentleman.

"Grandpap—grandpap—he—he—he—" stammered the child.

"Well, go on, Georgie," said the old man.

"Grandpap—he—he *curst* when the stove-pipe fell down."

Grandpap looked like Macbeth when the ghost of Banquo came up.

"Was *that* a lie?" asked Mr. Waldo.

"Was *what* a lie?" asked Mr. Double, in evident confusion.

"What *George Washington* just now said."

"Yes—no—yes," he said in quick succession.

"Which?" asked the juvenile functionary.

"Well, Mr. Waldo," said Mr. Double, "I am free to confess, that murder will out, and it only goes to show how keeferful we ought to be before children. Here the only time I was ever overtaken by a fault, that child heard it, and he has remembered it to this day. But I do contend, Mr. Waldo, that if there is anything that'll justify a man in getting a spell of aggravations, it is when the joints of a stove-pipe won't fit. Just when you think it's all right, down it will come, mebbe on your head. I often think the very devil is in it; and—or—what was I saying just now? I'm very forgetful of late."

"You were saying you thought the devil was in the stove-pipe, and were perhaps right. The prince of the power of the air can throw down a stove-pipe as easily as he could smite the corners of Job's house, and I often think he practices such tricks to surprise us into sin. But go on, Mr. Double, I did not mean to interrupt you."

"Well," said Mr. Double, "we will have to let by-gones be by-

goned. 'Tis as 't is, and it can't be any tisser, and at any rate that was before I was converted."

"I am glad to hear that you have been converted since that time," remarked the young preacher.

"Yes," said Mr. Double, "and it was the happiest moment of my life. I made the welkin ring with my shouts. You see, Mr. Waldo, I will just tell you the whole pleasin' story. It must have took place about the *holler*-days."

The young missionary looked up to see, if his aged friend had not attempted to perpetrate a *pun*, but a glance at his countenance assured him, that he meant to speak of the holidays. As, however, Mr. Waldo had neither time nor disposition to listen to a long yarn from a man, in whose conversion no one seemed to have any confidence, he politely asked Mr. Double whether the experience he was about to narrate had anything to do with the official business spoken of in his note of the day before. Mr. Double said that it had not.

"Then, sir, I beg that you will proceed to that business at once, as every hour is precious to me."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Double. "You are quite right. I always did say *bissness fust*, and religion afterwards."

The young clergyman was about to protest, that such were not his conceptions of the proper order of things, but forebore the remark, lest he might bring on another discussion.

Mr. Double put one hand on each knee, straightened himself up, cleared his throat, and looked right into the young preacher's eyes, as if about to open the all-important subject. Just as he was about to commence, however, his attention was arrested, by the presence of Georgie, who, although banished in disgrace, had found his way back into the room.

"Now, Georgie," he said, "I want you to keep remarkable quiet. Little boys should be seen and not heard. We read in the good book, that George Washington never spoke in when his grandpapa and the ministers of the gospel was a talking?"

"Where in the 'good book' do you find that?" asked Mr. Waldo, half-amused and half-impatient at the old man's ignorance.

Mr. Double vouchsafed no reply, but relieved his embarrassment by keeping his eye on his grand-child and holding up his fore-finger steadily, as if enjoining especial caution. Georgie hung his head, and put his tongue out and in several times rapidly, with a viper-like vibration that was exceedingly un-Washingtonian. The last motion was an outward one, and Georgie held his organ of speech between his teeth as if fearful that it might set the world on fire.

"To come to the pint that called you here, Mr. Waldo," said Mr. Double, "I have some official business with you, and am only sorry, that it's agin your principles to stay and eat supper; for good suppers have a great deal to do with making men agree. I was in the west when they was trying to settle the Capitol of Kansas, and though they fit a good deal, champagne suppers was said to have done as much in fixin things as pistols and bowie-knives—specially among the more educateder class of persons."

"And so you thought you would try one on me," said the young missionary, laughing.

"Not at all," said Mr. Double, trying to recover himself from the imputation. "I never gin a champaign supper in my life. Fact is, I don't know nothing about it, only that it's licker, and I never drink any licker of any kind. That quart bottle in the cup-board there hasn't had any thing alcoholic in it for this many a year, 'cept a little now and then over some snake-root for bitters. Snake-root is an oncommon good medicine for dispepsy, Mr. Waldo."

This last speech, accompanied as it was by a gesture towards the article of furniture mentioned, seemed to recall an incident to Georgie's mind, and unloosed the "unruly member" again.

"Granpap he git drunk, and frow down the torner tubbert and break the glass where it's broke dare and all de dishes, and gran-mam comed in wid a broom, and mam she hollered, and I—I—I runned out."

"Granpap" crossed the floor in three strides, and putting one hand on Georgie's mouth, flourished the other in the air preliminary to planting it in the region of the youngster's coat-tail.

"Don't strike the child," said Mr. Waldo.

Mr. Double suddenly changed his mind, perhaps in deference to his clerical visitor's protest, but sternly ordered Georgie out of the room, a command which the boy obeyed with a backward motion, as if he feared an attack in the rear. When he got near the door, the skinny hand of an old woman reached in and grasping him by the seat of the pants, pulled him out into the kitchen, and that was the last sight the missionary got of the child that evening.

"Was that a lie?" asked Mr. Waldo, as soon as Georgie had disappeared.

"Which?" asked the old man, with an air of surprise, that indicated some doubt, as to what Mr. Waldo could possibly refer.

"What that child has just said about your getting drunk and breaking the glass in your cupboard there."

"Yes," said the old man. "That boy's the biggest liar in town—can beat Tom Pepper."

"Then the character of his illustrious namesake has had very little effect on him, with all your infusing."

Mr. Double, finding himself cornered again, attempted a retreat, which had, to say the least of it, the appearance of an honest confession. "Well, to be candid," he said, "the little feller did tell the truth. Fact is, here this spring the old stove had to come down agin, bekase my old woman wanted to clean house, and after that there came a cold snap that made me chilly all through, and I did take a swig out of the old bottle, and got pretty much 'how come you so.' But then it don't take much to make me tight. Take me out in the orchard and squeeze a sour apple under my nose, and it'll make me drunk as a fiddler."

"There is no use to exaggerate," said Mr. Waldo. "I am sorry you got drunk so soon after your glorious conversion, which you say took place about the Holidays."

"Yes, that was before my *first* conversion, but you see I've been converted agin. You didn't catch me stayin in the 'gall of bitterness' long. So I 'sperienced the second great change not long after. It must have been while it was cool yet, because it was at a great revival and we never could get one of them up in real hot weather."

"I have heard that opinion expressed before by very honest and earnest men, who stood in sympathy with that theory of Christianity, but I have no judgment of my own to express just now."

"Well, Mr. Waldo, it's a fact. Winter nights are best for them things. Hot weather is death to them, and I cast it up to some of the good brothers, when they expelled me," said Mr. Double.

"Then you were expelled, were you?" asked Mr. Waldo.

"Yes, sir, and I glory in it," said Mr. Double, violently.

"Hold on, Mr. Double," said the young missionary. "There is no use to glory in your shame. And whatever may be the truth in regard to the matter about which you have spoken, if you are an excommunicated and disaffected man, your opinion would hardly be free from wrong bias. You must excuse me, sir, but unless I can be some help to you, I would sooner talk with you on this subject when you are calmer. Has your second conversion and your expulsion anything to do with the "official business" you spoke of? If it has, you must excuse me, as I have no thought of interfering with the discipline of other denominations, however widely I may differ from them; if it has not, please tell me what the official business is."

"O, them difficulties has nothin' to do with it," said Mr. Double, coming down to an amiability, that he expressed by rubbing his hands and smiling blandly. "Fact is, I wanted to see you about

the general interests of education and religion in this community. Them, I think, is important considerations."

"Very, sir," said the missionary.

"Religion is profitable to all things," said Mr. Double. "Don't the great apostle to the Gentiles say so?"

"He says that 'Godliness' is," replied Mr. Waldo.

"Well, then, '*godliness*' is profitable unto all things—just as the apostle will have it. It is immaterial to me, but I have been thinking a great deal on this subject lately, especially since I have had the responsibility of this promising corporation resting upon me. I think godliness makes even property valuable."

"Yes, sir," said the missionary, "the more godliness you have, the more safe and desirable anything will be. Real estate was not worth much in Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Sodom and Gomorrah!" exclaimed the old man. "Let me see, them was the places that the fire and brimstone rained on, wasn't they?"

"Yes, sir, and that calamity might have been spared, if ten righteous men had been found."

"Powerful argument," said Mr. Double, slapping his hand upon his thigh. "That all only goes to convince me of the importance of having a church here in Doubleania. Fact is, I have observed for some time how, as good people settle where there is good churches and schools, and to show my interest in this matter, I propose to give you a lot of ground on certain conditions, if you will give up your church enterprise up yonder in the mountains and build it here in town."

Mr. Waldo was startled by this proposition. He had the patience, however, to listen to Mr. Double's "conditions," which were about the same as those mentioned in the first part of this chapter.

After Mr. Double had set forth his proposals very elaborately, the young missionary told him very kindly but candidly, that it was impossible to comply with his request. "I have already secured as a free gift," he said, "a tract of land, not only beautiful for situation, but eminently adapted to the ends proposed in building the church. It is accessible to the miners and iron-workers, and also to the large agricultural community of the plain that skirts the mountain. My chapel is half built, and it would be impossible for me to sacrifice my whole mission, in the vain hope of increasing the value of your property. Your proposition is so very absurd, that I hope you will never mention it again, as I assure you it can never be entertained. If that is the official business, we will consider it closed, and I beg leave to bid you good evening."

Mr. Double followed his youthful visitor to the door and tried to open the subject again. "This is only a question of location and not of principle," he said. "You, I believe, call your church St. John's chapel, and I thought I would remind you, that you needn't change the name, if you bring it here, as my name's also John."

This proposition almost upset the young missionary's gravity, and he had hard work to keep his risibility down. Mr. Double construed his visitor's smile into a good omen, and thought he would follow up the victory.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said, "just in the way of compromise, as I don't like to stand in the way of a good bargain," and here the old man put on a look that augured a wonderful concession. "I'll call the city Johnstown, or—or—yes I will—I'll call it Waldosburg."

This extreme liberality caused the long pent-up feeling of merriment to burst forth in peals of laughter, which were kept up at intervals all the way home. Indeed, the whole interview with the inhabitants of Doubleania was so spicy, that the young man, instead of being disturbed by it, or wearied by his long walk, was rather exhilarated by it. "I thought," he said to himself, as he threaded his way through the beautiful mountain paths on his way homeward, "that the afternoon would be a dead loss, and that if any one were to ask me how old I was, I might properly take half a day off, but I find that it has not been in vain. It may serve to guard me against running into folly in future, and has certainly impressed upon my mind a lesson that I thought I had fully learned long ago. How exceedingly disinterested men may be even in building churches! I can cite a dozen cases, in which promising enterprises of the kind have been crippled from the beginning, by preliminary feuds about location—feuds that have generally developed into chronic fights; and so we have had fine houses of worship, but depleted congregations in them, because some of the members have been disaffected by things pertaining to their erection. Whether consciously or unconsciously, too many men have *axes to grind*, even when they profess to be working for the best interests of the kingdom of Christ."

Whether old Mr. Double really thought, that Mr. Waldo ought to have transferred his mission to the seat of his prospective city, with the expectation, that an actual city would grow up around it, or whether he did not, it is certain that he had been foolish enough to ask it, and it could hardly be expected, that a man of his temper and spirit should gracefully brook the refusal. Mr. Double had never attended the services held by Mr. Waldo and had visited the mountain mission but once, which was after his western trip,

and then with the secret intention of spying out the land. . The young pastor found out subsequently, that for years previously the old man had spent most of his Sundays, in summer at least, near his house among the pile of barrel staves, or under a rough open shed, where he whittled oak shavings and drank whiskey to his heart's content. Indeed, Mr. Double was dreadfully given to dissipation, and had once suffered from an awful attack of delirium tremens, so that he had little reputation that was above that of a poor inebriate.

Now, however, he sought to make the missionary's want of appreciation an excuse for doing what he had always done before, and so he faithfully continued to stay away from church, and make God's holy day a special time for a "good, old-fashioned, quiet drunk." His dissatisfaction was generally expressed to the toppers, who assembled in the bar-room across the way—the only persons before whom he could find an audience; but occasionally he gave vent to his indignation to Sam Melbourne—the genial wag of the neighborhood, who knew all the fun that was going on for miles around, and who, with all his generosity, could not help teasing the old man.

The truth was Sam was irrepressible, but so whole-souled and free from malice, that every man, woman and child in the community loved him; and if causing laughter was demoralization, Sam often demoralized every person about the house of the missionary. Sam found out, that Mr. Double had interviewed Mr. Waldo, as he found out everything that had *juice* in it; and naturally as a duck takes to water, he took occasion to interview Mr. Double. Nor did he have to wait long for a chance to "tap the old rum-bar'l," as he playfully called him. He reined up his fine bay horse one day in front of the shed, in which the old man was shaving shingles, and found the old man just full enough of the ardent to express himself freely.

The subject was soon introduced. Mr. Double wanted all the world to know, that he absolved himself from all responsibility in regard to the mission work up at the mountain. "Since Waldo tuck such a stand agin me," he said, "there has been a great falling off in my interest, and the consequence must be with some one else, if the work fails. For my part, I am sorry to say that I have 'neither part nor lot in the matter.'"

"I feared that was the difficulty," said Sam.

"What?" inquired the old man.

"That you had no *lot* in the matter"

"Now, Sam, you're joking, but a feller can't get mad at you. Mebbe you think I'm ruled by self-interest. But is it self-interest to gin away valuable landed estate? No, sir. It's want of fore-

sight and 'preciation in Waldo. If I had my farm in Chicago, where there is 'preciation, most enny body 'd take a corner lot to build a church on it."

To this Sam gravely assented, without reminding Mr. Double, that his farm was *not* in Chicago, and that that fact made the difference. "Yes, indeed," said the wag, "if you could have your farm out there, without putting it on top of somebody else's, you could make a fortune out of it, without growing or building anything upon it. City councils would buy the dirt to fill up the low streets, and they'd wheel what was left out into the lake and have ever so many squares of made ground."

These considerations of place, demand, and availability, which all political economists had taken into account in their estimate of things, seemed to strike Mr. Double for the first time, and had a tendency for the moment to enhance his ideas of the value of his property, and he may have had some idea of devising plans to take his farm to Chicago, where things *were* appreciated. But he was, perhaps, sober enough to see, that such a thing was impracticable, and from a twinkle of Sam's eye, he saw that the young man was quietly poking sticks at him.

"Well, Sam," he said, "I'll put things on a higher base. Even Scriptor's agin Waldo; for the Bible says men ought to worship in this city, and not on Mt. Jezebel."

"Gerizzim," suggested Sam, with a smile.

"Well, I don't care which of them two mountains you make it. It don't alter the argument. The Scriptor's agin building churches in the mountains; and this I know, I ain't goin to yield to nobody; I ain't goin to turn Mehomedan, and go to the mountains, just bekase the mountains won't come to me. You may laugh, Sam; but these mountains are argements as you can't get over. I know you think lots of Waldo, and he may have some good pints. I don't believe he is one of them Jesuits, bekase he talks out too plain; but one thing I tell you, he and both of them yaller-haired dutch that are working at the church are dreadful *agin Washington*, and as long as any man's agin the Ginerel, I'm agin him. That's square."

Some of these things were too good for Sam to keep, and occasionally, as he was riding past the church building, and found Mr. Waldo "low in spirits," he would effectually relieve the distress, by telling the young man what some people thought about him.

"I did not know," said Mr. Waldo, after one of these talks, "that Mr. Double was so dreadfully dissipated. He was very sober when I visited him, and talked like a temperance lecturer. Even after his grand-child betrayed him, I thought he only got on a spree occasionally, and that he had some character, in the community which was entitled to respect."

"He knew you were a preacher," said Sam; "but at any rate, if you had gone down there, and put your hand on your stomach, and said the town water did not agree with you, as a chaplain, whom father tells about, in the Mexican War did, Mr. Double would have responded to the friendly signal, by offering you a drink of something without any snake root in it."

"But, Sam," said the preacher, "that man needs some attention. We must try to reclaim him, and I wish, meanwhile, that you would take care lest familiarity might make him an annoyance to you."

Sam thought there was no danger, and rode off whistling. But one evening, not long after, he came into the pastor's study in apparent distress.

"What change has come over the spirit of your dreams, Sam?" asked Mr. Waldo.

"I am worried, sir," was the reply. "You were right in your prediction. Old Mr. Double annoyed me to-day, and in fact, became so offensive, that I gave him a cut, and now I am sorry for it."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Waldo.

"Well, I was riding past his place, seeing after some of our ore teams, and the old man, with a party of his cronies, was on a spree, and breaking things generally. He commenced to curse your mission up here, and talked as usual about your want of 'preciation; said we were 'all blind, and could not see things as he could,' and then I was weak enough to make a bitter retort."

"What did you say?"

"I told him what he said was true; for *he had seen snakes when no one else could see them.*"

"O, Sam, that was a terrible reminder."

"Yes, Mr. Waldo, and drunk as he was, he felt it; and I have been censuring myself ever since."

"Go and make the proper apology even to him, and may be, it will give you an opportunity to have a good talk with him," said the young missionary. "We may be able to be independent of him. His wild advice is not to be regarded in our work here, and his talk and curses will do us no harm; but it is part of our mission to try to save *him.*"

"That seems to be a plain duty," said Sam, and he made the six mile trip that night, yet, to do the part of a Christian to the poor old inebriate.

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

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THE GUARDIAN.

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JULY, 1872.

NO. 7.

THE FORESTER AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

A Christmas Story for Children, by Christoph von Schmid. Translated from the German by Lewis Henry Steiner.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTMAS HYMN.

On the eve of the sacred Christmas festival poor Anthony, a lovely boy, eight years of age, was traveling through a district covered with snow. The poor little fellow's flaxen locks, stiffened by the frost, were still covered by the thin black straw hat of the last summer, and his two cheeks were bright red from the effects of the cold. He was dressed as a soldier, and wore a pretty scarlet hussar's jacket. He carried in his right hand a stout black thorn stick, and a little knapsack, containing all his worldly goods, upon his back. He was bright and cheerful, enjoying heartily the beautiful, white winter landscape around him: the hedges and thickets covered all over with hoar frost on the wayside. The twigs and branches glittered as though they had been sprinkled with reddish sparks, and the tops of the neighboring pine forests flashed in the golden sunset.

Anthony thought that he could easily reach the nearest village that lay upon the other side of the forest, and he bravely entered the dense, dark woods. He hoped to enjoy a happy Christmas in the village, because he learned that its peasants were well-to-do, kind-hearted people. But he had scarcely walked a quarter of an hour when he missed the right road, and was lost in the wildest portion of the rough, mountain forest. He was forced to wade con-

tinually through the deep snow, sometimes being almost swallowed up in the ditches and ravines which were covered by it. Night set in, and a cold wind began to blow. Clouds covered the sky, obscuring every little star that had been twinkling through the pine boughs. It soon became very dark, and the snow began to fall afresh.

The poor boy could detect not a single trace of a path any more, and knew not how to go forward, or to retrace his steps. Wearied with his long wandering around, he was unable to go further. He stopped, and, shivering with the cold, began to weep bitterly. He laid his knapsack down in the snow, and knelt upon it; then, taking off his hat, he raised his stiffened hands towards heaven, and, amid his burning tears, prayed: "O dear Father in heaven! Let me not perish in the night and the cold, in this wild forest. I am a poor orphan, having no longer either father or mother! There is no one left me but Thee. But Thou art the Father of all poor orphans. O let me not be frozen; take pity upon Thy poor child. This is the very night upon which Thy dear Son came into the world. For His sake hear me! O let me not, a poor boy, die here alone in the forest on the very night when all the world rejoices over the birth of the Holy Child!" Then he laid his weary head down upon his little knapsack, and wept bitterly.

But, hark! down from the hill before him come sweet sounds like the music of a harp, and a beautiful hymn is sung, whose words seem to pour forth from the very rocks. It seems to him as though he hears God's holy angels singing. He gets up, listens, folds his hands. The wind has lulled, and not a breath of air is moving. The hymn, in the deep silence of the forest at night, sounds inexpressibly beautiful. He recognizes its words very distinctly:

"Be of good cheer in every need,
Since God, His only Son indeed
To be thy Saviour gives thee;
Then trust in Him, and courage take,
What now seems bad, He good will make,
As His own life He loves thee."

All is quiet again, save a few soft notes from the harp, which sound like a gentle echo. Anthony's feelings are wonderfully excited. "Oh," he cried, "the shepherds at Bethlehem must have felt thus, when they heard the angelic song on that holy night. I will take fresh courage, and cheer up. Some good people are certainly living near by, who will take me in; for I hope that they not only sing like angels, but are as good and kindly-disposed as the angels are!" Then he seizes his little knapsack, and, climbing up the hill, moves towards the spot whence the sweet hymn seemed

to proceed. He had scarcely taken a few steps through the bushes, when a bright gleam of light appears in front of him, which immediately disappears; appears again in a little while, and disappears for a few seconds; shines now more brightly, and continues thus to alternate. Anthony springs forward with joy, and finally reaches a house standing alone in the forest. He knocks twice, thrice at the front door, and, although he hears several merry voices in the room, no one answers him. Now he tries to open the door. It is only fastened with a latch. He enters, gropes about in the dark passage for a long time, seeking the room door. At length he finds it, opens it, and—and pauses in great astonishment. A bright light from several candles streams towards him. It seems to him as if he were looking upon a Paradise, or as though the heavens had been opened upon his eyes.

In one corner of the room, between the two windows, there is hanging an extremely beautiful spring landscape, painted in miniature from nature,—a mountainous region with high, moss-covered rocks, green pine forests, country cottages, flocks of sheep with their shepherds feeding, and a little city above upon the mountains. In the centre of the landscape, however, there is a cave, in which is seen the Child Jesus, the blessed Mother, the venerable Joseph, the worshiping shepherds, and above them are floating the exulting angels. The whole landscape shines with a mysterious splendor; it seems as if it were bestudded with innumerable bright, twinkling little stars, so that the foliage and the moss upon the trees sparkled as when plentifully covered with drops of dew on a spring morning.

The occupants of the room are collected around the beautiful representation of the Child Jesus in the manger. The father sits upon one side, holding a harp between his knees; upon the other is the mother, with the youngest child in her lap. Two lovely children, a boy and a girl, are standing between the parents, looking devoutly up to the manger of the Saviour, and lifting up their little hands like the pious shepherds who kneel before the manger. The father seizes his harp again, and the mother, with her lovely angelic voice, once more sings the hymn, whose words Anthony had already heard. The two children assist with their clear, tender voices, and the father accompanies them with his pleasant, bass voice, and the sweet tones of his harp. They sing:

“Before Thee, Holy Child from heaven,
To whom is angel service given,
I humbly bow the knee;
With Mary gladly I rejoice,
And with God’s angels raise my voice
In songs of Jubilee!”

“Thou, Thou the life of all men art;
To love Thee, is the better part;
Oh, Love above all others!
Thy gentle voice is ever heard,
Saying, with sweetest look and word,
To poor and rich, as brothers:

“Be of good cheer in every need,
Since God, His only Son indeed,
To be Thy Saviour gives thee;
Then trust in Him, and courage take,
What now seems bad, He good will make,
As His own life He loves thee.

“When comes a poor man in distress
Before thy door, *say* not, ‘God bless!’
But make his sorrows lighter;
Give food and drink; so shall His love
Fall richly on thee from above,
Making thine own home brighter.” *

Anthony continues standing at the open door, holding the latch in one hand, his hat and stick in the other. His eyes are firmly fixed upon the beautiful representation of the manger, and he listens, mouth wide open, to the singing and the music of the harp. No one has yet noticed him. The mother, however, feeling the cold air coming into the room through the door, glances in that direction. “Heavenly Father,” she cries, “how did this child get here in the dark night through the thick forest? Poor, poor boy! you have certainly lost yourself!” “Yes, indeed,” replies Anthony, “I lost myself in the forest!” All eyes are now turned towards the door. The two larger children are full of heartfelt sympathy for the lost boy, but they stand off because he is strange to them. The mother, with her child upon her arm, goes toward him, and asks kindly, “Where do you come from, my dear, little fellow; what is your name, and who are your parents?” “O, heavenly Father!” says Anthony, with tears in his blue eyes, “I have no home any more. My name is Anthony Kroner. My father was killed in the war, and my mother died from grief and want last harvest. I am a perfect stranger in this region, and am wandering about like a lost lamb.” He proceeds to relate how he had just been in such distress in the forest; how he had heard their singing, and thus found the way to their house. He wants to say something more, but his voice fails him; he is almost frozen. He feels now, in the warm room, for the first time, the effects of the cold. He shivers and his teeth chatter.

“Oh, you poor Anthony,” says the mother; “you can hardly

* The translator is indebted to the kindness of a lady friend for the above beautiful, literal English version of the Christmas hymn.

utter a word on account of the cold, and you must be hungry and tired, besides. Take off your knapsack, and take a seat. I will give you some warm soup, and whatever else has been left from our supper." The two children, Christian and Catharine, full of compassion, take his hat, stick, and little knapsack. Catharine lays the latter upon the bench, while Christian hangs up his hat, and leans his stick in a corner. Then they lead their little guest to the table. The mother brings in the soup, together with a large slice of holiday cake, and some stewed prunes. She places them upon the other side of the table, and smiles pleasantly as she sees Anthony enjoying them. The children, however, give him largely of their Christmas presents—beautiful, red-cheeked apples, golden yellow pears, and large, brown nuts. Little Louisa, at the suggestion of her mother, hands him the pretty little, purple apple that she is holding in her hands, although she can scarcely grasp it with her delicate little fingers.

The warm soup was very acceptable to the half-frozen Anthony, and the pleasant warmth of the room made him feel quite comfortable. He becomes lively and cheerful. "But what a beautiful picture you have there in the corner of your room!" he begins. He had been gazing fixedly at the manger during his entire meal. "That is certainly spring in the midst of winter. Such a wonderfully pretty picture I have never seen before in my whole life. I must look more closely at it." He springs up, and the two children follow him.

"But do you know what it all represents?" asks Catharine. "Certainly, I do," says Anthony. "It represents the birth of Jesus. What a lovely, beautiful little babe He is! His face is as beautifully red and white as though it were made of roses and lilies. And what sparkling little eyes He has, and how kindly they are smiling!" "But that is not the real little child Jesus," says Catharine. "Jesus is a child no longer; He ascended long ago up into heaven." "I know that well," says Anthony. "Do you think I am a heathen? It has been almost two thousand years since Jesus lay as a babe in the manger. All this here has been made so that we children may be better able to understand it. That place above there, I suppose, is the city of Bethlehem. Is it not?" Catharine nods affirmatively. "You see now," says Anthony, "I know all about it. I am not so stupid as you think."

The children laugh, and direct Anthony's attention to various minor features of the picture, which seemed, however, very important to them. "Only see, Anthony," says Catharine, "the pretty white sheep with the curly wool, and the two darling little lambs beside it! See, the rest of the flock are grazing here, and the shepherd stands there playing upon his shawm. He sleeps at night in

that lowly red hut on wheels.”—“And see, also,” says Christian, “how a little spring is bursting forth from the rocks, as fine as a silver thread, and then flows onward to the bright lake. See, two white swans, with beautifully arched necks, are swimming upon the lake, and playing in its peaceful, silvery waters.” “There,” says Catharine, “a shepherd’s maid is coming down the steep path of the mountain, bearing a little, covered basket upon her head. There must certainly be some apples or eggs in it, which she is carrying to the manger.” “And see,” says Christian, “some one is pushing up the deep ravine a barrow with a sack upon it. But I cannot tell you what is in the sack.” The children are much pleased in this kind of discourse, and no small, striped snake crawling among the rocks, or variegated muscle shells upon the shore of the lake escapes their attention.

“Well, now,” says Anthony, “that is all very pretty. But the prettiest of all to me is the picture of the heavenly Child ; because, for His sake, who is here represented, our Heavenly Father rescued me from my great distress.”

THE FOUNDERS AND DECEASED CONTRIBUTORS OF THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Rev. Joel L. Reber.

From its origin the GUARDIAN has had a tender sympathy for self-educated people. Many of its articles were written for young people of talent, whose want of means deprived them of thorough educational advantages. Men like Dr. Samuel Johnson, Henry Kirk White, Robert Burns, furnished the subjects of many of its ablest articles. Their early poverty and self-denying endeavors to acquire an education, were impressively described. Full well do I remember with what vivid interest I read, when a young student, in 1851, an article on Kirk White, by Rev. Harbaugh. And often thereafter did I read it with equal profit. The writer himself had come up out of the wilderness of youthful trials and disappointments to the position of Christian learning and usefulness. And this feature of his Magazine naturally drew around him a class of co-laborers of like experience. Prominent among these was Rev. Joel L. Reber.

He was born on November 8, 1816, in Heidelberg Township, Berks County, Pa. His parents, Nicholas and Susanna Reber, were plain country people, engaged in farming. Like all the people of that neighborhood, they were Pennsylvania Germans. Their lot was neither that of "poverty or riches," but by industry and thrift they could provide the ordinary comforts of life for their family. Joel Reber, after having been baptized as an infant, received a Christian training. He was taught to work; to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. His desire for knowledge early led him to improve his fragments of leisure in reading such books as could be found in the family. Ere long he had consumed their contents, and his active mind eagerly sought for more. Meanwhile, too, he began to learn the trade of a printer. After serving an apprenticeship at Bethlehem, Pa., for a while, he injured his arm by an accident. The injury unfitted him for printing. Besides, he felt ill at ease at this craft. His mind thirsted for knowledge, his heart yearned after a wider field of usefulness. After many a struggle, amid conflicting thoughts and a dim sense of duty, he reached a clear conviction. He must become a minister of the gospel. Hitherto his education had been quite limited. To commence a regular course of college study seemed an undertaking almost herculean. Besides, whence should the means for his support come? To him the main thing was a clear sense of duty. Beyond that he walked by faith and not by sight.

HIS STUDENT LIFE.

He entered upon his studies in Marshall College, then at Mercersburg, Pa.; first under Dr. Rauch, after his death under Dr. J. W. Nevin and his co-laborers. This beginning must have been in 1837 or 1838. When Joel Reber went to college, he was a raw farmer boy, as many other useful men once were. He was fresh from the forests of the "Blue Mountain" region. His speech and general make-up were little calculated to make a favorable impression upon the "young bloods" in college, who happened to be in advance of the new comer.

Rev. S. H. Reid, a fellow-student, and warm personal friend, says:

"When he first came to the institutions at Mercersburg, he was exceedingly plain in his manners and dress; so much so, that he misled the minds of all his fellow-students, in relation, especially, to the quality and strength of his mental powers. We are very apt to make up our minds in regard to a stranger from first impressions, and these impressions are generally formed from the outward appearance of the person in question. This manner of judging is often very erroneous. By following it, we may be altogether disappointed in our opinions of persons and things. And this was truly the case in relation to brother Reber. I have a distinct recollection of his first appearance as a stu-

dent, and I remember fully what were the impressions which he made upon our minds at this time. He was somewhat advanced in years—his dress, which was quite common, was also out of the fashion—his walk was pronounced awkward, his head bent over his shoulders, and his whole exterior was against him. At least so thought the young and fastidious Collegians of Mercersburg, and the remark was by no means unfrequent, that ‘if the institutions could make a preacher out of that man, then none need despair.’ It was not long, however, until we were all disappointed. In the recitation room the plain and ungraceful student soon began to show his power, and actually cast into the shade those who had judged of his mind by the cut of his coat. His power in early composition I shall never forget. His first production was altogether original, and astonished us. His second amazed us. And it was not long until he was looked upon as the leading original writer of his class. With his advancing student life, his appearance and manners gradually changed. He conformed more to the times and the society, in which he lived and moved; but no *principle* was compromised in any external change which he evinced. He still continued to be the same unassuming and plain Christian man. And this was true of him until his death. I often met him after we both had left the Institutions, in his own family, and in other places, and I have always found him to be the same humble, meek, and simple servant of Christ.”

HIS MINISTERIAL WORK.

On May 14, 1843, Joel L. Reber and Henry Harbaugh were ordained to the holy ministry by the Susquehanna Classis of the Reformed Church. His first field of labor was the Rebersburg charge, in Centre County, Pa. His second was the Jonestown charge, Lebanon County. His third was the Millersburg charge, Lancaster County. His fourth and last was the Codorus charge in York County, Pa. His labors in all cover a period of thirteen years. His last charge he served only nine months. He was married to a daughter of the late Rev. Thomas H. Leinbach, “in whom he found a devoted wife, an earnest co-worker in his labors, and one who shared, with great energy and evenness of spirit, all his joys and sorrows.”

Mr. Reber was not an attractive pulpit orator, in the popular sense of the term. He had no glib tongue, not the easy fluency and showy fancy, so pleasing to a certain class of hearers. But he had what is far better, an original mind, which wrought in the mines of thought, and searched for truth around the root of things. Like most deep thinkers, his caution in trying to select the proper words to express his ideas, sometimes made him hesitate in his utterance. But his thoughts were always original and always fresh. He never dealt in stale repetitions; never “beat the air” by dealing aimless blows. His sermons were full of pith and sharp points. I still remember with what pleasure and profit I used to hear his sermons at Millersville, during my vacations. As Dr. Harbaugh says of him:

“He possessed naturally a very strong and original mind. There was always something fresh in what he spoke and wrote. There are few who excel him in the formation of a skeleton. He constructed his sermons so as to al-

ways unfold, in an interesting way, the substance of the text. He had the mind and the taste, though such was the course of his laborious life, that he had not always the time for the deeper inquiries belonging to the divine science. He loved the Church, and unreservedly devoted to her interests in every department, a strong mind and a warm and willing heart."

He was an excellent pastor. His own experience, along with his earnest study, had given him a deep insight into the secret workings and wants of the human heart. Few are so apt and instructive at sick and death beds, and at funerals, as he was. And his ordinary conversation I still remember with pleasure. During my vacations he would often call at my father's house to spend the day, or take me with him somewhither in his carriage. Then already his active, strong mind wore severely on his frail body. Many a precious word of counsel and comfort did the good brother give me.

In spite of bodily affliction he was always a hard student, and an earnest student, too, in search of the truth, determined to get possession of it if possible. With him study was a pleasure. Besides his pastoral labors, he performed much extra work. For a season he was an energetic President of the Home Missionary Society of the Reformed Church. He wrote much and well for the *GUARDIAN*, and for our Church papers. A small book from his pen—*Der Sekten Geist*—written in the German language, attracted considerable attention, and performed a good work.

He was associated with Dr. Harbaugh in preparing and publishing the work on "The Fathers of the Reformed Church." Before the first volume had left the press, good brother Reber had entered into "rest." In the preface to this volume, Dr. Harbaugh says:

"It is with feelings of peculiar solemnity, that we remember and record the fact, that Rev. J. L. Reber, who started out with us as a companion in the present labor, and who, it was designed, should furnish the work in German, has not lived to see its close. Soon after the labor of collecting material had commenced, his health began to fail to such an extent, that he felt himself constrained to ask leave to withdraw. Still he manifested a deep interest in the work, and did what he could to advance it. We are especially indebted to his diligence for the collection of some facts, in regard to several pastors who labored in Lebanon county. Instead of having enjoyed his assistance in preparing these lives, it is our mournful duty to include his own name in this list of the worthy dead. Such is life."

And now he, too, who wrote the foregoing, has followed his co-laborer and devoted friend to his reward, and has had his name transferred to the "list of the worthy dead."

With mournful retrospection I tell the story of these departed writers for the *GUARDIAN*. The most of them I knew and loved personally. Each one, though dead, still speaketh. Each life has its lesson. Very few, if any, young readers of the *GUARDIAN*, but what have better prospects for the future than Joel L. Reber

had when a youth. Would to God that all would strive to make their lives as useful and heroic as he made his. He raised himself to an honored position by persevering, plodding work. To him truth was more precious than any other good. To this he firmly adhered at great personal sacrifice. Many a time he followed Christ over a thorny path, where a less conscientious person would have sought an easier road by shirking duty. He thought and prayed much in secret. Few men are more keenly alive to their own weaknesses. He had an exceedingly low opinion of himself. Studiously avoided speaking of his success, or boasting of what he had done. Brother Reid says :

“I do not recollect of ever hearing him speak of high attainments ; but I often, often heard him complain of the deception of the human heart, and his slow advances in the divine life. Not that he knew no such attainments. Not because he never experienced any of the sweets and joys of Christian hope and Christian experience, did he thus speak. I was persuaded, that he was daily feeding upon heavenly manna, and enjoyed repeated manifestations of God’s presence and the Saviour’s love. But such was the simplicity of his character, the earnestness of his soul, and *the fear of hypocrisy*, that he would rather speak of his defects than of his delights, and mourn over what he was not than boast of what he was. He read much on spiritual subjects, and drew much nourishment and comfort for his soul from the writings of the good and devout of past times.

He was a man of prayer. The writer often met him in the praying circle. On the morning of the sacred Sabbath, it was our custom to meet together, as students, for prayer. These were precious hours. I recall them as among the most precious hours of my student life. It was in these little circles, that brother Reber delighted to be. And here I often heard his deep, solemn, earnest voice, leading us in devotions, which all felt came from the depths of the heart. It was also our custom to hold a meeting for prayer on Friday evening of each week, among the citizens of the town, and here too was he seen mingling with his fellow-students and the devout members of the Church, in supplications to the throne of grace. Prayer seems to have been his vital breath, and I make no doubt that if a human ear heard the last accents of his lips in death, *that ear heard a prayer.*”

For years he suffered from a complication of diseases. When he began his labors in the Codorus charge, he must have felt that his course was nearly run. And yet the brief span left him must be spent in work for his Master. On August 15, 1856, he fell asleep in Jesus, aged 39 years, 8 months and 23 days. A vast concourse of people attended his funeral. Rev. D. Gring, Shrewsbury, preached a discourse on Matthew 25 : 23, and Rev. J. Sechler likewise delivered an appropriate address. Among the many mourners at his grave, were seventy young catechumens, whom he had confirmed four weeks before his death, and for the first time admitted to the Lord’s Supper. “These followed him with silent hearts to the grave, and burst out in loud weeping and lamentation, as he sunk from their sight in the silent tomb.”

THE SAILOR BOY.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

Down from the mast the sailor-boy fell
Into a stormy sea;
And no one knew, so none could tell,
What sad mishap met he,

The rolling sea upraised him high,
And swept him from the ship;
He waved his arms—a fearful cry
For help burst from his lip.

The captain said no boat could dare
To brave the hurricane;
So he was left to struggle there,
And struggle all in vain.

The winds were wild, and low above,
The clouds hung dark as night;
He felt the sea beneath him move,
Heaving in angry might.

But yet he strove with bravery—
No aid was nigh at hand—
He saw the ship upon the sea
Pass toward a far off land.

With pale blue lip, and half-shut eye,
Now cold and dead he lay;
His long black hair did floating lie
Mixed with the cold white spray,

The weary winds, the weary surge
Did ceaseless round him rave,
And moaning, sung the only dirge
Sung o'er his lonely grave.

The sea-bird screamed, the sea-bird flew,
Slow circling round his head,
And no one cared, they only knew
The sailor-boy was dead.

VERSATILITY OF TALENT.

BY PERKIOMEN.

“Can any one do two or more things at once?”—is often asked. And the manner in which the trite question is put forth, generally implies a denial of ability to carry on several mental operations simultaneously—at least, to carry them on without spoiling all, in a measure. I still hear the old school-master shout—“You can’t do two things at once, boys!”—as the urchins were munching apples and ciphering, all in one. “He has too many irons in the fire,”—says the drone, of the man who is gifted with a versatility of talent. “He is a Jack at all trades and a master of none!”—is the vulgar recommendation given by men, who stand idle the day through, with hands in their pockets, to such characters as are busily doing all that comes in their way.

Now, we will not stay to decide the preliminary question—whether the power of the mind, to perform several actions at once, be apparent only, or actual and real; whether, when closely taken, the human mind is capable of any complex acts, or only applies itself with inconceivable rapidity, in turns, to different objects, so as to *seem* to attend to several at once—very much as the impulses along the magnetic wire are rather a succession of waves, than a complexity of effects.

The plain fact stands before us again and again, that the mind does carry on two, three, and more operations within one and the same mental period, and without over-much difficulty. We can read aloud, and read without proper care and emphasis, while a train of thought, wholly foreign to the subject before us, is passing through the mind. We can listen to what is engaging our neighbors, on the right, and holding a conversation with a friend on our left. An extemporary speaker not only delivers himself with energy and propriety, while the subsequent portions of his discourse are being digested and arranged, but turns to his advantage the various emotions of his auditors—losing nothing that may depict itself on the sea of faces before him. So too may we execute a difficult piece of music, requiring, one may suppose, the concentration of all our mental powers, and yet, at the same period, entertain schemes and indulge in powerful emotions.

We gather this series of examples from the pages of an author, who has given much time and thought to the theme, and set them before the reader as tempting bits, to a collection of similar specimens, culled from home and every day experience.

It is, of course, conceded, that the mental process of supporting a complexity of thinking is more difficult, indeed, than to pursue a simple and single intellectual action; and, that such a variety of acts, performed at one and the same moment, is rendered more difficult still, in proportion as such acts are heterogeneous and on separate plans. But it is not impossible. Nothing more is maintained, just now. One mind possesses the ability in a far greater degree than another; and in the most active and vigorous minds, it has its seasons and its limits, let us say. A high and continued strain of complex thought will sooner or later bring on confusion and exhaustion. Hence men's minds shrink from encountering such difficult labor. They choose, as a rule, rather the less arduous path, of selecting some single object or sphere, and addict themselves thereto, in compliance with the natural bent of their constitutions. They doubtless very wisely turn to the best account the special gifts which nature may have conferred upon them, whether such gift lie within the cycle of the imagination, reason or moral sentiment. Such single intellectual action, in one straight line, as it were, acquires readily the form of habit, and men accordingly become mathematicians, logicians, poets, artists or moralists.

From such a monomaniacal proclivity in most minds, great advantages certainly result to society at large. We have, in consequence, a real division of labor, in the world of thought. We see and enjoy a more extended prosecution of separate sciences, than could otherwise be hoped for. Almost every mind can thus find some place, in which it may accomplish something. If we cannot do all things, we may not declare ourselves unwilling to do any thing. It is well that the economy is just as it is, and that men are just such pivot-men, as we find them. But all disadvantages are not necessarily excluded, in consequence of such an arrangement. Either, we will ever be compelled to be satisfied with but partial apprehensions of truth, you see, as long as such an economy stands. As long as we are obliged to prosecute our knowledge in tangential lines, we cannot see the whole surface of any truth. Truth is universal and entire, in its nature and essence; and yet, according to our present mode of procedure, we go on distributing, classifying and dividing, that which is in its very nature indivisible and ONE. We are very much like ants, in their running to and fro about their hillock—each one carrying a mere fragment of truth in his mind.

But, since the human mind, even now, although with difficulty and but to a limited extent, is able to carry on in diverse and complicated directions, various operations simultaneously, it is fair to presume, that, in our future and spiritual state, we shall be endowed with a wonderful and plenary versatility of talent. The mind will be enabled to fill out a circle of emotion and thought, let us say—holding fast to all at once instead of breaking off from one, in order to quickly grasp another. We shall no longer attend to this now, and then to that, by turns, or in succession—in a line; but apprehend, feel and act at all points at once, as the air touches and affects our whole bodily surface.

If such an obvious and probable enhancement of mental power is in waiting for us, may not the germ of such a versatility of talent be reasonably supposed to lie already in our present mental constitution? If so, why then require all minds to be monomaniacs—however exalted a meaning we may assign to the term? Why smile complacently on the man, who proves himself versatile, or many-sided—as if such an exhibition were not possible, in single cases, as typical of what shall be general, in a higher sphere? Why call up the famous “Jack of all trades,” or speak of the proverbial “too many irons in the fire,” or of the impossibility of “doing two or more things at once,” whenever we are confronted by such an exceptional character? We question very much the wisdom of confining the youthful mind, more especially, by a sort of imperious custom, to one line of progress. It tends towards a partial and unnatural development. The education of one talent, and that in one direction, is not necessarily the advancement of another—and still less the completing of the whole mind. Mind is varied in powers, parts, and faculties. These are capable of separation and independent activity, we grant. But to cultivate each capacity independently, as is too generally done in the schools, as well as exacted in society, is to foster a species of divorce, which is at once unnatural. Much better educate and train the whole man, body and spirit; mind, with all its powers, and morals, in all their bearings; in principles and practices—all together, and you have a harmonious versatility, such as nature everywhere presents.

While on this subject, we cannot do better, by way of illustrating our theme, than to present Doctor Elder’s brilliant photographs of certain men of just such a versatility of talent. His first specimen is the Honorable Robert J. Walker, of whom the American public heard much and favorably some years ago. After quoting from his letter, the doctor says:—“We have given this brief extract of Mr. Walker’s letter, in the main, to indicate our respect for the cleverness which it exhibits—the manly efficiency of the lawyer and statesman, enacting the physician in a great

emergency, as if to the manor bred, and for the abstract inference that a man that is really good for anything answers tolerably well—aye, often very well, for everything. A man well made up and well finished, is very nearly a whole hand wherever he happens to be placed. The notion that a man can be competent to only one kind of work seems to us very like a watch with only one true wheel in it. If it were the fact, which is doubtful, the whole machine is, after all, a very poor one. Universal pretenders are very poor humbugs, but sneers at universal geniuses betray anything but a sound judgment and enlarged observation. The instances of excellence in very numerous and varied abilities are as plenty as blackberries. Indeed, your partially developed people have very seldom eminence in the one thing, for which all their other faculties are smothered, and there are the best reasons in the world for it. We know an artist now, who, besides being pre-eminent in the quality of his work, can do twice as much of it in a given time, as the average of the best workmen. He ascribes his facility to the fact, that he has learned and worked at *five* different trades.

Having disposed of the Hon. Robert J. Walker, and his gifted Artist, the Doctor treats us to a fine morsel on the familiar Dr. Adam Clark. Few of our readers, perhaps, knew that the great commentator had been such a string of things, as we give:—

Dr. Adam Clark, the Linguist, Theologian, Antiquarian, and master of a dozen of the Physical Sciences, says: “the adage ‘too many irons in the fire’ has done a world of mischief,” and adds, “put shovel, tongs, and poker, all into the fire, and see that none of them burn.”

Here is a word on the great novelist, which is in place too:—
“Walter Scott was Poet, Antiquarian, Sportsman, Sheriff, Architect, Novelist, and a dozen other things at once.”

Another character of some fame, is thus set off:—

“Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, Virginia, is a profound linguist, a revival preacher, school-master, farmer, post master, politician, architect, anatomist, and several other things beside, and cannot be much beat in any of them by anybody. The thing is worth thinking of.”—Yes, we think a little thinking on the general subject will at least do us no harm. Let us then fall to thinking on the versatility of talent, both as it may already be capable of development in this life, as well as of its higher degrees, in the world beyond, where the truth of that strange saying shall be known.—“*Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*”

A DISCUSSION CONCERNING PLAIN WORDS.

Ten years ago, the present editor of the GUARDIAN wrote an article for the *Reformed Messenger* on the use of short, plain words, over the signature of "Junius." To this Dr. Harbaugh wrote a reply, over the signature of "Sax," in which he conclusively showed that "Junius" had better sweep before his own door. "Junius," instead of cutting at his reprover in self-defence, meekly took the broom and swept about his door as best he could. But few of the present readers of the GUARDIAN have read this little controversy about plain words. We therefore give it in a few numbers chiefly for the sake of "Sax's" article.—[ED. GUARDIAN.]

AN EXCESS OF LEARNING.

BY JUNIUS.

The poor common folk in our worshiping congregations often fare little better at the hands of the preacher, and him that prays, than did poor Lazarus at the table of Dives. Eagerly they pick up the crumbs, and as to their sores, if dogs will not lick them, Dives surely will not lave them. Many of the ablest sermons are little better than Greek essays would be to one-half their hearers. The most simple, practical truths are enveloped in long entangled folds of rhetoric, which ordinary people can merely look at and listen to with dreary vacancy of thought. Nothing can be gotten out of their fancy-ridden sentences. The hymns? Yes, these they can understand. The prayers often sound to them like Greek or Hebrew.

The following is a specimen. Who prayed, it makes no difference just here. But that it was really addressed to the Divine Being, in the presence of a congregation, there are those living who can testify.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night *teacheth* knowledge. We read Thy being, O God, in the diagrams of night; we syllable it in the harmonies of nature. We bless Thee that Thou hast delivered us from the pantheistic icebergs of unbelief, and hast brought Jesus into the fibres of our hearts. That Thou hast postulated within us a principle called conscience, which marks our responsibility. Let us not hold the truth in unstable equilibrium."

A gentleman present says, it reminded him of a certain candidate for a school, who, being asked by the directors, "How many kinds of snuff there were," replied that there were different kinds. Among others, that before them, which "is a latitudinarian excrescence of the supercrostinosity of the wick of a candle, taken by means of the finger and thumb, well saturated with saliva, from the burning taper, said lights being closed over the flame."

Some people have a great fondness for learned terms—"for words of learned length and thundering sound." We have known ministers of the Gospel parading theologic phrases before their people, until their famished hearers had quite a vocabulary of an unknown tongue, not knowing what any of them meant. Husks they were for the said hearers, without kernel or substance. With such men monosyllables are greatly under par; a vulgar tongue, they think, which ill becomes the dignity of the pulpit. Certainly, the language of the pulpit should not be defiled with the low and vulgar cant of the degraded rabble. The preacher's thoughts should be decently clad in a Sabbath dress, neither coarse nor too gay. The reader has perhaps heard of the showy young preacher, who dwelt with great eloquence on the graces of the "Proto-martyr." Being asked by a poor, plain old Christian, after the services, who that was, he replied, "Stephen, the first martyr."

"Why, then, did you not say that?" was the deserved rebuke the humble hearer gave him.

Why can writers and speakers not be as readily understood by their readers and hearers, as they are when they familiarly converse with their friends? The most abstruse scholar is able to converse intelligently with the most ignorant who asks him for charity. Strange, then, that when speaking to men about their eternal destiny, their ruin and redemption, they should indulge in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a foot and a half long.

True, great scholars sometimes use learned phrases in reviews and lecture-rooms. But when speaking to the masses, none are more simple and plain in speech than they. Aspirants for scholarly fame ape great men. They are always on the hunt for big words. They have a contempt for the old-fashioned transparent Saxon. They can no longer fire with small arms. It must be a thirty-two pounder, a columbiad. This fondness for big words, for hifalutin, is generally the index of a little mind, a shallow brain, a hollow heart. It betrays a want of sense, an excess of vanity.

Indeed, in our conversational English, the short Saxon words have been deplorably eliminated. What more expressive than the sturdy words of former centuries? The strength and beauty of the English language is in its Saxon element. This gives us short, bullet-formed words, which are solid, and always leave a mark

where they strike. How meagre are the words of Latin derivation compared with hate, anger, grief, joy, love, life, wife, son and daughter! But these grate harshly on so-called refined (?) ears. Many people no longer get *angry*, but "*indignant*;" they do not *hate*, but "have an aversion;" it is not *grief* they feel, but "distress," not joy, but "delight;" it is not *life* they enjoy, but "existence." These no longer *begin* an undertaking, but "commence it;" they do not *live* anywhere, but "reside;" they no longer *eat and drink* like vulgar mortals, but "partake of refreshments." Instead of being *sick*, they are "indisposed," and instead of *dying*, like other people, they simply "decease." They never *go to bed*, but mystically "retire;" instead of *hands and feet*, they have "extremities." They "perspire" profusely, but never "*sweat*;" they "promenade," but never *take a walk*; a "residence" they have, but neither *house* nor *home*. And so on to the end of the chapter. This is an affectation and a vain glory, so ugly and nausea-inspiring, that a sound, common sense turns away from it with unutterable loathing. A lingual Hercules is needed, with courage and club to reform and scourge senseless pretenders to things too high for them, and purge the much-abused Saxon tongue of its latinizing usurpers.

"SHE IS AN OLD MAID."

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Fifteen and twenty years ago, among the social cliques of this country, there was hardly a term of opprobrium that could be flung at a woman more severe than this. Elderly men spoke it with a sneer, young ones with a jeer; girls whispered it to each other with a titter and toss of the head; matronly mothers said it more softly, but with a significant little smile, which meant: "That explains everything."

Lying on the floor one day in the happy abandon of childhood, I heard a friend of my mother's, who had come in for half an hour's talk, dilating on the disagreeable peculiarities of a mutual acquaintance of theirs—her parsimony, her primness, her tendency to pick flaws in the sayings and doings of others. At the end of this diatribe, my mother observed, good-humoredly and half deprecatingly, "Oh, well, she is an old maid, you know!"

It at once occurred to me, that old maids must be very disagreeable people, and that they were disagreeable because they were old maids.

If you tell an ordinary girl of fifteen, that she will not be married by the time she is twenty or thereabouts, she will weep her eyes sore if she believes you. To be sure, she doesn't exactly know whom she will marry, nor just when she will marry, but she confidently expects this event to happen at no very distant date. The girlish belief is that there is nothing worth living for, after twenty, save marriage, and that every woman who reaches twenty-four without being married is booked as an old maid, and that hardly anything short of miraculous interposition could rescue her from that awful condition.

A woman of sixty said, compassionately, to a girl of eighteen, not long since, "You'd better marry and get suited, my dear. You've only three or four years more, and then if you aren't married, you'll be an old maid, for sure!"

Just such advice as this, from family and friends, and the fear of being called by the hated name, has hurried many a girl to an ill-assorted marriage. The impression that celibacy is dishonorable in a woman is responsible for a third, at least, of the discord and unhappiness of domestic life, and for many of the divorces which occur every year.

"I thought he loved me," said a young wife, bowing her head over her first child, and speaking of her husband, from whom she had just separated, after but two years of marriage. "I thought he loved me!" and the tears fell fast over the face of the sleeping child in her lap. "He came to my father's house to see me during a whole year, and everybody thought we would do nicely together!"

"Nicely together," indeed! with the ill-usage and abandonment in two years after marriage! But she did not say, "I thought I loved him;" only "I thought he loved me," and "Everybody said we would do nicely together."

How many more girls allow themselves to be governed by hearsay, in making the most important decision of their lives? If they are not old enough to know what they are doing, is not the inference this: that they should wait till they are?

Even to-day, in spite of the liberal tendencies of the age, you may count me the women who dare to stand up boldly and proclaim themselves willing to wait, until, by experience, self-education and self-discipline, they have made themselves fit to be the best wives of the best men, and then, if those to whom they are fitted do not appear, to go on being old maids till the end of their natural lives. I said you may count me the women; but I will, on second thought, dispense with the counting, if you will only find them for me. And yet this is the only true preparation for a true marriage.

Find me the women, not very old, who can solemnly say, that they are not intimidated by the prospect of becoming and remaining old maids! I think you will instead find plenty who will say, "I'd rather die than be an old maid!" Is it the natural yearning for the love of husband and children, which makes most of them shrink from this prospect? No. The single woman of to-day but too often regards a husband as a necessary evil, and children as undesirable incumbrances. It is simply that they think any fate preferable to that of being called "an old maid." Rather than that, any sort of a marriage.

At school, Celia and Minnie are bosom friends. Minnie, aged fifteen, says to Celia (ditto), "Let us see which of us will be married first. The one that isn't, must be bridesmaid to the one that is."

Then begins a sort of unacknowledged competition between the two, as to which shall have the greatest number of slim youths, with incipient moustaches and weak chins, haunting the paternal mansion by day and by night. After each "comes out," perhaps Minnie wins in the contest, and has the supreme felicity of inviting her discomfited friend to play second fiddle to her on the interesting occasion of a marriage, with which heart and thought have about as much to do as they would with a pic-nic excursion. Minnie has the sweet triumph of sending her bridal cards to her dear five hundred girl friends before she has been a year out of school. Perhaps Celia is saved from a like fate by the interposition of circumstances in the first place, and the strengthened instincts and growing wisdom of ripening womanhood in the second. At twenty-four, if she have a good heart and a good head, she knows thrice as much of wifely and womanly duties as three such specimens of stunted development as her too-early married friend, all put together. And she is thrice as fit, in every way, to become a wife and a mother. But you will hear Minnie, who is now a pale, thin, pulled-down piece of exhausted womanhood, and who has never had time or strength to get a new idea into her head since she was married, by reason of the three or four puny, clamorous children about her knees, whom she calls "little worries," and by reason of overmuch shopping, and household display, say with a compassionate sigh of her healthy, rosy, energetic friend: "Oh, poor thing! she is not married yet, and I'm afraid she will be 'an old maid!'"

The typical old maid of the very recent past, was supposed to be a severe spinster who wore her thin hair in stiff rows of formal curls, or else had it screwed into a tight little knot at the back of her head. Her general conformation tended to bone and muscle, over-much. Her voice was shrill and thready. Her eyes were sharp. Her mouth had a way of shutting up like a steel-trap. Her dresses were always scrimped, and her gloves and other small

womanly "fixings," were dingy. She was supposed to have a hard time in trying to make both ends meet, except when she undertook to clasp the girdle which belted her meager waist. Yet despite this pitiable make-up, nobody pitied her. Everybody distrusted her. Having so few concerns of her own to attend to, she was supposed to take a preternatural and offensive interest in the affairs of others. She was looked upon very much as we regard a vagrant and evil-looking cat, whom we see prowling about on the outside of our garden fence, and peering through it with envious eyes at our own especial paradise. For she was thought to be envious of other people's homes, not generally having any of her own. Though she was sternly and formally religious, her religion did not escape the general mistrust, as it was supposed to have been taken to only as a forlorn hope.

Can a more dreary picture of thwarted instincts and aims—of dreary living and dying—be presented?

Is it any wonder that a girl, with this picture held up constantly before her, and with the words: "This will be your portrait, if you do not marry," as constantly sounding in her ears, should accept and welcome any escape from such a fate; and fail to see, on the other hand, a lot equally as dreary attending an injudicious choice? Loveless marriage, with the first gloss of newness worn away, and the slow eating into the flesh of the daily-tightening chain, forged by incompatibility of tastes, habits, ways of thinking and of acting, until the bleakest corner of the earth would seem a paradise without the company of that one—children, who are but thorns in the flesh, by reason of following so closely in the paternal footsteps. The lot of the dreariest old maid that ever lived is not to be compared to this for misery. Yet it is every year the lot of thousands of women who cannot bear to risk, by waiting patiently for the proper man, the possibility of being called an old maid!

But every year women have less and less excuse for marrying for anything but pure love. Blessed be God that this is so! Every year woman's facilities for supporting herself by the exercise of any talent with which she may be provided—and God makes few human beings without at least some one sort of aptitude which they may turn to practical account—are being multiplied. When a woman is able to support herself decently, to command the respect of her neighbors, and have some pleasure in her life besides, people are not half so ready to believe that if she does not marry it is because she cannot. Such independence has its gratifications as well as its trials; and she is justified in the eyes of all for thinking well before she exchanges a lot whose good is assured, for one that she knows nothing of from experience.

But there is no justification for her, if, under such circumstances,

she does not wait for the right man. There is but one right one for her, and there is but one sign by which to know him. If she feel content to take him for eternity as well as for time, stripped of all outward appliances and surroundings ; if she can think of him under every accumulation of earthly misfortune, and still love him ; if she can think of him out of the body, and still love him, she is safe.

And let every good woman, who still has it in her power to choose, if she find no man whom she can thus love, not flinch to have it said of her, "She is an old maid !"—*Christian Union*.

KEEP THE GATE SHUT.

An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field he was especially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he dispatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden ; but was scarcely at his post, before the hunters came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result ; the boy remained immovable in the determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones : "My boy, do you know me ? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed ; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man, whom all English delight to honor, and then answered firmly : "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission." Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said : "I honor the man or boy, who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French but the world." And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice : "Hurrah, hurrah ! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."—*Christian Weekly*.

AT BETHANY.

From Longfellow's Divine Tragedy.

Martha busy about household affairs. Mary sitting at the feet of Christus.

MARTHA.

SHE sitteth idly at the Master's feet,
And troubles not herself with household cares.
'Tis the old story. When the guest arrives
She gives up all to be with him ; while I
Must be the drudge, make ready the guest-chamber,
Prepare the food, set everything in order,
And see that naught is wanting in the house.
She shows her love by words, and I by works.

MARY.

O Master ! when Thou comest, it is always
A Sabbath in the house. I cannot work ;
I must sit at Thy feet ; must see Thee, hear Thee !
I have a feeble, wayward, doubting heart,
Incapable of endurance or great thoughts,
Striving for something that it cannot reach,
Baffled and disappointed, wounded, hungry ;
And only when I hear Thee am I happy ;
And only when I see Thee am I at peace !

Stronger than I, and wiser, and far better
In every manner is my sister Martha.
You see how well she orders everything
To make Thee welcome ; how she comes and goes,
Careful and cumbered ever with much serving,
While I but welcome Thee with foolish words !
Whene'er Thou speakest to me I am happy ;
When Thou art silent, I am satisfied.
Thy presence is enough. I ask no more.
Only to be with Thee, only to see Thee,
Sufficeth me. My heart is then at rest.
I wonder I am worthy of so much.

MARTHA.

Lord, dost Thou care not that my sister Mary
Hath left me thus to wait on Thee alone ?
I pray Thee, bid her help me.

CHRISTUS.

Martha, Martha,
Careful and troubled about many things
Art thou, and yet one thing alone is needful !
Thy sister Mary hath chosen that good part,
Which never shall be taken away from her !

A LONG-LOST SISTER---A TOUCHING AND ROMANTIC STORY.

Col. Forney, in his last paper, *Anecdotes of Public Men*, in the *Washington Sunday Chronicle*, relates the following:

"Shortly after I took possession of the Lancaster, (Pa.) *Intelligencer*, more than thirty-four years ago—before I had reached manhood—Mrs. Dickson, the amiable and gentle postmistress of that place, handed me a soiled letter directed to 'the editor of a newspaper,' which she said had been in her possession for more than a year, and had not been delivered because it had no definite address. Upon opening it, I found it dated Logansport, Indiana, and signed by George W. Ewing, United States Indian agent. He stated, that he had only recently stopped at an Indian wigwam for the night on the bank of the Mississinewa, about fifty miles south of Fort Wayne, and found it occupied by a family, who were rich for Indians, and boasted of considerable property in houses and lands. He went on to say, that, in the course of the evening, he noticed that the hair of one of the women was light and her skin under her dress white, and so he entered into conversation with her, which was not difficult, as he spoke the language of the tribe. She told him she was white, but had been carried away when a very small girl. She could only remember that her name was Slocum; that she had lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna; also the number of her father's family, and the order of their ages; but she could not recall the name of the town from which she was taken.

Fascinated by this romantic story, and yet undecided how to let the facts be known, he wrote a letter and sent it to my native town of Lancaster as the place nearest the Susquehanna that he could remember of any importance. After, as I have said, sleeping in the post-office for many months, it came out through the columns of my little journal, and in that way got to the Slocums of Wilkesbarre, being the first intelligence of the child which had been stolen from them sixty years before. The brother of Frances, who was only two years and a half old when his sister was carried off by the Indians, started for the Indian country in company with his eldest sister, who had aided him to escape, and another brother, then living in Ohio, born after the captivity of Frances. After a long journey they found a little wigwam among the Miami Indians. "We shall know Frances," said the sister, "because she lost the

nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." They entered and found a swarthy woman, who looked to be seventy-five. She was painted, jewelled, and dressed like an Indian in all respects. Nothing but her hair and her covered skin indicated her origin. They got an interpreter, asked her name and where she was born. 'How came that nail gone?' said the oldest sister. She answered, 'My elder brother pounded it off, when I was a little child in the shop.'

They had discovered the long-lost sister. They asked her Christian name. She had forgotten it. 'Was it Frances?' As if smitten by a revelation, she answered, 'Yes.' It was the first time she had heard it pronounced in sixty years. Here they were met, two brothers and two sisters, after having been separated for more than half a century. The brothers were walking the cabin, unable to speak, the sister was drowned in tears, but the poor Indian sat motionless and passionless. She could not speak a word of English. She did not know when Sunday came. Was not this the consummation of ignorance in the descendant of the Puritans? She was carried off by the Indians, and when she grew up, she married one of their number. He either died or ran away, and then she married a Miami chief, since dead. She had two daughters, both married, who, thirty-four years ago, lived in all the glory of Indian cabins, deer-skin clothes, and cow-skin head-dresses. They had horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister accompanied her new relatives, she bridled her horse and mounted it astride. At night she slept on the floor with her blanket around her.

They could not persuade her to return to Wilkesbarre, even when the invitation was extended to her children. She had always lived with the Indians; they had been kind to her, and she promised her last husband on his death-bed, she would never leave them. It is now nearly ninety-five years since this white child was torn from her parents' home in Wyoming Valley. She herself has been gathered to her fathers, and most of her double family who were living in 1838, with the exception, I believe, of Mr. Joseph Slocum, one of the most influential and respectable citizens of Scranton. Among all the changes that have taken place in this long interval, few are more interesting than this transformation from civilization to barbarism."

It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top.—*South.*

RIDING ON A RAIL.

MR. EDITOR:—Do you approve of gossip? Do you approve of it in such sense and degree, as to allow it to appear in so staid, stable and respectable a journal as the GUARDIAN? For the name GUARDIAN seems to carry with it the idea of a very grave and dignified personage, fitted in all respects to subdue and sober down the comicalities, fun-loving proclivities of young people who are placed under the care of so responsible a person.

Gossip, we mean not of that kind which delights in tattling of other people's foibles and failings; but gossip that delights in story-telling. Now, Mr. GUARDIAN, do not reprove us too hastily, when we say story-telling, we do not mean telling *fib*s, but we mean narrating narratives "of things which have happened."

If you approve of story-telling in this sense, we will try to tell your readers a story of riding on a rail; not a wooden fence rail, Mr. Editor, but a steel rail, fast bound down to ties of a solid and substantial nature.

It was our lot in the early part of the month of June, to take a trip to attend the meeting of one of our church courts. We went not alone; our worthy elder accompanied us; our destination was Mercersburg, that famous place where learned doctors did, in days of yore, deal out large doses of theological lore. We might have gone overland, down one hill and up another, and then repeat, and so on until one day and a half of "up hill and down," would have brought us and our jaded nags to the quaint and famous little borough, which lies nestled at the foot of mountains and in sight of Old Parnell.

But, for various reasons, my elder and myself preferred to take the round about route in order to gain time. So we started via Altoona and Harrisburg, two hundred miles and more, to reach a place distant about sixty miles from the point of starting.

At Altoona we took the Pacific express, a train which does not stop from Altoona to Harrisburg, a distance of one hundred and thirty-two miles; except a few minutes at Mifflin, for the passengers "to take tea," and the locomotive to take water, and the workmen to take a look at the wheels. Five minutes pass, and we are off again on the wings of the wind; nay on wheels which, in their rapid revolutions, outstrip the "winged wind's fleet pace."

At Altoona, having secured our tickets the night before, we entered a car; a car which had evidently been travelling all night,

and been well filled with passengers. Did you, Mr. Editor, ever enter, from the cool and pure outside morning air, a bed-room which had been well supplied with occupants over night? Do you remember your sensations as you entered? If so, you can perhaps imagine how we felt, when we entered that full car. One vacant seat was discoverable; but breathing was difficult. My elder, who is a strong man, almost fainted. Just at this juncture, fortunately for us, a well-dressed person, who had on his cap, worked in gilt letters, the word "Conductor," came along. Raising his finger, he addressed us, and the following colloquy took place.

C.—Would you gentlemen like a seat in the Parlor Car?

P.—What will you charge us?

C.—How far do you go?

P.—To Harrisburg.

C.—Fifty cents.

The bargain concluded, we picked up our baggage, and traveled off. After passing through some six or seven other cars, ordinary cars and sleeping cars, we came to the *parlor car*.

The contrast between the car which we first entered, and the one in which we now found ourselves, evidently among the aristocracy, was so great, that we could scarcely help saying (saying we mean, to ourselves, in a sort of silent soliloquy)

"Bless me! this is pleasant; Riding on a Rail."

We looked around us; the carved wood-work called forth our admiration. We thought of the skill of the workmen. The elegant and expensive carpet, the tasteful, though plain, yet bright and shining spittoons (no spitting out of the window for those who indulge in the vile narcotic; do not think of us, Mr. Editor, in this connection), the handsome and costly, and really cosy and comfortable high-backed arm-chairs, upon which one could rest and "nap;" which moved upon brass runners, and were withal, so beautifully cushioned, were marvels of skill in the way of adapting means to an end. Then the plate-glass windows, through which you could see a beautiful, moving, ever-changing panorama of fields, now rich with the promise of a golden harvest, the very meadows filled with "lowing cattle," the husbandman going forth to his toil; and then again, the mountain stream rippling down its pearly treasures; the beautiful blue Juniata, famed in song and story, ever anon at our side; and then again, a mountain gorge, with its bold and jagged sides, the cragged height full of leafy honors.

And now the busy hum of machinery, and work-shops startles our ears. The distant church spire, with its long and slender finger, is still pointing heavenward; and now the village school, with its troops of merry children, reminds us of our childhood's days. All

these, and many more scenes of beauty and life passed by, and the enraptured eye wearied not in gazing upon them, through the plate-glass windows. With such scenery and such surroundings, the time passed quickly enough, and we could scarcely realize, that we had traveled so far, when the State Capitol came in sight. In less than four hours we had traveled one hundred and thirty-two miles.

Riding on a Rail in such circumstances, and with such surroundings, with the Westinghouse Air Brake attached to every car, a polite and attentive conductor, and in the various apartments of your parlor car, every convenience that art can devise, or heart can wish ; how different from the old style ! the old Conestoga Wagon, for instance ! Among the very great conveniences, yea, positive luxuries, we must mention a small compartment, in which is found a fixed wash-stand, marble bowl, plentiful supply of water, soap, towel, looking-glass. So that you can wash your face, and sit down, and feel refreshed ; while all the time you are traveling at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour ; yet traveling so gently, that you hardly know you are moving.

While riding in this parlor car, we were forcibly reminded of the first, second, and third class carriages of European railroads. But in the first-class carriages of English railroads, for instance, you are indeed boxed up by yourself, and apart from your fellow travelers ; with no means of traveling from one car to another. So you are shut up to looking out of the window, reading the newspaper, going to sleep, talking with your one or two fellow-passengers, or waiting (by way of a change) for the conductor, who carries the keys, to open the door, thrust in his head, and cry out at the top of his voice, TICKETS. Well do we remember the tone, his shrill voice is sounding even yet in our ears. Then woe to the unlucky wight, who has neglected to purchase the piece of paste-board at the depot before the train started. He must get off the train at the next station, buy a ticket, and pay the fine. No apologies will avail here. The company regard it as an attempt to defraud them. And as you pace back and forth the platform of some railroad depot, you see on every side placards cautioning all persons against attempting to ride in the company's carriages, without first buying a ticket.

In pleasing contrast with all this is the sociality and freedom of our American Railroad system.

All these thoughts and many more passed through our minds, as, in passing from Altoona to Harrisburg, we were riding on a Rail.

The Sunday School Drawer.

“TO WHAT EXTENT MAY I PUNISH MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN?”—If you want to drive them away, punish them. If you want to make them hate you, punish them. If you want to do them good, and make them love you, remember that honey is more attractive than vinegar, and that one kind word is worth more than fifty thrashings.

A sect of Mohammedans has arisen in Persia, now numbering 200,000, which recognizes the Bible as the word of God, and attempts to reconcile the creed of Islam and Christianity. The sect is under powerful oppression, and a considerable number of its adherents have been slain; but in its strength of numbers and influence, and in its persistence, it is of peculiar significance and hopefulness.

“WHEN SHOULD A TEACHER ARRIVE AT SCHOOL?”—At least five minutes before the hour for beginning. Ten minutes would be better. The critical period in the history of a school, as regards its order, is in the few minutes before it opens. If rude boys are left to themselves, to jump over the benches and practice gymnastics, before the teachers arrive, it will be very hard to calm them into a state of proper quiet and good order.

THE SNOW-PRAYER.—A little girl went out to play one day in the fresh new snow, and when she came in, she said: “Mamma, I couldn’t help praying when I was out at play.” “What did you pray for, my dear?” “I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sunday-school: ‘Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.’” What a beautiful prayer! And here is a sweet promise to go with it: “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” And what can wash them white,—clean from every stain of sin? The Bible answers: “They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”—*Morning Light*.

WHEN I look at a class of boys, what a bundle of possibilities! Here are the future merchants, statesmen, orators and preachers, and I may have a part in their preparation. If they do not become eminent but only ordinary men, still they are immortal. The first and great qualification of the Sunday-school worker is *love to God*. One great fault is, that teachers’ hearts are not in the work. A Philadelphia lady going up into the Wyoming Valley, Pa., gathered a little school of only five scholars, but one of them afterward became Prof. John S. Hart, LL.D., the eminent educator and Sunday-school writer, now of Princeton College. So another boy, in whom a Philadelphia lady interested herself, developed into the Rev. G. J. Miggins, of New York. Earnest work will produce glorious results.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.—Yesterday I saw a camel go, in Cairo, through the eye of a needle, *i. e.* the low-arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to creep through, and thus the rich man must humble himself. See how a false translation spoils a good metaphor, and turns a familiar simile into a ferociously communist sentiment.

Old Jacob's speech to Pharaoh really made me laugh (don't be shocked), because it is so exactly like what a Fellah says to a Pasha: "Few and evil have been my days," etc. (Jacob being a most prosperous man); but it is manners to say all that. I feel quite kindly now toward Jacob, whom I used to think ungrateful and discontented.

Fateereh, with plenty of butter, is what the three men who came to Abraham ate, and the way in which Abraham's chief *memlook*, acting as *wekeel*, manages Isaac's marriage with Rebecca, is precisely what a man in his position would do now.—*Lady Gordon's Letters from Egypt*.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.—A little brother and sister sat side by side in their Sabbath-school class. The brother in a fit of passion struck his sister a blow. The angry, wronged little girl raised her hand to strike her brother. "Stop, my dear," said their teacher, "you had much better kiss your brother than strike him." The teacher's look and words touched her heart. Her uplifted hand dropped. Throwing her arms around the neck of her brother, she kissed him most tenderly. The brother was moved. He could have stood a blow from his sister, but her kiss was too much for him. The tears rolled down his cheeks. The sister sobbed with him, and gently wiped the tears from her brother's face and eyes with her little handkerchief. And the more kindly she wiped his face and kissed it, the more the dear little fellow wept. After they both were done crying and kissing one another, the teacher told the class always to return a kiss for a blow, and then blows would cease. It is all very true, and I think people no longer children might learn a lesson from it.

DON'T GIVE UP.—A gentleman traveling in the northern part of Ireland, heard the voice of children and paused to listen.

Finding the sound proceeded from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near, and as the door was open, he entered, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, sad and dispirited.

"Why does this boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid boys were nearly crushed. He said a few kind words to him; then placing his hands upon the noble brow of the little fellow that stood apart, he said, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy, try."

The soul of the boy was roused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible,—a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clark.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up, but try, my boy, try."

Editor's Drawer.

It is not generally known, that the knowledge which learned men possess in regard to the surface of the moon—its mountains, valleys, plains, lava seas, and the distances from point to point, is probably more accurate than the knowledge of the best geographers as to the physical features of the earth on which we live.

“Will my case be called to-day?” said an eager client to his lawyer. “Are you sure that nothing is *left undone*? If judgment is pronounced against me, I am a ruined man.” The lawyer was a Christian man, and he inquired, “What, if my case come on to-day before the eternal Judge, whose sentence there is no reversing! am I prepared?”

Warn the boatman before he enters the current; and then if he is swept down the rapids, he destroys himself. Warn the man before he drinks the poison, tell him it is deadly; and then, if he drinks it, his death be at his own door. And so let us warn you, before you depart this life; while, as yet, your bones are full of marrow, and the sinews of your joints are not loosed.—*Spurgeon*.

Recently, a young man, member of a Bible class, called after tea upon a young lady friend. In usual health, he had just greeted his friend, and sat upon the sofa at her side. Instantly she noticed a strangeness in his demeanor. She said to him, “Are you ill?” He smiled, his head fell back, he was dead. The only son of his mother, and she a recent widow. “Behold, I come quickly.”

THE CHURCH FIRST.—I believe that to-day what we need in the church of Christ is not so much the exalting of the Sunday-school, as the exalting of all the departments of the Church. Who ever heard of a convention to exalt the spirit of religion in the family? And yet we need that to be done. The children should go to the church service, but if it becomes a question of church or school, then I go for the Church. Let us have the family teaching the truth, the church preaching, and old and young studying the Bible.

Teacher (to very sharp pupil)—Tommy, what is an island?

Tommy—Land, surrounded by water, sir.

Teacher—Right, Tommy. Now, which is the largest island in the world?

Tommy—Africa, sir.

Teacher—Nonsense, boy; Africa is a continent.

Tommy—Please, sir, no, sir! not since De Lesseps cut the Suez Canal.

Teacher looks discomfited.

When Rowland Hill was paying his first visit to Scotland, he was carefully warned, that his loose and random style of talking would not do among the hard-headed natives of that country, and that he must try and be a little more connected. Accordingly, when he first stood in a Scotch pulpit, he said he was to obey the warning, and that he would be very logical and very connected indeed. Having announced his text, he said: "First, I shall come up to the text; secondly, I shall go round about the text; thirdly, I shall go right through the text; and fourthly, I shall go quite away from the text." And if the story-teller be veracious, Rowland was most at home under the last head.

A girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers. "Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says." "What does he say, my dear?" "Why, he says that the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?" "Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself?" "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your Bible and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa! it isn't true; for God made the moon before He made any cows."

THE GRATITUDE OF THE BLOOD-WASHED SOULS.—"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple." (v. 15.) Great obligation calls for unwearying service. "A gentleman, visiting a slave mart, was deeply moved by the agony of a slave-girl, who had been delicately reared, and feared that she should fall into the hands of a rough master. The gentleman inquired her price, paid it to the slave-trader, then placed the bill of sale in her own hands, telling her that she was free, and could now go home. The slave-girl could not realize the change at first, but, running after her redeemer, cried, 'He has redeemed me! he has redeemed me! Will you let me be your servant?' How much more should we serve Him who has redeemed us from sin, death, and hell?"

Deacon Dodd once feelingly said
 About his Betsy, long since dead,
 "If ever an angel loved a man
 That angel, sir, was Betsy Ann:
 If I happened to scold her, she was so meek,
 (Which the Deacon did seven times a week!)
 She'd clap her apron up to her eye,
 And never say nothin', but only cry."
 But, ladies, p'rhaps you'd like to be told,
 That Deacon Dodd, like other men,
 Waited a year, and married again;
 But he married a most inveterate scold,
 And now 'tis the Deacon's turn to be meek,
 As he gets well rasped from week to week;
 But rather than "open his head" he'd burst,—
 He wishes the second was with the first!
 But as she's as tough as a hickory limb,
 No doubt she'll live to say of him,
 "If ever a saint the footstool trod,
 That man—that saint—was Deacon Dodd."

—*Country Love and City Life.*

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIIIrd volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIII.

AUGUST, 1872.

No. 8.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIII.

AUGUST, 1872.

No. 8.

THE FORESTER AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

A Christmas Story for Children, by Christoph von Schmid. Translated from the German by Lewis Henry Steiner.

CHAPTER II.

THE HISTORY OF POOR ANTHONY.

The father of the family, in whose house Anthony had been so kindly received, was a forester. While the children were chatting thus together, he sat in his arm-chair by the stove, seemingly absorbed in thought. His wife, with the youngest child in her arms, seated herself near him upon a chair and said, after a little while: "Why are you so quiet, and what are you thinking about?" "I was thinking over the last verse we have just sung," replied the forester. "True, you have done what it says, having warmed and fed him." "But I was thinking whether we could not do still more for him. See now, this is holy Christmas Eve. We are celebrating the memory of that night, in which that holy Child was born, who came into the world for our salvation and that of all mankind. And now God sends us, even this very night, a child whom we can save. The Redeemer came a stranger into the world and had not where He might lay His head, as though he wished to put the hospitality of mankind to the test. The inhabitants of Bethlehem stood this test poorly, and banished Him at the very first to the animals of the stable. Shall we banish this boy in like manner? Tell me frankly your opinion, Elizabeth, what shall we do?"

"Keep the boy," said the wife kindly and pleasantly. "'Whatsoever ye do unto one of the least of these, that ye have done unto Me,' He who was born upon this night, once said. And besides, Anthony appears to be a right good, gentle boy, possessed of a noble spirit. He looks so devout and guileless, and although he asks assistance, he is not bold nor insolent. He is certainly the child of honest parents. He uses good language, and although his red jacket is somewhat worn, still it is made of right good cloth. Wherever five can find enough to eat, there need be no difficulty about six. We will keep the boy."

"You are a dear, good wife," said the forester, pressing her hand. "God will recompense you, and whatever you may do for a strange child will inure to the benefit of our own. Still we must first examine the boy to see whether he is worthy of such kindness."

"Anthony, come here," the forester now said aloud. Anthony came and stood before him, straight and erect as a soldier standing in the presence of an officer.

"Your father," began the forester, "was a soldier and died for the fatherland! Now that is certainly sad for you, but it was beautiful and glorious for him. But tell us now something more about your parents. Where did you live before the war? How was your father killed? How did your mother die? How did you come to our forest? Let us hear all."

Anthony proceeded thus: "My father, may God bless him, was called by the Huzzars their Sergeant. As far back as I can recollect, our regiment lay in garrison at Glatz in Silesia. My mother was always very much occupied with sewing, and earned a great deal. She was very clever. One day father came to the house in haste and said: 'War is declared; we must march to-morrow!' He was a brave man, and knew how to make suitable preparations. My mother was terribly frightened and wept bitterly. She would not suffer him to go without her; separation was too painful for her. Yielding to her urgent entreaties, he took us at last along with him. We travelled far, far away. One day it was said: 'The enemy is approaching.' My father and the Huzzars started to meet them. My mother and I remained behind. Then we were greatly frightened, as we heard the firing in the distance. 'Oh,' said mother to me, 'every shot pierces my very heart; for I know not whether the ball may not have passed through your father's heart.' We wept and prayed as long as the firing continued. But father returned again happy and uninjured. Thus it happened frequently. One day a Huzzar came into the village, after a fight, with my father's horse, and dismounting said, father had been severely wounded; he was lying upon the field of battle, half an hour's distance from the village, and must certainly die.

Mother and I hastened immediately to his side. He lay under a tree. An old soldier was kneeling at his side, holding him gently in his arms, so that father could lean his head against the breast of the brave warrior. Two other soldiers stood near by. My poor father was shot through the breast, and already looked as pale as a dying man. We saw that he wished to say something to us, but he was unable to talk. He gazed upon me anxiously with his dying eyes, then upon my mother, and then looked up toward heaven. A few minutes later he departed. My poor mother and I almost wept our eyes out. His corpse was buried in the nearest church-yard. A few of the officers and many soldiers accompanied the corpse. The trumpets sounded so strangely and sadly to my ears, that it seems as though I hear them still. They paid him the last honors and fired into the grave. My mother and I were as much shocked at this sad mark of honor as if we had been ourselves shot. Many of the soldiers wiped their eyes as they turned away from the grave. But my mother and I were melted to tears."

"Mother wished now to return to her home again. 'True, I have no longer any relatives there,' she said, 'but there is left me a kind acquaintance. She will certainly receive us into her house, and I think that I can support both of us by the labor of my hands.' We had, however, only travelled a few days, when mother was taken sick on the road. With difficulty we reached a little village. They would not receive us anywhere, although at last we found shelter in a barn. 'This is indeed hard,' my mother said, 'but Mary certainly had it no better. They would receive her nowhere, and she was compelled to pass the night in a stable.' Mother became worse hourly. She sent for a minister and prepared herself for death. When it was night, the wife of the peasant who owned the barn came with a little soup in an earthen bowl, and said to her: 'You are very sick indeed; I must do something else for you.' She went and brought an old stable lantern, in which a feeble oil light was burning, and hung it to a beam. That was all that she did. She bade us then good night and troubled herself no further about us. I was quite alone with my mother, and sat by her side upon a bundle of straw weeping bitterly. Towards midnight she was getting still paler, as I could see by the dim light of the lantern. She sighed several times quite heavily. I wept still more bitterly. She extended her hand to me and said: 'Do not weep, my dear Anthony! Be a pious, good boy; love to pray, keep God before your eyes and do not that which is wicked; then God will give you another father and another mother.' These were her words. 'But heavenly Father,' said Anthony, as the bright tears coursed down his ruddy cheeks, 'such a mother I shall never get again.' "Well," he continued,

“she looked for a long time upwards, praying quietly, then blessed me with her cold hands and departed. I could do nothing but weep. The peasant and his wife had promised my mother to take me and bring me up as their own child. They took the little she left, her clothes and her own money, but before three weeks had passed away they sent me off, saying that I had already eaten three times the value of my mother’s effects. I started off, proposing to go to my old school-comrades in Glatz. But the peasants could not tell me the road to Silesia. So I am wandering hither and thither in the country and begging; for what should I do otherwise?”

The forester’s wife was very much affected, and said, with tears in her eyes, to her children: “See, my children, this might happen also to you. You might also lose father and mother, and what would you then do? Therefore pray to God every day that He may preserve your parents for you.”

The forester said: “You had, as far as I can judge, very upright parents, my dear Anthony. But have you no writings to show?” “Yes, indeed,” said Anthony, taking a pocket-book out of his little knapsack. “These papers my mother gave me upon her death-bed. She bade me take good care of them and not suffer them to leave my hands, but I may certainly let you examine them.” They consisted of the marriage certificate of his parents, Anthony’s baptismal certificate, and that of his father’s death. The latter had been drawn up by the army-chaplain, but the colonel of the regiment had added with his own hand a very honorable testimonial concerning the brave, noble character of the Sergeant, and the irreproachable character of the widow he had left behind.

“Well now,” said the forester, “this is all very good. But tell me, Anthony, how you like us?” “Very much,” said Anthony pleasantly, “so much that it seems as though I were at home here.” “Would you like to stay with us?” inquired the forester. “Nothing better in the world!” said Anthony. “Your wife is just as kind as my mother was, and you are good also, and have just such a moustache as my father used to wear.”

The forester laughed and stroked his beard. “Well, my boy,” he said, “then stay with us. I will be your father and my wife will treat you as a mother would. But you must be a good son to us, love your brother and sisters, and give them no cause for complaint. Do you understand—you are now my son Anthony?” The boy was quite perplexed, and stared with widely-distended eyes at the forester to see whether he was really in earnest. He was so accustomed to the hard treatment he received from most persons, that he could scarcely believe the forester wished to adopt him as a child. “Well, Anthony,” said the forester, extending

his hand to him, "do you agree to it?" Anthony now burst into tears, extended his hand to the forester, kissed his wife's hand and greeted both of the larger children—yes, even the youngest one, although she could not understand what was going on—as his new brother and sisters. Christian and Catharine were very much delighted that Anthony was to remain. "Now this is right jolly," said Christian, "for when we play now, there will be three of us."

The forester continued quite seriously: "See, lad, God thus takes care of you. The blessing of your pious parents rests upon you. God heard the prayer of your dying mother and—your own prayers also, when you knelt down in the snow out there in the forest, shivering with the cold. He directed your steps here. He led you to this house. If you had not heard us singing, you might have fallen to sleep upon your knapsack and been frozen to death, and I should have found you dead in the forest. God rescued you just at the right moment. He led you on this holy night, when our hearts were especially filled with love for the Father in heaven who had given His only begotten Son for us, to our retired house in the forest, which you could otherwise hardly have found in daytime. You have to thank God and His dear Son, who was born this very night, nearly two thousand years ago, for you, my poor boy, and who died for you,—you have to thank Him that you now have a place of shelter once more. Therefore keep this in mind, and never forget it all your life; always preserve a thankful heart towards God and your Saviour. Keep God all your life before your eyes, and conduct yourself as becomes a Christian."

Anthony promised with weeping eyes. "O Thou gracious Lord," he said, raising his eyes up to heaven, "Thou hast indeed fulfilled the last wish of my dying mother, and given me a father and mother once more. But I will also try to fulfill her last words to keep Thy holy commandments, and especially to obey the fifth commandment fully as regards my new parents." "Brave Anthony," said the forester, "do that and all will be well with you." The forester's wife here showed the boy a little chamber with a clean bed, and all betook themselves, very much pleased, to rest.

The next morning the children were again collected before the representation of the child Jesus in the manger. It was their special joy on the holy Christmas festival and the following festive days. This innocent Christmas joy was, however, somewhat disturbed by a certain young Herr von Schilf—a great lover of hunting, who frequently visited the forest. On entering the room he made all manner of contemptuous remarks at the manner the manger of Jesus was represented, and said that he could not understand what purpose it served.

“What purpose?” said the forester. “Only look out of the window, my dear sir! Do you see how the earth is covered with the deep snow, and the very branches of the trees are breaking under its weight? No flowers are to be seen, except the ice-flowers that glitter here on the frozen windows. No apples or pears are hanging any more upon the fruit trees which surround my house, and not a single green leaf can be detected. All the boughs and twigs are white with frost and ice, and long icicles are hanging from the eaves of the house. The poor children are confined here like prisoners in the room, being scarcely able to take a step in front of the house door. Can it be wrong then, if loving parents create something like spring for their children in the warm room during the inclement winter? In fact this spring landscape in miniature, with its green woods, flowery meadows, grazing flocks with their shepherds, is almost the only winter pleasure these children have.”

“Still that is of the least importance! The chief object is this: We Christians rejoice during this holy Christmas season, because God’s love for man was manifested to us then in Christ in the form of a man. And we wish that our children, as far as they are able to understand it, should participate in this joy. Now I know very well, that the greatest artists have represented this sacred history in paintings that have been the admiration of the world for centuries. I myself, when on my travels, have often admired that celebrated painting of Jesus in the manger in Dresden, called the ‘*Notte*.’ But the same objections, that you have made to my very imperfect representation of the manger of Jesus—the unskillfulness of the artist being duly considered—might also be made to that glorious painting, and hence they do not merit reply. Moreover, such costly paintings are only for great nobles, and do not suit little children. Indeed I would wager that my children would certainly not exchange this manger for the celebrated painting of Dresden.”

“Please, then, my dear Herr von Schilf, suffer us simple people here in the forest to cleave to the old customs of our fathers. I remember yet from my own childhood’s years, that the manger was my greatest joy—and was not without its blessing for me. May it also be a joy and blessing to my own children!”

THE CHRISTIAN BADGE.—The Romans had a law, that every one should, wherever he went, wear a badge of his trade in his hat, or outward vestment, that he might be known. Thus the Christian is never to lay aside the badge of his honorable profession; but to let his light shine, and adorn the doctrine of God *in all things*.

ADAM CLARKE.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Between the source and the mouth of the Mississippi River—what a contrast! But is it any greater than that which is furnished between ADAM CLARKE, on the one hand, and Reverend Adam Clarke, Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, Member of the Royal Institute of Art, Linguist, Theologian, Scholar, Professor of Physical Sciences, and a dozen other great things besides? This is, for once, reversing the trite saying, to show us that “a mouse laboring can sometimes produce a mountain.” Bounded by such extremes, there must stretch an interesting territory, which we purpose to explore and epitomize.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

Clericus, or Clerk meant originally to emphasize the *office*, rather than the man, and signified a *learned man*—one who could read and write. The title becoming by and by a surname, Clerk soon changed into CLARKE.

That a *Family* name gradually emerged out of a union of one's *Christian* name, with the title of office or employment, is clear from these examples: *Allen the Fuller*; *Aldred the Smith*; *Arnold the Baker*; *Walter the Miller*; and—what is familiar to us all—*John the Baptist*.

It seems a strange insinuation, in this XIX century, that only some chance man could be named in a district, able to read and write. But let it be remembered, that there was a period when even British monarchs could do neither. Here is a record made A. D. 700: “*I Withred, king of Kent, have confirmed the above liberties, dictated by myself; and because I am unlearned—cannot write—I have, with my own hand signed this with the sign of the holy cross—+.*”

HIS ANCESTRY.

The Clarkes never claimed nobility, according to rank; but the character of *gentility* had ever been exacted and conceded. They had a saying among themselves, that blood will tell. The Great-great-grandfather, William Clarke, had been largely estated, in the county of Antrim. In 1690, he was appointed to receive the

Prince of Orange. A disciple of George Fox, he could not uncover his head before any man ; so he took off his hat and laid it on a stone, by the way-side, and walked forward, accosting the Prince thus : "William, thou art welcome to this kingdom." "I thank you, sir," replied the Prince, and added : "You are, sir, the best-bred gentleman I have ever met !" How could 'letters patent, have been more directly conferred ?

John Clarke, the great-grandfather had *nineteen* children, eighteen of whom grew up to man's estate—Horseman dying a young lad from the foam of a mad dog, which had been spattered on him.

The grandfather, William Clarke, had an offspring of four sons and two daughters, all of whom became honorably connected. His father, John Clarke, having been set apart for the Church, had studied at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and entered subsequently as a Fellow in Trinity College, Dublin. Here, however, a severe typhoid fever, and a still severer love fever, contracted from Miss MacClean, blasted forever his prospects in this direction, and settled him down a Parish school-master.

About the year 1759, when the tide of emigration set in all over Ireland, John Clarke indulged the hope of filling a professorship, in one of the nascent Universities in the new world. With his wife and infant son, he embarked and was on the eve of sailing, when his father arrived, boarded the vessel, expostulated, and by tears and entreaties, enforced by parental tenderness duly tempered with authority, prevailed on the young family to change their purpose, forfeit the passage money, and to return to their home.

Perhaps he had better gone to America ; but the trouble is, that one does not always know, whether to go or stay. At any rate, poor John never got on well in Ireland, from that date. Friends failed him ; resources ran low and dry ; disappointments and poverty drove him at last into an obscure village—"Moybeg, Township of Cootinaglugg, in the Parish of Kilchranagh, in the county of Londonderry."

HIS BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

Here Adam Clarke was born, either in 1760 or 1762—it is not certainly known in which year. He was the second of seven children. His older brother, TRACY, having received a most tender treatment, which produced an unfavorable effect throughout life, it was determined to make no Sunday child of Adam. He met with but little indulgence ; was comparatively neglected ; was nursed rather indifferently and left, as it were, to shift for himself. Through this mode of raising he grew uncommonly hardy, took to his feet in eight months, and before he closed his ninth month, could walk over the lawn unattended.

He became remarkably insensible to cold. He had a passion for *snow*. When the flakes fell, he became enraptured. He would crow, clap his hands, call them his 'brothers,' and steal out of his crib early of a morning, in his night clothes, dig mounds and scoop out rooms, in which he would sit contentedly for a long time.

He was soon possessed of great strength, taking after his maternal uncle, in this respect, who, having been insulted by an officer, one day, took off his coat, rolled it up in a bundle and threw it under the table, saying:—"Divinity lie thou there; and, Parson McLean, do for yourself!" So saying, he seized the impertinent fellow by the cuff and waistband, and landed him through the window outside the house.

Adam Clarke has frequently been known to thank God for the hardy manner in which he had been raised. "My heavenly Father," he used to say, "saw that I was likely to meet with many rude blasts in journeying through life, and He prepared me in infancy for the lot His Providence destined for me; so that through His mercy I have been enabled to carry a profitable childhood up to hoary hairs. He knew that I must walk alone through life, and therefore He set me on my feet right early, that I might be prepared by long practice for the work I was appointed to perform."

His grand-parents had promised to raise little Adam up to manhood. The lad was accordingly transferred to their care. But Adam would not stay by his grandmother all day. The old lady fearing the open *draw-well* near the house, sent him home again. When safely at home, he took the small-pox. The five-year-old boy was put to bed with a load of clothes piled over him; the curtains drawn close to keep off every breath of air, and some spirituous liquors administered plentifully, in order to *strike the pock out*. This was too much for the boy, and although covered from sole to crown, no parental or any other power could confine him to bed. He stole out into the air with but shreds around himself, and escaped without a single mark! In after life he frequently referred to the relief he found in this burning disease by exposure to the open air. The only hinderance to his walking were the pustules which covered the soles of his feet. Nor need this early *recollection* be wondered at, since the power of memory was great, even from his third year?

He was a child of strong *sympathies* and *antipathies*. He was afraid of large, fat men. Pearce Quinlin, a near neighbor, was remarkably corpulent; his eyes stood out with fatness, and his stomach protruded. Pearce was fond of Adam; but Adam dreaded Pearce. A silly fellow of the District, pretended 'to tell fortunes.' He told the boy that he would 'be very fond of the

bottle, grow fat, and have a large stomach.' Adam ran into a near field, crept into a thicket, knelt down and prayed:—"O Lord God, have mercy upon me, and never suffer me to be like Pearce Quinlin." He continued to pray thus, until he felt persuaded that the evil would be averted.

HIS SCHOOL-DAYS.

Adam was a very *inapt* scholar, and found it very difficult to acquire a knowledge of the Alphabet. Often was he imprudently censured and cruelly chastised. When he reached his eighth year, a circumstance occurred which kindled the spark of hope. The school-master one day set out the boys before some visitors. When Adam's turn came, the teacher apologized and remarked, "*this lad is a grievous dunce.*" But a humane man, patting him on the head, said:—"Never you fear, sir, this lad will make a good scholar yet!" Then there was a loud laugh. "Dunce!" "Dunce!" the boys cried for days. "I'll pull your ears as long as Jowler's are!" threatened the master again and again. The boy wept, and in a piteous tone was heard to moan—"I cannot learn!" One day he felt "as if something had broken within him." The ability to apprehend the *reason* of things, seemed generated in a moment, and with the aid of a good memory, he astonished master and pupils ever after.

But let no one imagine, that, from this time Adam found no difficulty to cultivate his mind, or to acquire knowledge. He was compelled to contend with the same lion in the way, all through life, that lay at the portal of his school-life. He never could catch anything at *first sight*. The *initial* labor, in taking up any new task, invariably proved onerous to him. To comprehend the reason, and to acquire a principle—that was for him the first and most tiresome step. Having made the first, all the following steps seemed to follow spontaneously.

The English and Latin languages and Arithmetic, were the chief and daily branches of study. These attended to, he would spend hours in miscellaneous reading. Littleton's dictionary he ever kept by his side, so that there was neither person nor place in the classic world, of which he could not give a ready account. This made him a character of reference among his school-fellows, who applied to him for every information on the historical parts of their studies.

His list of favorite books will strike any man somewhat singularly. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Robinson Crus e,  sop's Fables, The Athenian Oracle, The Fairy Tales, The Peruvian Tales, The Tartarian Tales, The Holy War, The Pilgrim's Progress, The History of the Nine Worthies of the World, The

History of the Seven Wise Masters and Mistresses, The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom, The History of the New World, and some fifty more of like character.

Although it may not square with certain received maxims, it is nevertheless maintained, that it was such reading as the catalogue of his boy-library indicates, that gave Adam Clarke his literary taste, and bent his mind to intellectual, philosophical and metaphysical pursuits. He observes:—"Had I never read these books, it is probable I should never have been a *reader* or *scholar* of any kind; yea, I doubt much whether I should ever have been a religious man; books of enchantments, &c., led me to believe in a spiritual world, and that if there were a *devil* to hurt, there was a God to help, who never deserted the upright; and when I came to read sacred writings, I was confirmed by their authority in the belief I had received, and have reason to thank God, that I was not educated under the modern Sadducean system." By the Sadducean system, he means a course of reading, which ignores, or leaves ignorant the child's mind of God and angels, of Heaven, spirits, and spiritual potences and influences.

He was deeply in love with the Gaelic Tales especially. He could repeat accurately their blazoning forth of the piety, fortitude, noble descent and valorous achievements of the Irish forefathers. Among these the account of *Fion ma cool* was his favorite. St. Patrick's preaching was attended with much success all over the Green Isle. When the Chief of Erin, *Fion ma cool*, presented himself for baptism, St. Patrick, being weak and decrepit, supported himself on crutches. During the ceremony he shifted his crutch and unwittingly planted the pike on *Fion's* foot, and pinned the convert's foot to the ground. The good saint, expressing his surprise and regret, asked *Fion*, "why he had not informed him of the mistake at once?" The noble chief answered: "*I thought, holy father, that this had been a part of the ceremony.*"

In a word, any book that savored of the heroic, whether in the secular or sacred line, suited the boy-mind of Adam Clarke.

HIS RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

At a very early age, his mind had become seriously impressed. He tells us somewhere, that he cannot designate the earliest and initial period of his conversion. When about six years old, whilst he and little James Brooks were walking in the field, the subject of *eternity* was introduced. They wept bitterly, and begged God to forgive their sins. A mutual promise was made to amend their lives, both feeling very pensive. His father belonged to the church of England; his mother was a Presbyterian of the old

Puritanic school. When Adam told at home, how he and James Brooks had felt and done, the father seemed to have but little encouragement to offer; but the mother spoke cheeringly and prayed heartily for little Adam. He thinks and says, that if his father had pointed out for him the Lamb of God, he believes himself to have been as capable of repentance and faith, even at that tender age, as he ever afterward became.

Mother Clarke had been well catechised in her youth, and had been drilled in the Holy Scriptures with care and profit. She pursued the same course with Adam. He was taught to read and reverence God's Word, whilst certain parts were deeply impressed. The mother, whenever she corrected him, applied some portion of it, to strengthen and deepen conviction. So familiar was she with all such salient points, that there could scarcely be a delinquency for which she would not with great readiness quote a condemnation. "See what God has guided my eye to in a moment!" she would often say. Adam one day disobeyed her with a sneering look and gesture. She flew to her Bible and opened on Proverbs xxx. 17—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it!" commenting on it in an awfully solemn manner. This was too much for Adam. He ran out, cut to the heart. But lo! he soon heard the hoarse crook of the raven—actually saw the ominous bird. He clapped his hands over his eyes and ran in, and begged his mother's pardon. Her *own* reproofs he could bear; but when she shot a dart from God's quiver, he was terrified as by a midnight cry of fire.

The severe creed of his mother, emphasized the God of Justice, more than the God of mercy, it is true; but certain it is, that the son attributed his life-long fear of God, to the religious instructions of his mother. "My mother's reproofs never left me," says he, "till I sought and found the salvation of God. She taught me such a reverence for the Bible, that I dared not whistle, or sing, or be facetious, while the Book was open in my hands. I invariably shut it and laid it down beside me."

She taught him to pray. Every night, before they went to bed, he knelt at her knees, repeated the *Lord's Prayer*, the *Apostles' Creed*, together with a child's prayer. Different Psalms had to be memorized, such as the 23d, the 138th, and others.

Every Lord's Day was strictly sanctified; no manner of work was done in the family. She catechised and instructed the household; would read a chapter, sing a Psalm, and go to prayer. The church Catechism, and the shorter Catechism were both committed to memory. Who can doubt the good effects of such an education? Are we not all ready to expect a speedy vegetation?

ACCIDENTS IN HIS BOY-LIFE.

Twice did God give Adam back to his parents. Once he fell from his father's horse with a sack of grain over him. It was attempted to draw blood from him, but in vain. He lay insensible for two hours, and was not known to breathe. All said, *he is dead*. And yet, in twenty-four hours he was completely restored. He thought, in the ordinary course of nature, he could not have survived. Again he was unhorsed in the river *Ban*. How long he had remained unconscious, he cannot tell—nor can any one else. But a ground swell brought him to shore, and lay him snugly down. “My preservation might have been the effect of *natural* causes; and yet it appears to be more rational to attribute it to a superior agency”—are his own words.

The boy had now become a youth, and both he and his parents began to think of casting his lot for life. The ministry was thought of; but poverty seemed to shut the door. Medicine might do; but, no—he must remain at home. How his lot was finally determined, will hereafter appear. God willed and fulfilled.

AUNT TABITHA.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! if I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way and I find it so nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare,—
It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety, you know,—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me, *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in!—But stay—
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa
 How he dared to propose to my darling mamma ;
 Was he like the rest of them ? Goodness ! Who knows ?
 And what shall *I* say if a wretch should propose ?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin,
 What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been !
 And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad
 That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;
 Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young man !
 Though when to the altar a victim I go,
 Aunt Tabitha will tell me she never did so !

—*From the Atlantic Monthly for March.*

THE FOUNDERS AND DECEASED CONTRIBUTORS OF THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Rev. E. H. Hoffheins.

In Abbottstown, Adams County, Pa., there is a marble monument in the village grave-yard, erected by the Reformed congregation there to the memory of a departed pastor. It is a plain monument some ten feet high, with a suitable inscription. Underneath it sleeps in God Rev. E. H. Hoffheins. Not far from here, in Dover Township, York County, he had been born, September 18, 1815. And on March 28, 1863, he fell gently asleep in Abbottstown as pastor of this charge, where devout men carried him to his grave, followed by a grateful flock, amid much lamentation and weeping.

Not the life of a great man, in the usual sense of the term, will I here describe, but of a good man, an humble country pastor, whose memory remains embalmed in hundreds of grateful hearts. His life consists of the humble characteristics and earnest tough battles, which mark the history of many useful men. He was born of humble parentage, the child of a farmer who from his birth seemed destined to thrive by the plough rather than the pulpit. In Dover Township, York county, Pa., his father was for many years engaged in tilling his farm. He was known as an industrious, thrifty farmer, who strove to lead a godly life. For many years he served as an Elder in the Reformed Church under the pastoral care of Dr.

Daniel Ziegler. His first son, the subject of this sketch, was born September 18, 1815. Though American born, the parents spoke German. Indeed this language was almost exclusively spoken in this neighborhood. Schools were then few, and of an inferior quality. The community seemed to have cared little about them. Thus E. H. Hoffheins learned to speak his mother-tongue, as it was then spoken among Pennsylvania Germans. He says, "My schooling was very poor, and consisted of a little reading, writing and arithmetic. I was able to read both in English and German, but did not understand any English, not even that used in common conversation."

From a very young boy he was trained to farm work, and continued at hard labor until he was nineteen years of age. He was strictly brought up according to the teachings and customs of the Reformed Church. In early childhood he was baptized. As there were then no Sunday-schools in that region of country, his religious training was confined to the efforts of his parents. He became a catechumen of Dr. D. Ziegler, in the Streher's Reformed congregation, in which he was confirmed May 18, 1833.

Already in early life he had a strong desire to enter the Gospel Ministry. For a long time the way into the sacred office seemed to be blocked up. His religious privileges were very meagre; the nearest church was three miles off. Religious services were held here but every four weeks. Thus he rarely attended church. No Sunday-school, or weekly religious meeting aided the training of the farmer boy. At least three Sundays out of four he was tempted to mis-spend. He says:

"Many a Sabbath was thus idly and wickedly spent. Some in playing ball, pitching pennies, fishing and hunting. Oh, what a blessing those children enjoy who have the benefits of regular Sabbath preaching and Sabbath-school instruction. * * Besides this, they have the influence of religious people around them. A thousand times have I regretted, that none of these blessings were accorded me in my younger years. A thousand times have I looked back, and wondered how I happened to escape. What could have influenced me to undertake so great and responsible a work? It could have been no other but the hand of God.

One winter evening, when I was about eight or nine years old, my mother perhaps made a remark, the importance of which she little felt at the time. I was sitting in the room, repeating some Scripture passage from Ephesians vi., which I had learned in school. Upon hearing this she said she thought I would one day become a preacher, as I could learn so much by heart out of the Bible."

The remark made an abiding impression upon him. Ever thereafter he had a strong desire to become a minister of the Gospel. For a long while he pondered over it, but shrank from revealing his desire, lest his friends and acquaintances would ridicule

him. At seventeen years of age he became a Catechumen. It was his first opportunity to obtain religious instruction. His heart and conscience became tender. A keen and painful sense of his sins oppressed him; temptation violently assailed him; a slavish fear banished sleep from his nightly pillow; by day and by night his guilty fears haunted him; the desire for the ministry increased; but how could he aspire to such an office. In speaking on the subject of prayer, in his lectures on the Catechism, his pastor incidentally remarked, that "if ever one of them should study for the ministry, which he supposed would not be the case, prayer would be an indispensable requisite for a knowledge and faithful discharge of duty." He turned Catechumen, wished his pastor might know his conflicts and feelings at that time on this subject. At length his inclinations became known. He broke the secret to his pastor. Wicked youths taunted him. Meeting an acquaintance one day he was asked, "Are you going somewhere to baptize?" He was named "the preacher," and otherwise ridiculed. Persecution strengthened his longing; his heart was full of it; every fragment of leisure time was devoted to some book, usually the Bible. Working in the field, he followed the plow, holding the plow-handle in one hand, and a book out of which he read, in the other.

New difficulties arose. His parents, otherwise well meaning people, opposed his project. They could not understand his sense of duty. His father offered to start him in the mercantile business. On the one hand, he had the prospects of wealth and ease, on the other, of life-long work, worry, and perhaps want.

By choosing the latter, some of his relatives were turned into enemies. At length his parents gave their consent, and he says, "I was happy."

He commenced his studies at York, Pa., and lived with his pastor. He became a student in the Reformed High School of this place, and received instruction from Dr. Rauch, Profs. Dover and Budd. His ignorance of the English language was for a season a great hinderance to his studies. When the High School and Theological Seminary were removed to Mercersburg, Pa., Mr. Hoffheins continued his studies for a while longer at York, under Rev. S. Boyer. His trials, however, continued. Without means to meet his expenses, his debts accumulated. His desire to pay these, often tempted him to cease studying and enter into business.

After finishing his preparatory studies, he entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., where he studied for a period of two years. At the annual meeting of Zion's Classis, in 1839, he was licensed to preach the Gospel. His first charge was Beaver Dam, now in Snyder county, Pa. It consisted of four congregations. The brethren, I. Gerhart and P. S. Fisher, ordained

him at Adamsburg. While laboring in this charge he was married to Julia A. Swope, of Gettysburg, Pa.

In 1840 he became pastor of the Elizabethtown charge, in Lancaster county, Pa. In March, 1850, he accepted a call from the New Providence charge, in Lancaster county, Pa. In this as well as in his other charges, his labors were greatly blessed. By this time his severe toil had seriously impaired his health. Still he could not be content with one congregation, when he saw the field around him white to the harvest. The second year of his pastorate in this field, he organized a Reformed congregation, and built a fine stone church, at Quarryville. Thus, notwithstanding his bodily suffering, he sought to extend his field of usefulness. With deep regret on the part of pastor and people, he withdrew from the field in 1853, and accepted a call from the Abbottstown charge, in Adams County, Pa. This charge was not far from the home of his childhood. He knew the peculiarities and wants of the people. Besides, the field for certain reasons was not in a prosperous condition. It consisted of five congregations. Although less prosperous, and far more laborious than the former field, he took charge of it. There he toiled in season and out of season till his death in Abbottstown March 28, 1863. Rev. E. H. Hoffheins was a hard worker. Besides his regular ministerial duties, he was a frequent contributor to the early volumes of the Guardian. He possessed no extraordinary pulpit powers. He was a hard student, and an instructive expounder of the Scriptures. His chief strength lay in his pastoral qualities. For this part of his work he possessed extraordinary talent. A kind, loving heart, an accurate knowledge of human nature, pastoral tact and prudence gave him great success in this respect. He visited much and well. He was dignified without being stiff, acceptable without being improperly familiar. At the bed of the sick and dying he was a wise counsellor and a successful comforter.

He was a man of rare unction, which he showed more as a pastor than a preacher. He prayed much and with great fervor. His diary abounds with ejaculatory prayers—now for help in his weakness, then for his members and congregation; then he thanks God for the felt power of His Spirit. Every page breathes a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice. He was a hard student, often grieving that his domestic and pastoral duties left him no more time to study. He had warm home attachments, evermore seeking to give his family new enjoyment. For weeks before Christmas he would labor to prepare a merry Christmas for his children. The tree and stockings were never wanting. And on Easter he took the rabbit's place, and provided the delightful delusion of laying Easter eggs in the yard and garden. Although never having a large salary, he

was given to hospitality, as many of his ministerial brethren still remember. In his genial home the poor found a bed and board. He was passionately fond of music, yet could neither sing nor whistle a tune, often making ludicrous blunders as he tried to sing with the congregation. With a heart tender as that of a woman, he had a sense of duty, stern as a stone. Vainly did his wife entreat him not to over-tax his strength. On Tuesday before his death he preached. In the pulpit he was taken with a congestive chill. It was the herald of death. In his delirious wanderings he tried to preach the sermon to his congregation, which he had already prepared for the following Lord's Day. Thus lived and labored E. H. Hoffheins, and thus he fell sweetly asleep in Jesus, leaving a stricken widow and fatherless children to mourn his departure. One of his sons, J. A. Hoffheins, now pastor of the Reformed Church in Alleghany City, Pa., was at the time of his death preparing for the ministry.

One who knew him well says :

"The great success of Brother Hoffheins, as a minister, did not consist in his superior eloquence, or beautiful and finely finished sentences, but rather in his perseverance, energy and faith in God. His labors in the ministry and his success in the Lord's work, afford us a striking illustration of what can be effected with diligence and piety, over and above what can be accomplished with splendid talents, a polished education, and no piety. Whilst Brother Hoffheins discarded display in the pulpit, we must not suppose that he was indifferent as to the matter of his sermons. His pulpit exercises were of a most respectable character, always instructive and full of holy unction."

A DISCUSSION CONCERNING PLAIN WORDS.

BY SAX.

Dr. H. Harbaugh.

A few weeks ago there was a piece in the *Messenger* on the use of large and long words. It was a good hit. There is no doubt we all err, if we do not sin, in this. Plain folks, half the time, do not know what we say; and then much of the good that may be in our speech is lost.

But we must say that the man who wrote that piece has yet much to learn, as well as we, or he will not be fit to blame, and lash and scourge us. We may say to him: Thou that dost teach and scold us, dost thou not need to take some of thine own words to heart? Look at this; you say:

“Indeed, in our *conversational* English, the short Saxon words have been deplorably eliminated.” You also use the words “Cingual Hercules”—“Latinizing usurpers”—“nausea-inspiring”—“hifalutin”—“aspirants for scholarly fame”—“preachers parading theologic phrases”—“vocabulary”—“monosyllable”—“the most abstruse scholar is able to converse intelligently”—“enveloped in long entangled folds of rhetoric”—“fancy-ridden sentences”—“meagre words of Latin derivation.”

Now, to be plain, we must say that the man who wrote that piece has still much to learn in the use of short, plain and small words. It would be much more plain if, in place of what he did say, he had made use of these words: “It is a sad fact that in our English style, the short old words have been too much left out.” For “nausea-inspiring,” which is made up of two strange words from an old dead tongue, he might have said: “that makes one sick.” For “aspirants for scholarly fame,” he might have said: “Such as want to be great,” which is the same thought, and it is said in four letters less.

Now we think when he once more reads his own piece, he will see that he is not free from the faults which he lays at our door, and then he must feel like the man who sought the bird on the wrong tree. The shot which he thought should hit us, hits him, too. This is good for him, as all wise men will say; and hence we cry out with all our hearts, in the strong words of a wise man, who is now dead, “Hit him once more.” Or as some one has well said: “Shoot Luke, or give me the gun.”

From first we have made it a point to use small and plain words in our speech—most of all when we preach. We can tell you how we were brought to take this course. When we were a boy, we were wont to go to a church where the man of God was fond in big words. Half the time we did not know what he said. We could only sit and look with mouth and ears at a stretch. But it was all in vain. Then we made up our mind that if ever we got so far as to preach, we would speak so that small boys and girls might know what we said. Since we do preach we stick to this rule as near as we can.

We find, too, that God’s word makes use of quite a plain style. Deep truth is told in few and small words. Thus you may see in John, 17, from verse 14 to verse 24, all of which is made up of two hundred and twelve words; and in the whole of it there are only twenty words that are not as small as they can be. These too, are Christ’s words; all he says in them is deep truth. We ought to take the course of God’s word more than we do, not only as to its truths, but just as much in the use of its style.

You see, then, that we are of one mind with the man who

wrote on the use of plain words. But we want him to *do* as well as *say*; so that we may be sure that he does not just preach his rule, but that he does what he would teach us to do. He must read what Christ says of the mote in the eye; and not be so quick to pull it out of our eyes, when it still sticks so deep in his own. That is a rude, rough and wrong thing, and it does not chime in with the rule which Christ gives in the case.

We hope he will not be mad at us for our plain talk. As he sought to teach us, why may we not teach him too? The next time he writes we hope he will leave out those big words brought in from strange tongues. Then if he will use all small words, and thus show us how to do it, he may put the lash on us as hard as he can. Nor will we get cross at him for it.

The above is certainly a curiosity, of its kind. The whole article has few words of more than one syllable.—*Ed. Guardian.*

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 9.

(BY THOMAS S. STEIN).

An Amæbæan ode, representing the reconciliation of two lovers.

HORACE.

As long as I was dear to thee,
And no youth, favored more, did fling
His arms around thy pearly neck,
I happier lived than Persia's king.

LYDIA.

Whilst thou didst burn for no one else,
And I remained thy only choice,
I, Lydia, of distinguished name,
Had bliss exceeding Ilia's joys.

HORACE.

Me now the Thracian Chloë rules,
Skilled in sweet measures and the lyre;
For whom I would not fear to die,
If Fate would keep her soul entire.

LYDIA.

For me dear Calais does burn,
And I return a mutual flame:
For him twice would I suffer death,
If Fate my boy would not enchain.

HORACE.

But what, if our first love returns
 And firmly joins us, long apart?
 If flaxen Chlœ I will spurn,
 And give to thee my entire heart?

LYDIA.

Although my boy's a shining star,
 And thou, a fickle, passionate man;
 Yet with thee will I spend my years,
 And with thee share death's final ban.

MORAL.

Ye youths and maidens of this age,
 Let this ode you a lesson teach:
 Be constant lovers and not vain;
 Nor treacherous as the sandy beach.

But if through human frailty, souls
 From souls be widely drawn apart,
 Then, if worth while, be reconciled,
 And let one flame fire both your hearts.

May 25th, 1872.

 FROM THE SCHUYLKILL TO THE DELAWARE.

 BY THE EDITOR.

"In time of peace prepare for war." In other words: "Take your umbrella along, albeit the sky is clear." Or: "Get something for a rainy day." All these are wise maxims. My rainy day is the hot season. Then hard work is double hard. The body feels languid and lazy, the nerves rebel against burdens, the mind balks under them. In the spring season I strive to lay up something in store for July and August. Fifteen pages of reading matter had been prepared by myself and others, for the August number of the Guardian; the most by myself. "Soul, take thine ease," I thought as I dropt the package into a certain hole in the Post Office.

It is well nigh the middle of July. The thermometer at 97. In the cool of the morning I leisurely read Froude's graphic history of England, and visit the sick. In the hot afternoon, I bury the dead. In one thing fortune favors me. The voracious printers will not molest me for copy.

"We received no copy from you last week. It is the first of your copy lost through the mail." So writes my venerable friend

at 54 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Little events remind us of great ones. I thought of old Tom Benton, when after many years' hard work he had finished his *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*, at the end of his busy life, just as it was ready for the press, it was burned up. Heroically the decrepid statesman began his book anew, and through untold bodily sufferings finished it a second time, and then fell asleep.

Compared with his ill fortune, mine is very trifling. Still——well, after all there is no use to make a fuss about it. Possibly I had written some foolish things, which had better perish than go to press.

From the Schuylkill to the Delaware. The distance is not great. At most only 55 miles. The route, delightful, over the East Penna., and Lehigh Valley R. R. The company, pleasant. Dr. C. F. McC. The passengers making an infinite ado about the heat. Ladies fanning—O dear, O! Strong men, models of muscular vigor, bearing their fans with them, and fluttering away for life. Cars a moving. Their rapid motion brings more comfort than fans.

Reapers busily reaping the golden harvest, by horse power. Not as those of Boaz did at Bethlehem, or even as I did in my youthful days. Dost smile, dear reader? In soothe many a broad swarth did I cut with the cradle, and many a sheaf did I bind. Much more pleasant is it to look at the reapers at their work, as the train whirls you by their fields, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, than bear the heat and burden of the day with them.

Much ado about nothing. The best friends are sometimes alienated. Ours was an involuntary estrangement. In search of a cool seat we strayed into different cars. Surely we shall find one another at A. Nay verily. On different trains we happen henceforth to travel. Neither one knowing that there was more than one train. In all the cars of my train, I vainly searched for my friend. In all the cars of his, did he as vainly search for his. Should I go back, and hunt the lost one? Shall he thus hunt his one lost? The cars will not retrace their journey. The telegraph cannot relieve us. At length I throw myself in a seat, and sadly ponder over probabilities. He may have fallen off the platform, while seeking fresh air thereon. Neither passengers nor politicians can safely stand on the platform, while the train is in motion. It is easier to make one than thus to stand on it. In the convention, plank after plank is nicely dove-tailed into the structure, without the loss of neck or limb. Beware of it, once in motion, you will surely fall off or through it.

Alas! My friend. Imagination saw him, lying on the track in the hot sun, his mangled limbs refusing to bear him out of the

way. The next train will finish the fatal work; grind him to splinters. How can I break the sad news to his heart-broken widow, and fatherless children!

While letting the imagination fill up the picture of sorrow, a certain clergyman nervously paced the platform at the E. depot. With many a question he sought relief from the R. R. officials. When would the next train leave for R.? How could he learn the whereabouts of his friend? A while ago he longed for his dinner. Now all relish has forsaken him. Others enjoy their sumptuous repast, he paces the platform, refusing to be comforted.

Ten minutes later another train from A. arrives. Before the train had stopped he hastened "aboard." On the step of the front car stood he, on the step of the rear car stood I. Each making a very ungraceful gesture at the other, whether with the fist or otherwise, I really do not know. Each feeling somewhat puzzled, like parents, first worrying, then weeping over their lost children. And when found not knowing whether they shall flog or fondly caress them. In all seriousness I did most heartily rejoice to find my friend, in the possession of life and limb, and his family, of an affectionate husband and father. I hope it was not wrong for me to be reminded of John Gilpin. I feel pretty sure it will not be, if I allow my friend to play the part of John in his memorable race, which he won.

"And so did he, and won it too,
For he got first to town
Nor stopped till where he had got up,
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see."

ALONG THE DELAWARE.

On the "Jersey" side we hasten down its banks. Here and there, grand old mountains stand guard around it. At one place it has broken a channel through a chain of these. Our destination is at Riegelsville. The village lies in Pennsylvania and New Jersey; on both sides of the river. As we stroll away from the depot, we discover a little boy at our side, who is too modest to make himself known to the strangers, yet keeps an eye on them, to prevent their going astray. Presently we meet his papa, the village pastor. The parsonage crowns a hill, overlooking the Delaware, and the village on its banks. Amid tall forest trees it is embowered. Just such a paradise as many a one longs for these hot days. A lodge

in a little wilderness, an Eden of shade, getting the pure air as it comes from the Creator's hands, before it has passed through other people's lungs. There in the soft breeze of night, the rustling music of the trees charms you to sleep, and the birds sing you awake in early morn. Till late at night we sat on the porch, chatting about a hundred things past and present, watching through the darkness, the dim distant lights of the canal boats slowly moving along the Delaware.

Aside the parsonage, the Reformed congregation is building a fine church. Our mission hither is to help the worthy pastor to lay the corner-stone. Three times during the Sabbath, the village church was crowded with devout congregations. In the afternoon, the people gathered around the corner-stone, which was laid by the pastor. A Bible, hymn book, religious and secular papers, &c., were put into the stone. Among other things, dear "Guardian," a copy of thy humble self, was put into it. In all the flush of thy youthful life thou wert buried irrecoverably. With tenderness I watched the hand that pressed thee into the corner-stone, to rise no more. Therein no human eye shall evermore read thy modest pages. This stone church ought to stand for more than a hundred years. In that far off time, when we shall be gone into forgetfulness, when a generation yet unborn shall uncover the stone, they will only find a few grains of thy undistinguishable dust. Could they have embalmed thee, as were the Egyptian Mummies, they might at least see to what being thy dust belonged—to a Bible, a hymn book, a catechism or a monthly. After all it matters little. Only so that thy principles and life will live on, the paper on which they were printed will be of little moment.

The village was founded by the sainted father Riegel, who was likewise the founder of the congregation. He presented the ground on which the Presbyterian church stands, and that on which the Lutheran and Reformed church stands, and his heirs presented the acre of ground on which the present church is being built. And a large portion of the money needed for its erection, comes from the same family. The sainted father is living on in his children; his memory is blessed, and his seed after him, carries on the good work he began.

The fruits of our journey,—1. Delightful social intercourse, and many a pleasing chat by the way.

2. Rest from care and toil, though we discourse a little.

3. A napkin, unwittingly carried away from Mrs. Dr. D's.' sumptuous table. Just at this writing I found it, to my horror. The kind owner's name is on it. Forgive me, dear friend, I knew not what I did, when I slipped it into my pocket.

THE FRETFUL WIFE.

She called herself a woman, but the little ills of life—
The crosses in the homestead and the duties of a wife—
The loving, sad anxieties which come with faces small—
This woman knew not how to brook, she seemed to dread them all.

The husband, fondly cherishing the woman of his choice,
Was far more often made to mourn his fortune than rejoice;
He deemed that he had taken her a child in all but years!
But oh how soon she grew to be a woman, full of cares!

Instead of merry welcome words to soothe his weariness,
At meal-times and at evening came the tale of her distress:
“She was happy with her husband, and she dearly loved him, yet
Who that knew a woman’s troubles was surprised to see her fret!”

Till at last his love seemed changing into sorrow that her years
Should so early have been clouded by the many coming cares,
Till the pity that he gave her stead of the fond love of yore,
Sank like lead upon her spirits, and she fretted all the more.

Woman, woman, wife and mother, if there’s fault at all, ’tis yours,
She’s the woman, who has sorrow all her lifetime and endures;
You had hoped to be a sunbeam o’er your husband’s weary life,
But the darkest cloud about him is his fretful little wife.

Shall it aye be so? Oh, mother, do you know that when you’re old,
When the stranger’s words of pity come so seldom, come so cold,
You shall rest yourself on pillows which the children’s hands have piled,
And your gray hairs may be parted by the children of your child?

Take an extra care upon you, one that should have been the first,
The neglect of which—believe me—is of all your faults the worst;
Strive to make your husband happy, give him smiles instead of tears,
And like sunbeams on the snowflakes will his joy be on thy cares.

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

LET IT BE SEEN.—I would not give much for your religion unless it can be *seen*. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine; a lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong; and yet, far over the water its friendly spark is visible to the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

DR. KITTO'S BOYHOOD.

We have nine volumes of Dr. Kitto's works on the Scriptures in our library, and he must have written as many more. He is the Albert Barnes of England. All his writings aim to expound the Word of God. Few authors have so many readers, and few are so far and so favorably known as Kitto. What he was as a boy, and how he came to be a great author, is pleasingly shown in the following article, taken from the *Congregationalist*.

EDITOR.

"If a man would succeed," said Sir Joshua Reynolds of painting, "he must go to his work, willing or unwilling, and he will find it no play, but very hard labor." It is work, hard persevering work that wins success.

"Destiny is not
Without thee, but within.
Thyself must make thyself."

Said the brother of Edmund Burke, after the latter had made a display of his marvelous attainments in the House of Commons: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent of the family, but then again I remember, when *we* were at play he was always at work." Edmund Burke made himself an orator in days of youthful toil. His brow was baptized with the sweat of solitary study, long, long before it was graced with bay leaves. He waited his opportunity. It came. He rose in the political sky like a sudden light. Men called him a genius. He was nothing but a patient worker, a pains-taking, self-taught boy.

The boy who sows will reap, and reap what he sows, and success comes of the sowing. The boy who works will succeed, and succeed in the measure that he works, and success comes of the working.

But says some young reader: "I am poor and unfortunate. I would be successful, but I am hemmed in on every side."

Then God loves you. Trust in Him. God is strength, He is comfort, He is hope. Trust, work, wait.

Give me your hand, dear reader, and let us visit in fancy the home of one poor boy.

The place, Plymouth, England, with its smoky streets and foamy harbor. The time, the first part of the present century. The house, a hovel; the family tattered, distressed with hungry faces, hopeless, woe-begone.

The boy John Kitto. He is tender at heart, but he has no friends ; he is a lover of books, but he finds no regular teacher.

He makes the best use of the few books that he has ; he reads them, and spells them and learns them with the quenchless zeal of one whose life is so sunless, so dreary. He spends his days in carrying brick and mortar to his father, who is a working mason. He is slender for such hard work, and young—only ten or twelve. There are no daisied walks for his bare feet, no fields sprinkled with flowers and gladdened with birds. He sees little but the windy harbor, and hears little save the complaints of the wretched at home, and far off the moaning of the waves on the bar.

Poor little boy ! He is thirteen now, and he works at carrying slate up the ladder to the roof, not an easy nor a quiet employment for a poor little boy. One day he becomes weary. In stepping from the ladder to the roof his foot slips, he loses his balance, he falls. Thirty feet fell that poor little boy with his burden of slate.

He struck on a paved court. They took him up and carried him home. They thought him dying and said he would die. We should not wonder if they hoped he would die, for the family could hardly find bread for those who toiled from sun to sun ; much more for a helpless invalid. Poor little boy !

Would you like to hear his own story of this accident ?

“Of what followed,” he said, “I know nothing. For one moment, indeed, I awoke from a death-like state, and found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms, but I had no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

“In this state I remained for a fortnight. Those days were a blank in my life ; when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was as from a night of sleep.

“My hearing was entirely gone. I saw the people around me talking to one another, but thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers because I heard them not. I asked for a book I had been reading on the day of my fall. I was answered by signs.

“‘Why do you not speak?’ I asked. ‘Pray let me have the book.’

“A member of the family wrote upon a slate that the book had been taken away by its owner.

“‘But why do you write?’ I asked ; ‘why do you not speak?’

“Those around me exchanged looks of concern. Then the slate was handed me with the awful words, ‘YOU ARE DEAF.’”

Poor, deaf, and little cared for !

He could not help his father now. But he resolved to work, even on the bed of pain. He borrowed books and began to store

his mind. This he continued to do until his strength in a measure returned again. His hearing never returned. The world was all silent to him like a dumb show.

But he lived ; why, no one could tell. We think not because he was wanted in the world, for he was a burden. His parents were unable to support him any longer, and they made known their situation to the overseer of the poor, who took the deaf little lad away from his home and what little charms it had—it must have had some—and put him in the poor-house or work-house. Here he was taught to make shoes. He worked hard, and he trusted in God, and—he knew not why—he spent every leisure moment in improving his mind. He was next apprenticed to a shoemaker, a bad man, who had no feeling for the sad-hearted deaf boy, and who used him like a dog. He treated him so ill that the magistrates interfered and took him away. He used to work sixteen hours a day, but in the remaining eight he still took an hour for the improvement of his mind.

At last he began to write for a Plymouth journal, and his ability so excited public attention that the people began to feel kindly toward him and to assist him. They lent him Greek books and he learned Greek ; books on modern tongues and the sciences, and he mastered them. He became a teacher, a traveler, a theologian, an oriental scholar and the author of books to be found in every library.

Reviewing the past, he says : “It does somewhat move me to look back upon that poor deaf boy, in his utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathize, and to pursuits which none could understand. When I was a shoemaker’s apprentice, I worked sixteen hours out of twenty-four, and my heart gave way. Now that I look back upon this time, the amount of study which I did contrive to get through, under these circumstances, amazes and confounds me.”

The world is full of disappointed men. The poor deaf boy of Plymouth work-house is not among them. He sowed in the darkness ; he is reaping in the light. We doubt that any young reader of this journal ever had a lot like his. Work, trust, wait.

“Commit thy way unto the Lord ! trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.”

EARLY RISING.—Suppose two persons go to bed at the same time every night, and one of them rises at six o’clock every morning, and the other not till eight ; in forty years, the difference would exceed twenty-nine thousand hours. How many things might be done or learned in such a number of hours !

The Sunday-School Drawer.

WORKING FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

A little boy had been all round his new home, to see if the children went to the Sabbath-school. He found eleven that did not go. He invited them to call at his father's house, and to go with him to the Sabbath-school. They gladly accepted his invitation, and came, Sabbath after Sabbath, in the morning and afternoon, to go with him to the Sabbath-school. There was also in the Sabbath-school, an infant class, consisting of twelve little boys. If any of these were late or tardy in attending the school, he would run and bring them in. One Sabbath morning, he found that one of them had no cap, and as he himself was always so neatly dressed, he did not like to take him to school bareheaded, so he whispered in his mother's ear and asked her if he could not get his week-day cap and lend it to him. His mother told him that he might do so. He did so; and then away they ran to the Sabbath-school. On another Sabbath, there was one of the boys that had no shoes, and again he goes and whispers in his mother's ear and asks her if he cannot lend him his week-day shoes. He said, "I think they will fit him." His mother gave her consent, and immediately he ran and brought the shoes for the little boy, and they were soon in the ranks of the Sunday-school army, singing sweet songs of praise.

Now, if all the children would do as did this good little boy, every seat in the Sabbath-school would be filled, and many more children would learn to love Jesus.—*Mothers' Magazine.*

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD. "Willie, why were you gone so long for the water?" asked the teacher of a little boy.

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; but the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble, than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had been Willie's companion.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?"

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for an instant—he looked frankly up to his teacher's face.

"Yes, ma'am," he bravely answered; "we met little Harry Braden and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water and had to go back."

Little friends, what was the difference in the answers of the two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which one of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?—*Selected.*

THE NEARNESS OF GOD.

A missionary visited a poor old woman, living alone in a city attic, and whose scanty pittance of half a crown a week was scarcely sufficient for her bare subsistence. He observed, in a broken teapot that stood at the window, a strawberry plant growing. He remarked from time to time how it continued to grow, and with what care it was watched and tended. One day he said, "Your plant flourishes nicely; you will soon have strawberries upon it." "O sir," replied the woman, "it is not for the sake of the fruit that I prize it; but I am too poor to keep any living creature, and it is a great comfort to me to have that living plant, for I know it can only live by the power of God; and as I see it live and grow from day to day, it tells me that God is near."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

WE should honor most not the showy and brilliant, but rather the faithful plodders who make laborious yet grand uses of the one talent committed to them. The teachers who most deserve our sympathy and encouragement are those who, with limited acquirements and scanty resources, either of time or material, from which to make preparation, yet do brave, and patient, and successful work. Let us strive better to appreciate, and stimulate, and aid those who zealously cultivate inferior powers, and who industriously avail themselves of the few opportunities within their reach. Of such an one, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, once said: "I would stand to that man hat in hand."—*Sunday-School Times*.

"MOTHER, mother," cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!" "What sight, my son?" asked the rook. "Oh! white creatures, screaming and running, straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!" "Geese, my son; merely geese," calmly replied the sapient parent bird. "Through life, child, observe, that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once to be a goose."—*Selected*.

FINDING TIME. One of my little Sunday-school boys earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging dandelions, and selling them for greens.

"When did you find time, Jemmy?" I asked; for, besides being a punctual scholar at the day school, he did errands for Mrs. Davis. "When did you find time?"

"There is most always time for what we are bent on," said Jemmy. "You see I pick up the minutes, and they are excellent pickings, sir."

ESPECIALLY should we not act on the idea that the children of the Church should be permitted, first to go astray in active sin, and then be able to point to a remarkable, instantaneous conversion, before they are admitted to the Lord's table. We should rather proceed on the principle that they are already in the Church of Christ, and that they should be kept there, without being permitted to wander into the commission of transgressions that will necessitate cutting compunction of heart.—*Presbyterian*.

Editor's Drawer.

"I wish you wouldn't give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an account against him of long standing. "And I wish you would not give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

A NEGRO who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbors' fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplused his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming, "Good Lord! dis yere darkey can't go nowheres to pray any more widout being 'sturbed."

A NEW YORKER wrote to Gen. Spinner, asking for his autograph, and a "sentiment;" whereupon, the veteran Treasurer wrote in reply: "You ask for my autograph, with a sentiment. My sentiment is this: When a gentleman writes another on his own business, he should enclose a postage stamp."

WE find the following in an exchange. It is a good story as it stands; but it would be none the worse for a little authentication:

"We often hear a great deal about the treacherous qualities of Indians. Their general character is bad enough, no doubt, but it may be feared there are few white people who would do as much to keep a promise, as the Indian in Kansas who agreed to pay fifty cents on a given day, to a man who had obliged him. The Indian failed to make his appearance, and the man retired for the night. A little after midnight there was a tap at the window, and the fifty cents was handed in. The Indian excused himself by explaining that he had gone on a hunt, and had been delayed beyond his expectation by a snow-storm, but that he had walked forty miles to keep that promise to his friend, and had just reached home."

"Do you allow any reduction to ministers?" said a young lady to a salesman in a well-known sewing machine agency on Washington street, Boston, the other day, where she had been trying to drive a bargain. "Oh! yes, always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh! no, I'm not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The salesman looked puzzled. "I'm engaged to a theological student." The reduction was made.

"CHARLEY, have you been doing anything to the piano while I was out? Some of the keys won't work at all." "No, ma, I didn't do anything to it; but Tom said there was a mouse in it, so I got him to hold up the top while I put the cat in to catch it, and she made such an awful row I thought *sure* the mouse was a goner; but if the old thing won't work, perhaps the mouse is in there yet."

At a funeral, lately, there stood in the house an old-fashioned clock, which, when it finished the announcement of the meridian hour, was made to play a tune. The officiating minister was in the midst of his sermon when, noon having arrived, the clock commenced striking twelve. In a very solemn tone he impressed on his hearers the inevitable flight of time; but the exhortation was evidently ineffective, as the clock instantly followed with the cheery old notes of "Take your time, Miss Lucy."

THE Litchfield *Sentinel* says: "The vane of the Congregational steeple is gone, and nobody knows when it is going to rain, or where the wind is. And this brings to mind a little colloquy between Parson Elliot and Lawyer Andrews, some time ago. They were talking about which way the wind was. Andrews said, 'We go by the Court-house vane.' 'And we,' replied the parson, 'go by the church vane.' 'Well,' said the lawyer, 'in the matter of wind that is the best authority;' and each went his way."

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has received the horseshoe promised by Rev. Robt. Collyer, of Chicago. He delivered a lecture there last week, which closed with the presentation, on the part of Mr. Collyer, of a horseshoe, turned by his own hands, to the students of the University, for which they some time since pledged themselves to pay him the sum of \$2,000. The shoe was the second one turned by Mr. Collyer in 22 years, and was accepted as a valuable memento by Vice-President Russell.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, O excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man and woman that have alighted at our gate; or bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behaviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price in any city, what he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparely and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality be in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.—*Emerson*.

A NEW sensation has been produced by a Baltimore young lady, who appeared at Newport in a white jacket of peculiarly *distingue* appearance. It was of soft, white tufted wool, utterly unlike anything seen in cloth hitherto, and it was trimmed on the edge and pockets with a brilliant border of variegated stripes, the cuffs being of the same. Everybody was agog with envy and admiration, when the young lady coolly informed "everybody" that it was made out of one of her mother's best blankets with the end stripes for trimming.

THERE is a station on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad called Hanna, in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman, after the manner of his class, thrust his head inside the door and called out "Hanna," loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder-cloud, and retorted, "Shut your mouth!" He shut it.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIII^d volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

No. 9.

—
“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”
—

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—
Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.
—

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
54 North Sixth Street.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXIII. SEPTEMBER, 1872.

No. 9.

THE FORESTER AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

A Christmas Story for Children, by Christoph von Schmid. Translated from the German by Lewis Henry Steiner.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAMILY OF THE GENEROUS FORESTER.

The forester, who had adopted the poor orphan boy, was a very honest, upright man—one of the old stamp. He was very devout, kindly disposed towards all men, untiring and incorruptibly faithful in the service of his Prince. He held strictly to the pious customs of his grandparents, whom he still recollected, and those of his parents who were of like mind with them.

It was always his first business in the morning to conduct morning prayer in common with his wife and children; similarly the day was closed with the evening prayer repeated together. “Why should we not,” he said, “begin and end each day with thanks to Him, who daily grants us life, and furnishes us food, drink, and every good thing?” I verily believe it is an affecting sight for the angels when father and mother, in the midst of their children, kneel before God, and all—even the youngest not excepted—lift up their hands in prayer and thankfulness to heaven. The Father in heaven can only look down upon such with blessings.

In a like reverent and devout manner the Forester prayed with his family before and after meals. One day he brought the young Herr van Schilf home with him from the hunt and invited him, when the soup was brought in, to dine with them. The young man took his seat at the table without asking a blessing. But the

forester, who was a plain-spoken man, said to him quite earnestly: "Fy, young sir! My wild boars act that way in the forest; they gulp down the acorns without looking upwards whence they come." The young gentleman replied, that he did not think grace at the table was of such consequence. But the forester said with much emphasis: "Whatever makes us better men is of great consequence. Godliness is profitable to all; on the other hand I have never yet seen any good fruit from ungodliness, but much that was very bad. Pray with us, as becomes a Christian and a reasonable man, or you have taken your last hunt with me. I can have nothing further to do with a heathen. I may not even eat for a single time with him at a table. But," the forester said in closing his remarks, "I know very well that you have not reflected over this matter. You have probably seen some prominent young gentlemen eating without prayer, and you have been imitating them without any further consideration of the subject, thinking it quite respectable to do so. But, my dear young sir, although your name is Schilf (reed), you are not on that account obliged to imitate the reed, which is hollow within and devoid of pith, given to bend with every breeze." The young gentleman arose and joined them in prayer. He did it, however, not out of thankfulness to God, but purely from love of hunting.

The honest forester was always happiest when he found himself in the midst of his family. "Why should I seek for pleasure out of doors," he said "when I can get it better and cheaper at home?" Hence, after his day's work was ended, he drank his jug of beer, and on Sundays his glass of wine at home, entered into confidential discourse with his wife, or told pleasant and instructive stories to his children. When he was in a particularly good humor, he took his harp in hand. "This supplies the place with us, during the long winter evenings in the wild forest," he said, "of the concert and opera." He had begun to learn the bugle when young, but when the Doctor forbade it, he devoted himself to the harp, being so great a friend of music. His wife was acquainted with many pretty hymns, and the forester accompanied her on his harp. The children had also learned some little songs suited to their age, and they sang like the greenfinches in the forest.

The forester's children went to school at *Æschenthal*, the nearest village. As soon as the Christmas holy days were over and the road through the forest was passable, Christian and Catharine were obliged to go every day. Anthony accompanied them with great pleasure, and soon surpassed all his fellow-scholars. His industry and talents were extraordinary. When the forester returned home from the hunt in the evening and took his seat in his arm-chair by the warm stove, the children were obliged to tell him what they

had learned at school and to show their copy books. Anthony was always able to tell him the most; his copy books were always the most beautiful, and he was soon exceedingly apt in reading. After supper they were called upon to read in turn, but all prepared to listen to Anthony. "He reads the most naturally," the forester's wife said. "If one did not see, that he had a book before him, he would surely not imagine that he was reading the story, but that Anthony had heard it before and was now only telling us it out of his head."

Sunday was the happiest day in the week to the children. Then the forester did not go to the hunt, and the children could spend the whole day with him. "I devote six days of the week," he used to say, "uninterruptedly and indefatigably to the business of my earthly lord, but Sunday is set apart for the business of a greater Lord. After six working days, for me and my wood-choppers, a day of rest is something to be enjoyed." On Sunday mornings the father and mother with the children went early to church in *Æschenthal*. This gave great pleasure to the children, especially in spring and summer. The road led partly over some woody hills, partly through some meadow valleys, surrounded with bushy rocks and tall trees. "O how beautiful it is in the forest," Anthony would exclaim, "what a superb green the trees have in the light of the morning sun. Indeed, the forest always looks more beautiful to me on Sundays than at any other time. It then seems as if all the trees were clothed in a more friendly green. The little birds sing much more cheerily upon the leaf-covered twigs. And then all else is so quiet. No woodman's axe is heard, no rumbling of wagon-wheels, no shooting; nothing but the church-bell in the distance. All is quiet, still and peaceful as in the church."

"As solemn as in a temple," the forester added. "Well, the forest is also a temple of the Lord; the Almighty has planted these trees around here for pillars, and joined their branches together so as to form a green arch. Everything, from the huge, moss-covered oak tree, down to the little spring-flowers here at our feet, proclaim His power and goodness to us. Yes, the whole earth, as far as the blue sky extends its arch, is a temple of His glory. Particularly on Sunday we should adore Him in this His temple, and devoutly consider His excellent works. In this gorgeous temple which He Himself hath erected we can discern His infinite and inconceivable majesty and glory; but still in our churches, although built by human hands, He suffers His counsels and holy purposes to be more directly revealed to us. For this reason the Son of God became man, taught as man, and instituted the office of the ministry. In hundreds of thousands of temples and churches throughout all Christendom, His precepts are pro-

claimed this very day, and listened to by multitudes of men. Therefore, my dear children, you must also pay devout attention to every word of the minister in our church to-day, and treasure it up in your hearts." Such and similar conversations he held with his children on the road to church; on the way home he spoke with them about the sermon, and they were always eager to tell him what they recollected of it.

The forester was always particularly cheerful at the table on Sundays. "The pleasure of dining with you," he used to say, "is rarely mine during the week. Then I eat my dinner in the forest, and, God be thanked, it always tastes very good. But on Sundays it tastes best, not because mother prepares a better meal, but because I can enjoy my food better in your midst." He always helped the children with heartfelt pleasure. "Eat, children, eat," he said, "and thank God for His gifts." After dinner he walked with the children out into the forest, and taught them how to recognize the different flowers, bushes and plants, and praised their manifold beauty and usefulness. "Thus," he would say, "God has made every thing beautiful, even the smallest plant, and created it for the use of man. The forest is also a book, in which you can read upon all its leaves of the wisdom and greatness of God."

When the evening in spring or summer was pleasant, the forester's wife spread the evening meal under the great linden trees, not far from the house, where a table and some benches would be carried. They were in the habit of singing some pretty, touching evening hymns after supper. The forester accompanied them upon the harp, and the birds upon all the trees of the forest around added to the sweet sounds.

Anthony was very happy under the protection of this noble man, with whom dwelt true piety, harmony and love, diligence, order and contentment. "God is very good to me," he often said. "He could have led me to no better man in the whole world." The good boy, also, manifested his genuine gratitude in a readiness to oblige his foster parents. When the forester came home from his forest-circuit in the evening, Anthony immediately hastened to fetch him the old pike-gray coat with the green cuffs, that served the forester as a dressing gown, and his slippers. When the wife was cooking on the kitchen-hearth, he brought her wood without being asked so to do, or, in order to save her steps, ran into the vegetable garden near the house and brought garlic, parsley or any other green vegetable that she needed. Many of her wants were supplied before even she had given utterance to them in words.

But he was of special good service to his foster father. The forester was in the habit of making maps of all the forests under his care and of giving them a neat, handsome appearance by means of

colors. In the corner of each the name of the forest was written in large letters, which, according to the nature of the particular forest, were encircled with a wreath of pine boughs or oak leaves. Anthony soon succeeded in copying the largest maps neatly and accurately. The decorations that he gave them, were designed by himself and were executed so well as to astonish the forester. For example, he would draw an oak, against which leaned a shield bearing the name of the forest, while a wild boar would be seen hunting acorns at its side, or the name of the forest was inscribed upon a rock crowned with pine, while a stag would be drawn, resting with its wide-spread horns under the rock. Anthony generally spent all his leisure hours in drawing and painting landscapes or animals; when he found a strip of white paper or an empty envelope he would draw a bird, a flower, or a branch of a tree upon it. He could not be idle for a minute. The forester and his wife loved the good boy as if he were their own child, and their children, stimulated by Anthony's example, were much more obliging and active than ever.

ADAM CLARKE.—SECOND ARTICLE.

BY PERKIOMEN.

We have already noticed the bringing up of the boy Adam, and the Christian nurture he enjoyed under his Episcopal father and Presbyterian mother. We need not be surprised then, to witness the vegetation of that seed, which was cast into a soil so young and so well fitted for its reception. We have, in the history of Adam Clarke, one of the most striking verifications of that very old and (dare we add?) but half-credited precept: "*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.*" Whatever credit may be assigned to the Methodists, under whose preaching and influence he subsequently fell, and with whom he fully colleagueed in later life, let it never be forgotten, that Adam Clarke stands forth as a prominent specimen of *Educational Religion*.

As a Writer and Commentator, he is too well known to render any further remarks necessary in this paper. We purpose, rather, to detail some of the weary steps which he was obliged to take, in order to become the *scholar*. And this we do mainly for the encouragement of other young minds, who may stand trembling on the bank, "and fear to launch away."

His village school did much for him ; but only because he was willing and anxious to do for himself at the same time. He was introduced to the rudiments of English, Latin and Greek there, as well as to the wide field of mathematics. You notice no inclination in young Clarke to go abroad, on the manufactured plea of not being able to advance at home. His spare moments he devoted to reducing to practice the new ideas he gained within the school-house walls. That is always a good omen in the school-boy— young or old. Dr. Denham gave him a telescope and one of his works on astronomy. He used the instrument so diligently, night and day, that the neighbors thought him “sun-struck,” “moon-struck,” and a “star-gazer.” He long sought for, and finally obtained, “A General English Dictionary.” This acquisition aided him in after-life, as he confesses, in “correctness of *Etymology* and accuracy of *definition*.” How can any young man make his way without a good dictionary? He laid hold, somehow, on “Ray’s Wisdom of God in Creation,” and read it studiously. He constructed a *sun-dial*. He wanted to learn *French*, and, in order to accomplish his desire, he walked several miles in the depth of winter, and sat whole days in the building without fire. He was fond of poetry, and amused himself with making short hymns, turning several Psalms into metre, and undertook a similar task on *Solomon’s Songs*, continuing it over the first four chapters.

Besides all this, he found time to prove himself a benefactor and messenger for good in his neighborhood. He was no hermit-fellow or recluse-boy. When will our book-worms and reading-men learn, that it does not become them to be dreamers and ciphers in society? If our children are not to turn their school-learning to some practical account among their own kith and kin, it were better never to have sent them to boarding-school or any other institution.

Adam wanted and craved knowledge for the same reason, that a hungry or thirsty stomach longs for bread or water—from appetite. This is worth noting, in this utilitarian age, when the theory prevails, that young minds should only study in order to become doctors, lawyers or preachers. After he had stored his head to no mean measure, what did he then do? Apprenticed himself to a linen-merchant. Were a father now-a-days to put his son to a trade, after he knew Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, and (alas) Poetry, the neighbors would not rest until they had sent both father and son away—the one to *Kirkbride’s*, and the other into some profession.

But eleven months’ experience ended his history as a merchant at Coleraine. Pastor John Bredin urged Adam, the linen-draper, to continue his studies at Kingswood, John Wesley’s great school,

where advantages had been afforded to other poor boys before him. Adam was willing ; but his parents were indignant. What is a man or a boy to do, when duty opposes duty ? His employer would solve the enigma, by proposing to set him up as a “trader in produce” (butter, hides and tallow). But conflicts of soul will admit of no compromise. Adam lost his appetite, his sleep, his flesh and his *memory*. He became a walking skeleton. If there is such a thing as a felon in the soul, Adam suffered from it. He often said : “I believe there is not a state or stage of feeling or trial that any person can be in, that God has not *led* me through or permitted me to be *dragged* through.” He once complained to a clergyman, who gave him this dose : “What, are you going mad ? It is a shame for you to be occupied with such nonsense !” But all storms cease, sooner or later ; and so a calm came over Adam’s tossed soul. God’s time, prayer, and diligent employment—*these* together will cure the worst case of dyspepsia. His memory, however, continued to remain weak. But this imperfection he considered a wise dispensation of providence. “Had my memory been as circumstantially perfect as it once was, I should no doubt have depended much on it, less on God, and perhaps neglected the cultivation of my *understanding* and *judgment*. In a word, I should have done probably what many eminent *memorists* have done, especially some preachers, meanly stole the words from my neighbors, being able to repeat *verbatim* the sermon I had heard, or that which I had read ; and delivered it in the pulpit, as if it were my own ; and this might have at least led me to

‘Deal in the wretched traffic of a truth unfelt.’ ”

“But how about his going to Kingswood ? ” Well, the story is rather interesting. Wesley wrote him to come. This brought on a crisis. His parents had determined, that this should never come to pass ; and they had ever taught their son, that “yea” or “nay” always meant, in their mouths, a reliable affirmative or negative. His father would neither see him nor speak to him. His mother threatened him with God’s displeasure. Her speech had no little unction—here it is : “We have brought you up with much care and trouble ; your brother is gone, your father cannot last always, you should stay with the family, and labor for the support of those, who have so long supported you, and not go to be a fugitive and vagabond over the face of the earth. I believe you to be upright ; I know you to be godly ; but remember God has said, ‘Honor thy father and thy mother,’ &c. This is the first commandment with promise ; and remember what the apostle hath said : ‘Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of

all. Now I allow, that you are unblamable in your life, but you are now going to break that solemn law—honor thy father and thy mother; and if you do, what will avail all your other righteousness?”

Now, what would you do, my young friend, in case you were conscientious, and conscientiously differed from the conviction of a conscientious father, or mother especially? It is a question worth some consideration, since in this life lower and higher laws will sometimes conflict. If all men and things were as they ought to be, there would be no such clashings. But then such is *not* the case. We hope for such an age and order; but until a “Paradise Restored” is realized, we must expect contradictions, even between laws that are both holy, just, and good. We say, in such a juncture, one law is *suspended* in deference to the other. We must obey God *rather than* men; but we must obey *men* too, and among these are our parents. Now, if both parents and children will one way, both requirements can readily be complied with. But should they *differ*, then the higher law, which enjoins obedience to God, remains in force, whilst the secondary command is held in abeyance. But it is held in abeyance only so long and so far as the parent, by arbitrariness, eclipses the demand of God. Whenever God’s law and parental commands conflict, it is sure, that the parents are wrong, or there could be no clashing. The wrong must succumb to the right, or man to God. In nature, the law of gravity not seldom succumbs to the projectile force, and yet both forces are natural and valid. It is so in morals, and will continue thus, until perfect order comes a second time out of chaos.

And, to return to the conflict in hand, Adam Clarke so viewed his critical position. He took care not to do an iota more against the will of his parents, than was absolutely necessary and inevitable, in order to render implicit obedience to what he took for God’s command. He accordingly answered: “I wish to do nothing contrary to the will of God; and in this respect, I labor to keep a conscience void of offence before God and man.” His poor mother was so far off her guard as to say: “If you go, you shall have a parent’s curse, and not her blessing!” Such a gulf yawning between parents and son was wide enough and fearfully alarming, was it not? How was it ever to be bridged over? God made it close up in a short time. Adam went on business in Coleraine, and on his return, after a few days, his father and mother met him smilingly under the door-way. Adam prayed all the way to and from Coleraine. Adam’s mother prayed all the while, too. Both prayed, that God might enable both parents and son to know what His will was—not what either party might desire. Both parties

prayed one way, and thus they *prayed* themselves together. Perhaps some other family feuds might be settled after this manner.

Adam started, and walked thirty miles, as an initiation piece, to Derry. There he expected to embark for Liverpool with his friend Pastor Bredin. But, alas! when there he found he must take passage alone. With but a little money, a poor wardrobe, a loaf of bread and nearly a pound of cheese, he set sail on August 17, 1782. A young man, knowing little of the world, and a total stranger, his heart sank within him. A press-gang boarded the vessel and nearly dragged him along. Persecution was in store for him, on account of his moral and reticent behavior. But friends were not wanting either, nor had Providence forgotten him. After a rough voyage and toilsome journey over-land, he reached Kingswood, a poor, strange, frightened and desponding youth. A conviction of his own integrity and his confidence in God alone enabled him to bear up.

At Birmingham a certain Mr. Brettell had warned him against expecting too goodly a heritage at Kingswood. "I hope you may not be disappointed," said he, "but I question whether you will meet there with any thing you expect. I only wish to put you on your guard against suffering pain and discouragement, should you be disappointed. Some of us know the place well; and we know you will not meet in it what you have been led to expect."

He had three half-pence left, his whole substance, to begin the world at Kingswood. He called on the head master, Mr. Simpson, and handed to him Mr. Wesley's letter. This master Simpson told him, that he had known nothing of such an arrangement, that Wesley had gone to Cornwall, that he had no room for him, and that he must go back to Bristol, until Wesley's return. Thus, after traveling several hundred miles, by land and sea, and on a starving fare, his hopes were all crushed at once, here where he hoped to find a Utopia.

The best men become angry; nor is it wrong—though wrong may grow out of it. Adam was very much hurt, to say the least, and ventured to say: "Sir, I cannot go back to Bristol. I have expended all my money, and have nothing to subsist on." They spoke this dialogue:

Mr. Simpson—"Why should *you* come to Kingswood? It is only for preachers' children, or for such preachers as cannot read their Bibles; and it appears that you have already been at a classical school, and that you have read both Greek and Latin authors."

Adam—"I am come to improve myself in various ways, by the advantages which I understood Kingswood could afford."

Mr. Simpson—"That is not necessary; if you are already an exhorter, you had better go out into the work at large; for there is

no room for you in the school, and not one spare bed in the house." After some more discouraging words, he consented to put him in a room on the chapel-attic, until Mr. Wesley should return. He ordered him strictly not to come into the school or house. His meals, he was told, would be furnished him by one of the servants.

The reason why he was thus cooped up was for fear of his having the *Scotch-itch*, as he learned later. He was compelled to scour himself with "Jackson's ointment" before a large fire, and thus "smelling worse than a pole-cat, I tumbled into my worthless bed." Two weeks he had been kept in Quarantine, without fire, books, change of linen, or any ordinary article of comfort. At the close of the second week, he obtained permission to walk out of his prison-house. He walked to Bristol and carried his box back to Kingswood, a distance of four miles, on his head. He begged for some fire, and told head-master Simpson (I almost wrote *hard-master*) that his fingers were bloodless from cold. He told Adam to catch hold of that cross-bar that hung by a rope, and pump up and down. "That will set your blood in circulation," said he. "I did so ; but Mrs. Simpson soon chased me away, under pretence that I would dirty the floor." He quite modestly says : "From this woman I received no kindness. A more unfeeling woman I never met. She was probably very clever, but I feared her more than I feared Satan himself." His fear must have been great indeed ; for "when nearly crippled with cold, and I had stolen into the kitchen to warm myself for a few moments, if I had heard her voice in the hall, I have run as a man, would who is pursued in the jungles of Bengal by a royal tiger."

But lo!

ADAM CLARKE FINDS A HALF-GUINEA !

From this time on, his stay was short at Kingswood. Let us hear his own recital :

"I have already noticed that, for the sake of exercise, I often worked in the garden. Observing one day a small plot, which had been awkwardly turned over by one of the boys, I took a spade and began to dress it ; in breaking one of the clods, I knocked a half-guinea out of it. I took it up and said to myself : 'This is not mine ; nor does it belong to any of my family. I will give it to Mr. Simpson.' " But Master Simpson refused to claim it, and spoke of Mr. Bayley having probably lost it. Mr. Bayley said, that he was not the owner of it. After having had it over three days in his possession, Adam tried hard to find the owner, but with no success. The half-guinea would cleave to him.

"Was this Providential ? 1. I was poor, not worth two-pence in the world, and needed some important articles. 2. I was out of

the reach of all supplies, and could be helped only from *heaven*. 3. How is it that the lad who had dug the ground did not find the money—the clod was less than a man's fist in size? 4. How is it that Mr. Bayley, who had actually lost a half-guinea, was so miserable in mind, that after keeping it three days, he returned it again? 5. How is it, that Mr. Simpson would not cast it into the school-fund, as I insisted? 6. Did Providence send it to me?"

Adam Clarke goes on to say: "The story is before the reader, he may draw what inference he pleases. One thing, however, I may add: Besides two or three necessary articles which I purchased, I gave Mr. Bayley six shillings as my subscription for his *Hebrew Grammar*; by which I acquired a satisfactory knowledge of that language, which ultimately led me to read over the *Hebrew Bible*, and make those short notes which formed the basis of my *Commentary*!"

Mr. Wesley returned, and at once placed him on a circuit, at the age of *twenty-two*. All about Wiltshire, he was known as the "little boy." But his early ministry was of a piece with his former life. The marks of privation, persecution, perseverance and hard study set all over it. Four years after his entering upon the ministry, he writes from Guernsey: "Here I am determined, by the grace of God, to conquer or die; and have taken the following for my motto, which I have placed before me on the mantle-piece: 'Stand thou as a beaten anvil to the stroke; for it is the property of a *good* warrior to be *flayed* alive, and yet conquer.'"

From 1782 until 1831 he fulfilled his duties as a preacher, and prepared for his *Commentary*, whilst riding from one station to another. In 1815 some friends purchased an estate for him at Millbank, in Lancashire. His homestead became a centre to many. His celebrity, his finely cultivated farm, his vast and valuable library, and rich museum attracted the nobility and gentry, no less than the pious. In 1823 he located in London, in order to be in closer communication with the publishing mart. But the itinerating, traveling preacher longs for the nourishing country air, and so he went into a mansion at Eastcott, about seventeen miles from the metropolis. Here he finished his *Commentary*, after laboring over it for forty years. He finished a catalogue of some twenty other works besides. On the morning of his death, August 26, 1832, at 11 A. M., he was to have preached at Baywater; but Providence willed it otherwise. A malignant cholera seized on him, and the strong, cast-iron man succumbed, the only time he ever did.

And now, were we to indicate the three main potences in Adam Clarke's character, we would call them Diligence—Energy—Piety.

Goethe somewhere says, when speaking of the differences among men: "The longer I live, and the more closely I observe men, the

more firmly am I convinced, that *energy* chiefly causes that difference which we notice." If this be the correct observation, we need not wonder why Adam Clarke climbed so high, notwithstanding the fact that he began so low down. Nor will it remain a mystery for us to explore why many, even though they start from a high level, never ascend ; yea, even sink clean out of sight. The life of Adam Clarke is a fine model for our young readers, and, at the same time, a warning, too, of the fact that visions never come to the idle.

LEARNING TO PRAY.

Kneeling fair in the twilight gray,
A beautiful child was trying to pray ;
His cheek on his mother's knee,
His bare little feet half hidden,
His smile still coming unbidden,
And his heart brim full of glee.

"I want to laugh. Is it naughty ? Say,
Oh, mamma ! I've had such fun to-day,
I hardly can say my prayers ;
I don't feel just like praying,
I want to be out doors playing,
And run, all undressed, down stairs.

"I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,
Shining so pretty, and sweet, and red ;
And Sammy is swinging, I guess.
Oh, everything is so fine out there,
I want to put it all in my prayer,
(Do you mean I can do it by ' Yes ?')

"When I say, 'Now, I lay,' word for word,
It seems to me as if nobody heard.
Would 'Thank you, dear Lord,' be right ?
He gave me my mammy,
And papa, and Sammy,
Oh, mamma, you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began.
His mother's nod and sanction sweet
Had led him close to the dear Lord's feet,
And his words like music ran :

"Thank you for making this home so nice,
The flowers, and folks, and my two white mice
(I wish I could keep right on).
I thank you, too, for every day—
Only I'm most too glad to pray.
Dear God, I think I am done.

"Now, mamma, rock me—just a minute—
And sing the hymn with 'darling' in it.
I wish I *could* say my prayers!
When I get big I know I can.
O, won't it be nice to be a man,
And stay all night down stairs?"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
Kissing and cooing her fond "Good-night,"
And treasured his every word.
For well she knew that the artless joy
And love of her precious, innocent boy
Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

—*Hearth and Home.*

THE FOUNDERS AND DECEASED CONTRIBUTORS OF THE GUARDIAN

BY THE EDITOR.

Rev. Bernard C. Wolff, D.D.

Many thousand members of the Reformed Church in this country, and scores of her ministers, trace their descent to families which emigrated to Tulpehocken, Pa., in the beginning of the last century. This is a section of country now lying along the border of Berks and Lebanon Counties. In 1739 Michael Wolff reached Tulpehocken. He came from the cradle of the Reformed Church, the Palatinate, Germany. He, his wife, and two sons, John Barnhardt and Conrad Wolff, brought their certificates of dismissal from their village pastor in Europe. His pastoral blessing and their good name as Christian people were therein proclaimed. The father bought a large tract of fertile land in Tulpehocken. Part of it became the site of the present town of Womelsdorf. In the course of time the father died of apoplexy. In November, 1755, his son Conrad was killed in a fight with the Indians, who then infested this region. He killed the Indian who had shot him, and died the day after his murderer.

John Barnhardt lost his inheritance through the tricks of a dishonest stepfather. He learned the saddler trade at Lancaster, Pa.

There he became an active member and a faithful officer of the Reformed Church. One of the daughters of Lancaster became his wife. Sons and daughters were born to him.

In that early day, the Indians gave the people of Lancaster much trouble. John Barnhardt Wolff became the energetic leader of one of the volunteer bands of patrol to protect the people of the town and its neighborhood. During the revolutionary war, he rendered important service to his country. In her darkest struggles he sent supplies of horses, equipments (in one instance, as far as Long Island) to the army, receiving in payment, with the most implicit confidence, for the space of seven years, Continental and Pennsylvania scrip."

He was a good man, and zealous in good works. One of the prominent men of Lancaster one hundred years ago, and in 1771 one of the original incorporators of the Reformed congregation there.

In 1863 Dr. B. C. Wolff wrote of him in a letter: "Forty and four years ago, during a visit I made to Lancaster, Pa., I sought my grandfather's grave, and found it immediately in the rear of the old stone church in which he had worshiped. While standing over it and reading the inscription on the head-stone, a white-haired, feeble old man, leaning on his staff, approached me, and asked whether I knew anything of the person buried there? I replied, that I had never seen him, but that my name was on his tombstone. 'Then you are a relative—perhaps a grandson?' I replied in the affirmative, and asked him, whether he knew anything about him. 'Oh, yes, I knew him,' and he added with emphasis and emotion, 'he was a good man, and in his day a pillar of the Church.' I wanted no more, and lifted up the silent prayer, that all who were named after him might have some aged man to say as much for us, as he stood over our graves and recalled the history of our lives."

His son, John George Wolff, learned the business of his father. He too took to himself one of the godly maidens of Lancaster to wife. Not long thereafter they moved to Martinsburg, Va. These were the parents of the subject of this sketch—Bernard C. Wolff. Of them the grateful son says: "My parents were educated after the manner of their fathers. They both attended catechetical instruction, and were received into the church at Lancaster on Easter Sunday, March 24th, 1786, by Rev. William Hendel. My mother, from my earliest recollection, at a time when there were but few professors of religion in Martinsburg, and no preaching in English, except occasionally in the Court House by travelling ministers, was strict in attending to religious duties in the family, and sought to train her children in the fear of God. We were

taught to recite our prayers and passages from the Bible, as soon as we could well speak. I still cherish a lively sense of gratitude to her, not just for the impressions made upon me by the scriptural truths she inculcated at that early period of my life, but for the direction she gave my thoughts, which I now appreciate as of theological importance—especially as regards the Church and her sacraments.”

John George Wolff, like his ancestors, was an active member of the Reformed Church. It was through him, in connection with three others, that the Reformed congregation of Martinsburg was founded. And in it he remained a pillar to the end of his useful life. He was highly respected and loved by the good and intelligent people of that community, who, at different times, called him to fill important offices. His house was a “minister’s home.” And when he died, a prominent lawyer, a member of the Episcopal Church, said of him in the Martinsburg paper: “Died, George Wolff, Esq., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the town. . . . His well-spent life gave him that which should accompany old age—honor, love, obedience—troops of friends. . . . His life had been adorned and distinguished by his Christian virtues, and his end was but the close of the warfare of the soldier of Christ. . . . The departure of such a man, a good citizen, a just magistrate, is a loss to such a community as ours. We shall miss the upright justice from our County Court bench, the sage friend from his accustomed place. His accustomed seat in church will be vacant. The venerable father Wolff is called home. Have we many such left behind? Far better would it be for the destinies of our land, if there were more among us, whose principles and conduct, whose life and death, would emulate the unpretending, but valuable example left us by our departed fellow-citizen, George Wolff.”

A man’s life begins with his ancestors. Some men’s life more than others. Of God’s people the promise He made to the patriarchs is still of force now as it was then, that He will be a God to them and to their seed after them. This is shown in the ancestry of Dr. Wolff, and for this reason I commence this sketch of his own life with his great-grandfather. “The Church of our fathers” was a favorite expression with him, and with such a line of Reformed ancestors, the term had a historical meaning, as uttered by his lips.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Bernard C. Wolff was born in 1794, in Martinsburg, Va. From a child he knew the Lord, and loved Him. One day when a little boy, he overheard a conversation between his father and

the Rev. Dr. Hoge, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Martinsburg. Little did they think what a seed they were unconsciously dropping into the child's heart—what bread their pious conversation was casting upon the waters, which should return after many days. Some remark they made told the boy, that he ought to become a minister of the gospel. This seed took root in his mind, and kept growing therein for seventy years. For thirty years of disappointed efforts, this impression was kept alive, ere it was carried into practical effect.

His father sent him to the best schools of their town. His rapid progress as a diligent scholar and fine deportment gained him many friends. Among others, B. M. Coulston, Esq., a wealthy gentleman in the neighborhood, took a great interest in the bright youth. With the father's consent, he took him to his own home, with the view of giving him a thorough education. At length he proposed to send him to Princeton College, along with his sons, offering to bear all the expenses. His father declined the offer. In the Coulston family, he met many of the distinguished men of the country; among others, the celebrated Chief Justice Marshall, who was a brother of Mrs. Coulston. Apart from the educational advantages he enjoyed in this family, the refined and intelligent society, in which he there moved, doubtless did much towards moulding in him the character of a fine Christian gentleman, for which he was subsequently so much noted.

Since John Barnhardt Wolff had learned and plied the saddler trade in Lancaster, this business had become a sort of family craft in the Wolff tribe. His children learned and followed it, and two branches of his children's children were engaged in this business. The Chambersburg branch had an honored representative in this ancestral pursuit in the late Barnard Wolff. And his cousin, Bernard C. Wolff, learned the same. For after he had prosecuted his studies at Chambersburg for several years under Rev. Dr. Denny, a Presbyterian clergyman, he returned home. He was prepared to enter the Junior Class in College. His father put an end to his hopes, and prepared him for the saddler trade. How much good Dr. Wolff ever thereafter regretted this interruption of his early studies! At eighteen years of age his father gave him a half interest in his business, and at twenty-one he became the sole owner of it. He devoted all his energies to his trade, and became a successful Christian mechanic. He continued to improve his mind by devoting his leisure hours to study. Although a working man, his society was sought and highly valued by the refined and intelligent of Martinsburg. The sons of the prominent families of the neighborhood, lawyers, physicians and ministers, were among his associates. His shop became the theatre of many a spicy debate,

the pleasing resort of intelligent intercourse. At an early age he was confirmed as a member of the Martinsburg congregation, and as a young man, served as deacon and elder, with faithfulness and great favor. Early in life he was married to Charlotte Wolff of Chambersburg, Pa. His home became noted for its genial hospitality, where every passing minister always found "a prophet's room."

Through the conversation of his clerical guests, the desire, which Dr. Hoge had kindled in his heart when a boy, was revived. He must become a minister of the gospel. His parents tried to dissuade him from it. He was in a respectable, paying business; had a family depending on him; was now past the time in life when he could wisely prosecute his studies. So reasoned they. Besides, the Church needed Christian laymen, godly deacons and elders. These, too, can serve her. Thus his way seemed blocked up. He was blessed with earnest, faithful pastors. First, with Rev. Mr. Beecher; later, with Dr. L. Mayer. These he assisted with all his powers. He went with them as delegate to the meetings of Synod. At that time, its proceedings were conducted in the German language. And some of the older ministers looked upon the young Virginia elder with suspicion. Martinsburg was then one of the few places in our Church, where the Reformed pastor held services in the English language. Barnard C. Wolff knew that the young people of many congregations were being educated in the English, and that, unless they would be supplied in time with English pastors, many of them would be lost to the Church. His fine education enabled him to take part in the synodical discussions, when, on all proper occasions, he would press his favorite idea—the providing of English ministers for the Church. In some of these efforts, he was roughly handled by some of the German fathers. For, with the prejudices of those early times, some of these could not brook the supposed attempts of the young elder to supplant their dear German tongue.

Whence shall the Church get suitable ministers for her growing congregations? How can we advance more rapidly the piety and Christian activity of our people? These questions greatly perplexed him. At length the Synod started a Theological Seminary, with Dr. L. Mayer as its first Professor. Barnard C. Wolff saw that a considerable sum of money would be needed for its support. Where should it come from? He was greatly worried about it. The Seminary was at first located at Carlisle, Pa. Thither B. C. Wolff, in company with his cousin, Barnard Wolff of Chambersburg, rode on horseback to consult Dr. Mayer about the endowment of the Seminary. On his way home he devised a plan, by which to raise \$10,000 in \$100 subscriptions. He started on a

collecting tour to raise this amount, and with the help of some of his friends, he succeeded. Nearly fifty years have passed since then. The Reformed Church has flourishing institutions at Lancaster, Pa., Franklin and Marshall College, and the Theological Seminary.

To Bernard C. Wolff, more than to any one man living or dead, is the Reformed Church indebted for the founding of these institutions. Through his influence and efforts in the Synod, with those of others, this body resolved to found these institutions; and by his personal efforts, going from house to house, he secured the first \$10,000 of their endowment. To the end of his life, their prosperity lay near to his heart. For ten years he served as an able and honored Professor in the Seminary. For many years he was an influential member of the Board of Trustees of the College. And the last years of his busy life were spent in securing funds to increase the endowment, without asking for a salary. In his old age, when the quiet and rest of his happy home would have been a great comfort to the venerable father, he traveled from place to place, and secured many thousand dollars for this purpose.

AN OLD STUDENT.

Many a Christian man would study for the ministry were he younger. I know a minister, who, when a young man, had great trouble to decide in favor of the ministry, because he was too old to begin his studies—twenty-two years of age. Others from twenty-five to thirty would gladly devote themselves to the service of the Church, if they were only ten years younger. And then when a man has a family to boot, he needs much grace to pass through the necessary studies for the sacred office.

All these conflicts between a sense of duty and stubborn obstacles Bernard C. Wolff passed through. He fought the battle bravely. His trade was a success. In it he made money and friends. But he felt ill at ease, withal. His call to a higher service in the Church gave him no rest. For a while he fondly hoped, that he might render this service as an agent for her institutions. He saw that her future prosperity demanded a well-endowed College and Seminary. Still he found no rest. For twenty years he had tried to satisfy or silence this call.

At length he manfully resolves to carry out his early convictions. "In the thirty-seventh year of his age, on a cold winter's day, with the snow drifting heavily before a high wind, he started with his wife and three children in a sleigh on his way to the Theological Seminary at York, Pa., leaving behind him his pleasant home and many other pleasant things. After he had settled himself at York

and commenced his studies, the sober reality of his situation confronted him. A temporary re-action took place in his feelings, and his courage almost gave way. For a man in his circumstances and at his age, it required a large measure of divine grace to enter upon such a course; it also required the same divine gift to enable him to continue it."

HIS WORK IN THE MINISTRY.

In 1832, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, he became English pastor of the Reformed Church of Easton, Pa. There he labored with much success and acceptance till 1845, when he became pastor of the Paca Street Church, Baltimore. Under his labors, the little band grew into a strong, prosperous congregation. In 1853 he was elected Professor of Theology in the Seminary, then at Mercersburg, Pa. In 1863 he retired from the active duties of his office. From this time to his death, he lived with his son-in-law, Prof. T. Appel, in Lancaster, Pa. His active mind and ardent love for the Church constrained him to labor gratuitously for her welfare, even in his retirement. For nearly two years he was disabled through bodily infirmity. On November 1, 1870, he fell gently asleep in the Lord, in the 76th year of his age. From thirty to forty ministers were present at his funeral. Dr. J. W. Nevin and Dr. D. Zacharias preached suitable sermons.

He was prominently connected with all the benevolent enterprises of the Reformed Church. Besides his labors for the College and Seminary, he was for many years an officer in the Foreign Missionary Board, and the leading worker in the Board of the Widows' Fund Society. The late Dr. J. F. Berg, of the (Dutch) Reformed Church, says of him: "He was a man of rare tact, of winning manners, and great kindness of heart, and few men exerted a more marked influence on the policy of the (German) Reformed Church than himself, before years and growing infirmity had weakened his strength. He was a wise counsellor and ever ready in debate. No man better understood the art of presenting a subject persuasively. As a pastor he was eminently faithful. Few ministers were more affectionate in their ministrations to the sick and afflicted, or more happy in addressing consolation to the sorrowing. In his ordinary intercourse with the people of his charge and with cherished friends, he was genial as the sunshine."

Dr. Wolff possessed rare qualities as a pastor. He could equally adapt himself to the most cultivated and the commonest walks of life. He was a peace-maker, yet on proper occasions he could war heroically for truth and right, when his speech and pen cut with the keenest edge. He possessed graphic conversational powers. Many an hour did I listen with delight to the dear father as he

related incidents of the olden time. And often while thus enjoying the easy flow and precise style of his conversation, the thought occurred to me, how easily this interesting talk might be given to the press, without any further connection. So accurate and choice was his habit of speaking. He frequently wrote for the periodicals of the Church, and the pages of the Guardian were often enriched by his diligent pen.

His life teaches us important lessons: 1. That earnest laymen too, can build themselves enduring monuments of usefulness. As a young layman, Bernard C. Wolff, by hard work, became the principal founder of institutions, whose beneficent influence through the life and work of their graduates, is incalculable. In them his work of fifty years ago will be perpetuated for coming ages and in a thousand forms.

2. It is possible for men with families and who are advanced in life to prepare themselves as useful ministers of the gospel, and even to become men of mark and great prominence.

3. It is the duty of some men to sacrifice bright social and business prospects on the altar of Christ for the sake of serving Him in His vineyard.

A CHILD IN COURT.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth is from the pen of S. A. Hammond, formerly editor of the *Albany State Register*. He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the higher courts.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath."

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind manner and tone of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently into his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The child stepped back with a look of horror, and the blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire, if she had ever blasphemed.

"I don't mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before!" was the answer.

He handed her an open Bible.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it, and answered:

"Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; every evening."

"Can you tell us what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the Word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say:" he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will become of you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with my father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray to God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

A LITTLE HERO.

The terrible fire which desolated Chicago is still fresh upon your minds. Many incidents which occurred while the flames were devouring cherished and happy homes are worthy of record. We will now give one as an example of honest faithfulness.

It is said, that a wealthy widow on the north side of the city was struggling alone, on that never-to-be-forgotten Monday evening, to save some of her personal goods, when a small and unknown boy came to her and said:

"I have been sent by your friend to ask, if I can do anything to help you."

The lady gave him a box, and told him, the best he could do for her was to take care of that, as it was very valuable. He disappeared with it, and she carried trunk after trunk to a place of supposed safety, saw them all burned, and finally barely escaped with her own life.

All that night and the following Tuesday passed, and nothing was heard from the boy or box. Her diamonds, worth thousands of dollars, jewelry, choice silver, and some rare relics, were in it, and she was more troubled for its loss than that of her house and furniture.

But Tuesday night the boy was found *sitting on the box*, which he had buried in the sand on the lake shore. He had been there twenty-four hours, at one time was obliged to half bury himself to escape the devouring fire. The poor boy was hungry and very tired; but he never once thought of deserting his charge.

Don't you think, dear readers, that such faithfulness is beyond praise? How many of you could have resisted going to see after the fire, or to obtain food, and in thus deserting your post, perhaps have forgotten exactly where the treasure was buried, or returned to find it stolen? But the faithful boy, though the flames were almost scorching him, and he was half starved and wearied out, never wavered in doing right.

Now shall we give you a little incident of generous self-denial?

After the fire, a poor little newsboy was selling papers. He saw much of suffering and misery about him, and it touched his heart. He thought he was able to earn something, while others were perfectly helpless, so he took his pennies, went to the relief committee, and said:

“Here’s fifteen cents; it is all I have got; may be it’ll do a little good.”

Could he do more than give his *all*? And was not this unselfish gift from the poor little newsboy equal, in the sight of our Heavenly Father, to thousands from the rich?—*School-day Visitor*.

LITTLE FEET.

In castle halls, or cottage homes,
Wherever guileless childhood roams,
O, there is nothing half so sweet
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean’s roar,
The purling rill, the organ’s power,
All stir the soul, but none so deep
As tiny tread of little feet.

When we go forth at early morn
To meet the world and brave its scorn,
Adown the garden walk so neat
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,
With aching limbs and brow of care,
The voices ring out clear and sweet—
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,
The tools are spirited away,
And when we go the lost to seek,
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel Death has come,
And called the flow’rets from our home,
Oppressive silence reigns complete—
We miss the sound of little feet.

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,
No doors go slamming all the day;
But O! ’twould give us pleasure sweet
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night hath come ; all are asleep ;
Yes, all but me—I vigil keep ,
Hush, hush, my heart, and cease to beat,
Was that the step of little feet ?

Yes, mother, 'tis the softened tread
Of him you miss and mourn as dead,
And often in your sweetest sleep,
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And you approach that blissful shore,
The first to run your soul to greet,
Will be your darling's little feet.

—*The Bright Side.*

AMONG THE TOMBS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The immediate successor to the patriarch pastor, *George Michael Weiss*, had passed out of the mind of the oldest living member in the charge at "New Goshenhoppen and Great Swamp." A vacancy was supposed to have occurred, accordingly, covering some several years. We had been told, however, at different times, that the ashes of a long-gone pastor were believed to lie in the "*Gottesacker*," adjacent to the old Reformed Church at Great Swamp. "No one knew of his tomb-stone ;" "If found, the characters could never again be deciphered." "Even the spot of ground could no longer be indicated." Such were some of the discouraging answers to our anxious inquiries.

We went upon the cemetery, of an afternoon, on the first Sunday in February, A. D. 1863—a stormy day—in order to discover, if possible, the "remains" of a pastor who had fallen asleep a century ago. We were not very sanguine of success ; but thinking it quite desirable to attain the object in view, we felt that the attempt must at least be made. We look about for the most ancient part of the burying-ground, which one can readily discern, in our rural grave-yards, by the low, sunken, moss-grown sand-stones. We noticed one such, of more than ordinary pretensions—more bulky, more symmetrical, and a little more tastefully dressed. "Perhaps this may mark the resting-place of a forgotten pastor," we said. And so we drew near to it, and examined it from all sides. The stone is no more exempt than its quiet neighbors, as a Victor Hugo

would write, from the results of time, from mildew and from lichen. Water and weather turned it green and rough; birds had perched on it many a thousand times, and lizards sported upon it when the sunshine played over it. The tall, wild grass rustled on three sides of it, whilst the head-end of the reverend tomb touches hard on the path running narrowly by. We do some things without knowing why, and feel often what we cannot tell. And so we felt that this stone intended to tell us where a deceased pastor had been sleeping for one hundred years, before we could bring our mind to render a reason. We had not traced a letter or a figure yet—hardly a groove or hollow. Presently we were on our knees, brushing the rough surface, rubbing, then scouring, harder and still harder, when lo! we beheld the dim outlines of the welcome word “*Prediger*.” Eureka! We knew now that we were on the right scent, and encouraging our companions, we renewed our efforts and continued our task until we laid open to the eye of the running reader, even, this entire epitaph:

HIER LIEGT BEGRABEN
DER GEWESENER REFFERMERTER PREDIGER,
JOHAN RUTOLF KITWEILER.
SEIN ALTER WAHR 47 JAH, 9 MONAT,
ICH GEBOREN DEN 2 JANUWAR, 1717,
GESTORBEN DEN 2 OCTOBER, 1764.

This is a correct transcript of the old pastor’s tomb-record. We would not for much alter the orthography. It belongs to a former age, and is only for us to look at.

We reported our successful labors among the tombs to a few of the veteran members, who, immediately after hearing the name mentioned, remembered to have heard their parents speak of “Pastor Kitweiler.” From them, too, we further gathered, that Pastor Kitweiler was a Swiss, and had served in this field for a brief period only. He was known as “*der Schweitzer Pfarrer*.”

He left no record of his labors in the church-register, which sad fact accounts partially, at least, for the passing of his name into a long oblivion. We are gratified in our wish in more than one way, however. We not only exhumed his name from the dust and rust of a century, but, besides this, were enabled to continue the pastoral succession unbroken down to 1764.

A number of baptismal records have since come under our eye, which in name and date confirm the epitaph.

Thus did this early servant of the Church, after sleeping long and deep in the earth, rise to light again. May he sleep on until the resurrection-day, and rise again to sleep—no more!

A WORD FOR GRANDMA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our characters begin with our ancestors. The life we now live, was lived by some before us. The transmigration of souls among the heathen is prophetic of a truth; it proclaims the vital continuity of good and evil, as propagated in the life of families. The iniquities of parents are visited upon the children, and our Lord God does good with those and theirs, who keep His commandment. Godly grandparents are a beauty and a blessing to their descendants. How touching the picture where hoary holiness and infancy kiss each other in Jerusalem's temple; aged Simeon, just and devout, waiting for Israel's consolation, led by the Spirit into the sanctuary, taking the child Jesus into his arms and blessing God.

The Bible speaks of many godly mothers in Israel, around whose tottering feet sat three and four generations. In the New Testament Timothy's grandmother is held up by Paul as a pattern, 2 Tim. i. 5. One of the old-fashioned sort, pressing the babe Timothy to her maternal heart, doubtless teaching him his first lisping prayers, and beguiling his infant curiosity with stories about the Christ child, answering his endless questionings with unruffled patience. From his heathen father Timothy received but little, from his mother much, and through his mother from his grandmother. The aged matron bequeathed her faith to the grandchild. Paul remembers with joy "the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also."

What Lois was to Timothy, that many a Christian grandmother is to her grandchildren. Many a one perusing these lines is thereby reminded of some kind, venerable saint, with a neat white cap, plain, tidy garments, spectacles always at hand wherewith to see her knitting, sewing, or read her well-worn Bible, hymn and prayer book. Often she folds certain little hands in prayer, and talks the little cherubs to sleep with a sweet story. She is a ministering angel, bringing many a blessing upon the family.

And then when the mother dies, what a mercy to have a grandmother to take her place. Thus many a handmaiden of Christ has nurtured two generations of children.

A godly lady I know of thus became the mother of her grand-child, neglected and forsaken by its own mother. She seemed to live wholly for the poor little girl, and finding her chief earthly joy in her. The child sickens, and for weeks the grandmother watches by day and by night at the bed-side of the little sufferer. At length the patient nurse sinks under her burden, and in a few weeks dies a sacrifice for the life of her grand-daughter. Not long since we laid her into the grave. Her death reminds me of a little poem, written on the death of a grandma :

“Our grandmamma is dead, Aggie ; hear, Aggie, what I say ;—
My dear grandma is dead, and now her soul is gone away ;
It seems so strange without her, how strange I can not tell.
She was often sick and tired, she is rested now and well.

Sometimes I stop and wonder that her face I do not see,
And sometimes I forget myself and ask where she can be.
She never made a bit of noise, she talked so sweet and low,
And yet our house seems stiller, no matter where we go.

She loved us children, Aggie ; there are three of us in all ;
The oldest is my sister Jane ; and Will is strong and tall ;
And I am twelve ; and all of us she used to rock to sleep,
When we were little, tiny things, and couldn't even creep.

I miss her more and more, Aggie—don't wonder that I cry—
She went without my kissing her—I did not say good-bye ;
For on the morning that she died, so did my father say,
She shut her eyes and went to sleep, and slept her life away.

I'd like to tell her, if but for once, and so would brother Will,
We are sorry for our naughty ways—how much we love her still.
That's where she used to sit, when he would creep behind the place,
And take the glasses from her eyes, and feel her wrinkled face.

She was old and very lame, Aggie ; sometimes was full of pain ;
She never once was cross to us, or really did complain ;
Once, long ago, when she was sick, she said, I heard it so :
'Come, Lord, and take me home to heaven, for now I long to go.'

The day she died was stormy, and when my father prayed,
He thanked the Lord for helping her, that she was not afraid ;
I knew she was not ; many a time she did us children tell
That those who love Him when they died shall go with Christ to dwell.

Now, when I read the Bible, and about the happy place,
I think that she is there, and not a wrinkle in her face ;
I know she is not lame or old, that there she has no pain,
Yet somehow I keep wishing she was back with me again !

Oh, how my mother misses her ! I often see her cry ;—
My father tries to comfort her, and so do Jane and I ;
I do not wonder, it's so strange with grandma gone away,
But God is good, my father says, and so she used to say !

I keep trying to remember that He is our Father too,
And like my father here, I'm sure He nothing wrong will do.
So Aggie, though I can't but cry, it is all right, you know—
The Lord He wanted her to come, and she was glad to go."

The sweetest little story about grandma is from the pen of Hans Christian Andersen, with which we feel sure our readers will be pleased :

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmamma is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white ; but her eyes shine like two stars. Yes, they are much more beautiful ; they are so mild, so blessed to look into. And she can tell the most delightful stories ; and she has a dress of thick silk that rustles ; it is covered with large flowers.

Grandmamma knows so much, for she lived long before papa and mamma, that is certain. Grandmamma has a psalm-book with thick silver clasps, and she reads in it often ; in it lies a rose ; it is quite pressed and dry. It is not so fine as the roses she has in the vase, and yet she always smiles most kindly at it ; there even come tears in her eyes. How can it be that grandmamma always looks so fondly upon the withered rose in that old book ? Do you know ? Each time that grandmamma's tears fall upon the flower its color revives, it freshens again, and the whole room is filled with the scent of it ; the walls disappear as though they were only fog, and all around is the green, beautiful wood with the sun shining through the leaves, and grandmamma—yes, she is quite young ! She is a beautiful girl with golden locks and blooming cheeks, engaging and lovely ; no rose is more fresh ; yet the eyes, the mild, blessed eyes, they are still grandmamma's. By her side is seated a youth—so young, so handsome and strong ! He offers her the rose, and she smiles, but not thus smiles grandmamma ! Yes—the smile comes. He is gone ; many forms pass by ; the handsome youth is gone, the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmamma—yes, there she sits as an old lady, gazing at the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now, grandmamma is dead. She sat in the easy chair, and told a long, long delightful story. "And now it is over," she said, "and I am quite weary ; let me sleep a little." Then she lay back, drew a heavy sigh and slept ; but it became more and more still, and her face was so full of peace and joy, and it was as if the sun had shined upon it ; then they said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin, enshrouded in pure white linen; she looked so beautiful, and yet her eyes were closed. But all the wrinkles were gone; a sweet smile played on her mouth; her hair was so silver white, so honorable, no one could be afraid to look at her; it was still the same benign, kind grand-mamma. And the psalm-book was laid under her head as she herself had desired, and the rose lay in the old book; and so they buried her.

On the grave, close under the church-wall, they planted a rose-tree, and it stood full of blossoms; the nightingale sung over it, and from within the church the organ played the most beautiful psalms in the book that lay under her head. And the moon shone right down upon the grave; but the dead one was not there; every child could fearlessly go there at night and pluck a rose, there by the churchyard wall.

One that is dead knows more than all we living know; the dead know the dread we should feel at anything so strange as that they should come to us; the dead are better than we all, and so they do not come. There is earth over the coffin, there is earth in it. The psalm-book with its leaves is dust, the rose with its associations has crumbled into dust; but above fresh roses bloom—above the nightingale sings, and the organ plays; one thinks of the old grandmother, with the mild eyes ever young.

Eyes can never die! Ours shall one day see her, young and beautiful, as when for the first time she kissed the fresh red rose that lieth now in dust in the grave.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

ENGLAND'S PRIME MINISTER.—Some time ago, a poor street-sweeper, while sick, told his minister, that he had been "visited by Mr. Gladstone!" "*What Gladstone?*" inquired the rector. "*Why,*" replied the sick man, "*the only Mr. Gladstone. I used to sweep his crossin'; and one day he missed me, and he hears that I am sick, and so he comes and sees me and prays with me.*" With *such* a man we can safely trust any negotiations on any great question of moral right.

CHOOSING A WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more and do more, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness. This is a comfort to people with large families.

PRESIDENT PORTER, of Yale College, gave the following advice to the students of that institution the other day: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self-reliance, faith, honesty, and industry. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding, is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much humanity. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love your God and fellow-men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws."

ENGLISH GIRLS.—Nothing can be simpler than the young English girls; amidst many beautiful things, there are few so beautiful in the world; slim, strong, self-assured, so fundamentally honest and loyal, so free from coquetry! A man cannot imagine, if he has not seen it, this freshness and innocence. Many of them are flowers, expanded flowers; only a morning rose, with its transient and delicious odor, with its petals dressed in dew, can give us an idea of it. At the least motion of the soul, the blood rushes to these girls' cheeks, necks, shoulders, in waves of purple; you see emotions pass over these transparent complexions, as the colors change in the meadows; and their modesty is so virginal and sincere, that you are tempted to lower your eyes for respect. And yet, natural and frank as they are, they are not languishing or dreamy; they love and endure exercise like their brothers; with flowing locks, at six years they ride on horseback and take long walks. Active life in this country strengthens the phlegmatic temperament, and the heart is kept more simple, whilst the body grows healthier.—*Taine*.

"INSECTS FIDDLING."—The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—each in manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrument performer is the "katydid." Each wing contains a little tamborine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings, these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sounds of "katy-did-she-did," which can be heard at such a long distance, and gives the insect its name. These sounds are supposed to be useful in enabling insects to find their mates; or they may indulge in them for their own gratification, and to add to the general harmony of nature.—*Selected*.

OF all love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad, who began by falling in love with his mother.—*Anon*.

DR. JOHNSON used to say: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any."

TEACH CHILDREN A TRADE.—There is a good story told of Stephen Girard, the millionaire, who sent his best clerk to learn the cooper's trade; and when he had mastered it, desired him to make him twenty, good, substantial barrels, for which, on delivery he paid him a thousand dollars each, telling him he could then go into business, but if he was ever unfortunate, and lost his property, he could fall back on his cooper's trade, and be sure of earning a living.

The ancient Israelites made it a principle to give their children a trade, whatever their profession or education might be. So Paul, though brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, could also make a tent as well as the best of them.

DEAN STANLEY lately said in a sermon to the printers of London, that once architecture was the press, and told great thoughts to the world in stone; but now the press was architecture, and is building up the world of ideas and usages.

A LADY who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving church. On making the discovery, she said: "The parson could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

A WISE man looks upon men as he does on horses; all their caparisons of title, wealth and place, he considers but as harness.—*Cecil*.

Editor's Drawer.

BURIAL OF OUR DEAD.—It has always seemed singular to us, that we should hand over our dead into the hands of strangers. We nurse and watch over them with the vigilance and devotion of love, until the breath is gone and the eye is set in death, and then we give them into the care of others. Could any thing be more in place, look more beautiful, than that children should bear a dear father or a beloved mother to the grave? When we could not walk, and our feet stumbled, and our knees were weak, they lifted us up and bore us tenderly in their strong arms and on their beating bosoms, and, nestling up our tired feet and hands, they sang us to sleep, and laid us to rest in the old cradle.

And now that they can walk no more, and their feet are sore, and they have fallen by the way, with their quiet, tired faces turned up to us in the solemn patience of parental love, why shall we not take them up in our strong arms, and bear them patiently and lovingly down to the grave's side, and nestle them away to rest in its bed under the old oak-tree, even though our hearts are too full for song? And why should a father not preach his child's funeral sermon, if he be a preacher? One such instance we have. When the noble Dudley A. Tyng was carried to his grave, his venerable father stood up in his son's pulpit, so suddenly made vacant by an awful death, and preached a funeral sermon. And it was a great tribute he brought to his child. The words were a father's—deep, true, tearful, holy. He had the right to speak.

ALMANAC.—The ancient Saxons used to engrave upon certain square sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the moon for the whole year; such carved sticks they call *al-mon aght*, literally, all moon-heed: hence our modern word, almanac.

COURT-ROOM SCENE.—The Akron, Penn., *Beacon*, gives the following account of a burglary, which took place some weeks since, in which two brothers, Charles and Joseph Aman, while in a state of intoxication, broke into a house, and stole therefrom some sixty dollars' worth of property. Both parties were arrested, and at the recent term of the Court of Common Pleas arraigned for trial. Joseph is a young man, aged nineteen, Charles about twenty-one, the latter having a young wife and one child. From the first, Charles' wife has made every endeavor to procure his release, devoting herself to the work with most untiring zeal. Finally, in response to her repeated solicitations, the prosecuting attorney, agreed not to prosecute her husband for burglary, providing the younger brother would plead guilty. To the surprise of every one the young man agreed to this, and accordingly, upon arraignment, Charles pleaded guilty to petit larceny.

When questioned as to his purpose in doing so, he signified his entire willingness to suffer the penalty for the sake of his brother. This reply, unexpected as it was, yet given in a firm, unshrinking tone of voice, completely unmanned the Judge, and when he came to pronounce the sentence of three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, his voice completely failed him, and his eyes filled with tears of genuine sympathy.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—For once, let us speak a good word for him. His sphere is large; he conquers more worlds than one; his popularity is not only wide, but varied; he enters many clean and spacious squares, and little chubby faces, well-born, and rosy, look out from high-railed nursery windows, and as they look out he looks up, and baby is danced at the bars and stops crying directly, and Tommy forgets his quarrel with Johnny, and runs to the window too, and tears are wiped and harmony is restored in many a nursery. I meet him in the dingy alleys of the great city; I meet him in the regions of garbage and filth, where the atmosphere seems to be an impartial mixture of smoke and decomposition, there is our organ-man—and there, at least, we may bless him—grinding away to the miserable, sunken, and degraded denizens of Pig-mire Lane or Fish Alley. I confess it does my heart good to see those slatternly women come to their doors, and stand and listen, and the heavy, frowning, coal-besmeared men lean out of the windows with their pipes, and forgetting hunger and grinding poverty, hushing also the loud oath and blasphemy for a little season, smile with the pleasure of the sweet sounds.—*H. R. Haweis.*

PHILADELPHIA IN 1780.—The second volume of the life of Nathaniel Greene, just printed, contains a letter from General Greene, stating, that he had dined at a table in Philadelphia, where one hundred and sixty different dishes were served at the meal. This was previous to 1780. Greene also says, that Washington was a vigorous dancer, and at one ball danced three hours with Mrs. Greene, "without once sitting down." In another place he declares, that "great luxury prevailed in New York and Philadelphia during the most gloomy period of the war."

BRAIN-WORK costs more food than hand-work. According to careful estimates and analysis of the excretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact, that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body, it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers, therefore, require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food than manual laborers.

THE French language has about 32,000 words; the Spanish 30,000; the Italian 35,000, and the English 40,000.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIII^d volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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Vol. XXIII.

OCTOBER, 1872.

No. 10.

—
“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”
—

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—
Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.
—

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
54 North Sixth Street.

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GUARDIAN, OCTOBER, 1872.

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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIII. OCTOBER, 1872.

No. 10.

THE FORESTER AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

A Christmas Story for Children, by Christoph von Schmid. Translated from the German by Lewis Henry Steiner.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUATION OF ANTHONY'S HISTORY.

The forester sent Anthony, one day, with a pair of snipe to Felseck, the neighboring hunting-seat of the Prince. The steward had a guest and wished to entertain him with them. Anthony passed by a waterfall on the way, which, as white as snow, dashed down between the dark green pines, from a high rock above. A stranger in a dark blue coat, who was painting the waterfall, was seated not far from it. Anthony approaching looked over his shoulders at the sketch and could not help exclaiming: "O how beautiful! Yes that is painting!" He asked permission to examine the beautiful picture more closely, and it was granted. "It seems to me," he said as he examined it, "as though this sketch was a mirror, in which the waterfall, with the rocks and trees, is reflected in miniature. How silvery clear the water gushes forth from the cleft rocks, and how prettily the white foam curls up below, among the moss-covered stones! How fresh and green the delicate moss is upon this stone! It looks as if we might tear it off! How boldly these rugged pines stand out! And there you have also added a stag drinking from the brook. How lightly he stands upon his feet! We can see that he can easily fly over stocks and stones. The stags, that I make, stand so badly, that they look as if they would fall any minute. I don't know how to put the right kind of life in them."

The artist was greatly pleased at the undissembled praises of the boy, and still more at his taste for art. He said laughing: "I preceive that you also are a little painter?" "Oh," said Anthony, "I used to think that I was not only a little, but a great painter. Now I know, however, that I am none at all." The artist said: "But still I would like to see your paintings. I will pay you a visit shortly, and then you must show them to me. Who are your parents, where do you live?" "Oh," said Anthony, "I am a poor orphan boy. The forester Grünewald has adopted me." "Well," said the artist, "then you are certainly a relative, perhaps his brother's or sister's son?" "O no," said Anthony, "I came to his house a total stranger; he and his wife took me in immediately, and treated me as their own child." "That is astonishing, perfectly astonishing," said the artist. "But how could this have been?" Anthony related his whole history. The artist listened attentively and, when he had finished, said: "The forester and his wife must be noble-hearted people. Give them my compliments and say, that I will make them a visit to-morrow, to thank them in the name of humanity for the love they have shown you."

The artist's name was Riedinger. He had arrived a few days before at the Prince's hunting seat, for the purpose of retouching some old paintings. He was availing himself of the opportunity to sketch some of the forest scenery that especially pleased him. The next evening he visited the forester. Both these honest men found, that they were congenial spirits and soon became friends. The artist wished to see Anthony's sketches. The forester praised them immoderately. "Believe me," said he, "they are incomparable." But Anthony stood blushing at the door and said: "Herr Riedinger, you will see that they are nothing at all." The artist, however, encouraged him to show them and Anthony consented. Herr Riedinger examined one after another very carefully, sometimes smiling. Although he found much to criticize, yet they pleased him very much. "Indeed," he said, "there is an artist in the boy. Herr Grünewald, give him to me. You will experience much joy on his account." "Agreed," said the forester, grasping his hand. "I have been anxiously thinking for a long time what the boy should be. He is now already in his fourteenth year, and there is nothing more for him to learn in the school at Aeschenthal. He is too delicate and tender-hearted for a hunter. He partakes more of the nature of his sensitive mother than of his brave father. If you think that he will make a good painter, take him and give him suitable instruction. How much apprenticeship-bonus do you require?" "Apprenticeship-bonus!" said the artist. "We will say nothing about that. You have just furnished me an example,

how a man should act towards a poor orphan. One generous deed always prompts others, just as one taper lights another. That is perfectly natural. Let it be so here. As soon as I have finished my work at the castle, Anthony can accompany me to the city, if he likes, and I will spare no pains to make an artist out of him."

Anthony was almost beside himself with joy. Still when the artist called at the house in a coach for him, a few days afterwards, the good boy wept very bitterly. The forester, however, said: "Do not weep, Anthony. It is but a short distance from here to the city. We shall visit you often, and you can easily visit us on Sundays and holydays." "Yes, I shall insist upon that point myself," he said to Herr Riedinger, "that Anthony shall visit us frequently and always spend the Christmas holydays with us. You must allow him to do that." "Very willingly," said the artist, "very willingly, and unless you and your wife object, I will always accompany him." They joined hands to that agreement. Anthony expressed his gratitude to his foster-parents. They exhorted him to respect his master, who was desirous of conferring so many favors upon him, out of pure goodness of heart, as a father. With the sincerest benedictions of his foster-parents and their children, he entered the carriage and drove off with the artist.

The excellent artist kept his word to the very letter. It was a real, heart-pleasure to him to give instruction to so apt a scholar. He accompanied him often on his visits to the forester; indeed they frequently remained several days, so that they could sketch beautiful views in the rocky forests. The master was not able to praise his scholar enough. "Between us," he said to the forester, "he is going to make an artist much better than I ever was."

After the lapse of a few years, Herr Riedinger once came to the forester's house, during the Christmas holydays, with Anthony, now a promising young man. After supper Anthony and the forester's children retired to rest, but Herr Riedinger sat up with the forester and his wife. They had observed that the artist had something on his mind that he desired to tell them. At last he began: "Anthony has already learned all that he could from me. He must now travel, must visit Italy. True, this will cost him something, but it will be worth all it will cost. No capital could be better invested. I will guarantee you, that it will bear rich interest, and that his time will be employed profitably. As regards the expense of such a visit, it is indeed too much for the means of a private person. But I have managed the matter so that Anthony need not travel entirely upon other's money. He must earn something himself.' However he will need considerable more than this; for he must yet have sufficient leisure in order to progress further in the study of his art. As far as I am concerned I will cheer-

fully contribute my share. Encouraged by your example, I once proposed to make a painter out of Anthony gratis. The pieces, that he has thus far finished, have paid me very well. I have laid this money by, and shall devote it to his traveling expenses. But alone, it will not be sufficient. Are you disposed to make up the deficiency, which is indeed no very small sum? When one has begun a good work, he ought to finish it." He extended his hand to the forester, expecting that he would grasp it. The forester had great pleasure in Anthony's good conduct and progress in his art. He possessed a moderate income. He looked at his wife. She nodded assent. The forester seized the artist's hand and added: "Well, if the sum is not above my ability, I will advance it." An estimate was made of the probable expense, and it was unanimously determined that Anthony should make the visit to Italy during the coming spring.

The artist with Anthony returned in a sleigh to the city the next morning. The forester and his wife devoted the winter to arrangements connected with Anthony's proposed travels. He purchased stuff, to supply his foster-son plentifully with clothing. He also hunted up his own traveling-trunk, and covered it anew with deer skin. The wife and her two daughters were busily engaged knitting and sewing in order to furnish Anthony with under-clothes. At the opening of spring, Anthony spent a few days with his foster-parents. The forester, during this visit, gave him many pieces of good advice and much sound instruction, and exhibited great affection for him. The good man even took the trouble to pack his trunk for him. As the wife handed him the new articles of clothing they had prepared, Anthony became greatly affected. "Oh how much—indeed too much you are doing for me!" he said. "My own parents, if they were still alive, could not do more for me!" The trunk was forwarded to an eminent painter—to whom Herr Riedinger had recommended Anthony, as Anthony proposed to make the whole journey on foot. Christian, Anthony's bosom friend, had provided a small knapsack, in which he could carry such articles as were most necessary for daily use.

Finally the day of departure arrived. Anthony intended to start, after eating, for Herr Riedinger's in the city, and from thence to set out on his journey. The forester's wife had prepared the parting meal, and at noon all sat down once more around the same table. It was a kindly, affecting family party. The forester looked around his little circle, over which a sad silence was reigning. "Do not be so sad," he said, "do not be so sad, my sons and daughters; and you, good mother, dry up your tears. It cannot be helped. Our sons, when they have reached their majority, are obliged to go forth into the world; and you, my daughters,

will soon be of an age, when you will probably leave your father's house. Still, if mountain and valley should separate our bodies, let us always be united in spirit. And thus no matter how sad our parting may be, our reunion, whether it take place here or there, shall always be so much the more joyous." The kind-hearted man well knew how to enliven others by his cheerful conversation. He had a flask of good wine brought in, such as he used only on holy-days. He offered it to the mother and the two daughters, but all three declined. He then said, laughing: "Give wine to the mourners." Anthony and Christian without ceremony presented their glasses. At the close of the meal the forester took his glass and said: "Come, Anthony, touch glasses,—a pleasant journey and a happy return home." "God grant it," said the wife, touching her glass and taking a small sip. Christian, Catharine and Louisa also touched glasses. Tears were in the eyes of all, Anthony being the most affected. He could not refrain from weeping and said: "Oh my dearest parents, how many thanks do I not owe you! Without you what would I be! How can I ever repay you for what you have done for me? May God reward you! He will put me in a condition, some day, to show you and your children my thanks for the many inexpressible good things you have done me!"

"Yes, my dear Anthony," said the forester, "I cannot conceal it from you, that we are doing a great deal and—when I look at my children here—I might almost say too much for you. As regards myself and my dear wife, we shall need but little more. Our hairs are already gray. We shall have bread as long as we live. But, my dear Anthony, if one or other of these children should ever come to want, do not forget then how we helped you in your need, and leave them to suffer. Give me your hand on that, Anthony! Is it not true,—that you will never desert these children?" "Oh dear father," exclaimed Anthony, seizing the hand extended to him, "I should be the most ungrateful person in the world, if I ever forget your kindness. Yes, indeed, your love to me can never be forgotten. It shall be my greatest happiness in the world to be able to do anything for you, dear father, for my best foster-mother, or these beloved children."

"I believe you, Anthony," said the forester, "but—it is now time for us to part." He arose and said: "Kneel down, my dear son, so that I may give you a father's blessing." Anthony knelt down. The forester raised his eyes towards heaven; there was something venerable, and solemn in his countenance and manner. He blessed the young man, saying: "May God be with you in all your ways, protect you from evil, and bring you back again to our arms sound and without stain." The mother and children with

folded hands and weeping eyes, stood around, and said with feeling hearts, "Amen." The forester raised Anthony up, embraced him and said: "Now—go and God be with you! Keep Him always before your eyes and—forget not that His all-seeing eye sees you everywhere. Hold yourself above doing evil. The wealth and pleasures of this earth are not of sufficient value to trouble our consciences with them. Recollect that we have not been created only for the brief life that we live upon this earth, but that there is an eternity beyond. Avoid not only evil, but every occasion of doing evil. Fly especially from such men as deride the faith of our forefathers, and make sport of their simple manners. Once more farewell—and God be with you."

The forester's wife said, with eyes full of tears: "Anthony, you see my eyes red with weeping, and my wet cheeks. For their sake be loyal to God, be good and upright. Remember these tears when you are tempted to do evil. Thus far you have been a pleasure to us; never be a cause of trouble. Notwithstanding I weep thus bitterly, still I have much comfort. If, however, we should hear any evil of you, then I and all of us would weep the bitterest tears. Never forget in all your life, our true-hearted fatherly and motherly admonition—and the last injunction of your own sainted mother, and farewell!"

The whole family accompanied the deeply-affected, sorrowful youth a long stretch upon his road, almost to the end of the forest. At last they all said once more, farewell! Anthony went on, but they remained standing. He looked back frequently at them, and waved his hat. The forester and Christian also waved their hats, and the wife with her two daughters waved their white handkerchiefs—until he finally disappeared, with his traveler's staff in hand and knapsack on his back, behind a forest hill.

KING WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA is not lavish on personal apparel. His valet recently gave him a hint, by substituting a new coat for one which he had worn much longer than he ought, and was thereupon summoned to the royal presence. "Where is my old coat, Jean?" "I have taken it away, your majesty; it is no longer fit to be worn." What are you going to do with it, Jean?" "I believe I am going to sell it." "How much do you think you will get for it?" Jean, hesitated a moment, and then answered, "I believe I shall get about a thaler for it, your majesty. The king took his pocket-book from the night-table, opened it, and handed Jean a thaler. "Here, Jean," he said, "is your thaler. That coat is so comfortable. Bring it back to me. I want it yet."

THE FOUNDERS AND DECEASED CONTRIBUTORS OF THE GUARDIAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

William Heyser.

“And Moses, Aaron, and Hur, went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses’ hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon: and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.”—Ex. 17: 10–13.

In the last number of the “Guardian” we gave a sketch of Bernard Wolff, of Chambersburg, during a long and useful life, an active member and office-bearer of the Reformed Church at that place. He was a brother-in-law of William Heyser, the subject of this article. There was but a few years’ difference in their age. For more than half a century they lived near neighbors. And for nearly that length of time, they were the leading members of the Consistory of their congregation. Alternately they led the prayer meeting; indeed, for many years, led in every needful project in the congregation. So much so, that often, as the members with tender regard beheld the venerable Elders, they would say: “What shall we do, once Bernard Wolff and William Heyser are no longer with us.” During forty years they were the right-hand men of every pastor of that congregation. Both visited and prayed with the sick, and attended their pastor in offices of charity and pastoral work. They cheered their shepherd’s heart with their gifts, prayers and presence at all the services. Their age, experience, mature judgment and steadfast faith, guided and upheld him in all his ways.

I speak what I do know, and testify what I have seen. I was their pastor. When my hands were heavy, they held them up. Much could I here say of what these sainted fathers were to me personally, but that might savor too much of egotism. To me and to other pastors, they were what Aaron and Hur were to Moses on the mount, till the going down of the sun of their life.

William Heyser was born in 1795. He was the child of godly parents, and was nurtured in the bosom of a Christian home. Therein he grew as a tree planted by the rivers of water. He was

thoroughly instructed in the Heidelberg Catechism, and early in life confirmed as a member of the Reformed Church, in Chambersburg, Pa. Like his brother-in-law, with his young wife, he brought his Saviour into his house. Ever thereafter the reading of the Scriptures and prayer were daily observed in his family. He became one of the most active and successful business men in that community. Sons and daughters were born to him, four of whom continue to this present day, as active members of the Church Militant.

For more than thirty years he served as Elder of his congregation. In 1829 his flock started a Sunday School, of which he became superintendent, and continued in office till his death, during a period of thirty-four years. For this office he possessed rare talents. He had a great love for children, and knew how to interest and instruct them. He often traveled for business, Church-work, and recreation. Wherever he happened to spend the Sunday, he was sure to turn up in some Sunday School, if such was to be found, and usually had a word of encouragement for them. On his return home, he would entertain his school with a story of what he had seen and experienced. In addition to his Sunday School work, during many years, he led a Bible class in his parlor, every Sunday afternoon. He lived to see many of his earlier scholars become heads of Christian families, and useful members of society. Not a few of these living in distant parts of the country, gratefully remembered their old friend, and occasionally wrote him an affectionate letter. On their visit to Chambersburg, they called to see him and thank him for what he had done for them.

He was present at the Sunday School Convention of Pennsylvania, held in Philadelphia in 1861, in which he gave a summary report of his labors as a Sunday School worker. He was then the oldest Sunday School Superintendent in Pennsylvania; the oldest in years and the longest in service. This address made a great impression. An abstract of it was published in most of the religious papers of the country. He was extensively known and respected as a veteran in the Sunday School army. He took an active part in the general work of the Church. For twenty-four years he was a Trustee of Marshall College. The last twenty-nine years of his life, he was Treasurer of the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church. At the time of his death, there was no layman, who had attended so many meetings of Synod as a delegate, as William Heyser. He was always prompt in the discharge of his duties to the Church. His most pressing business duties had to bend to her claims. Whether to visit or pray with the sick, to meet his Sunday School or Bible class, to attend religious services, travel hundreds of miles to attend a Church Board or a meeting of Synod, he was always at his post precisely at the hour appointed, unless pre-

vented by Providence. Although unwell a week before his death, he attended a meeting of the Synod, at Carlisle, Pa.

He had more than ordinary natural talents; notwithstanding an incomplete education, by much and careful reading, he acquired a creditable cultivation of mind. He had a fine taste for the beauties of art and nature. A number of his contributions in poetry and prose, enrich the earlier volumes of the "Guardian." In addressing Sunday Schools, he was extremely apt. He usually took an active part in the discussion of Synod, and Church Boards. He took a common-sense view of matters, and could give a clear and telling statement of his views. He could lay hold of the gist of a question, which would often make him more successful in argument than public debaters of more scholarly pretensions.

Few men enjoy home-life more than did William Heyser; few who spend such an active life, live so much at home as did he. His hearth was to him a sort of sanctuary, where the true God was enshrined, at whose altar he was the priest who offered intercession and prayer. Amid the cares and worries of business, and the trials of life, he quietly found in his home a refuge from the storm, an abode of peace.

In the Reformed Church at Chambersburg, a meeting of Mercersburg Classis was held. It was early in October, 1863. I felt it my duty to become pastor of my present flock. My two Elder-friends and their people felt just as clearly convinced, that I was to continue with them. Several hundred persons petitioned against my leaving. The two Elders spoke earnestly against it. They had nobly stood by me; never gave me an unkind word. And as they spoke, tears fell from many eyes. The heart was firmly riveted to those people; stern duty heeded not its ties. Such appeals. Those two men with silvery locks, and trembling voices. And mine trembling as well. "Brethren, you will kill that brother. Look at him, a shadow of his former self. Here he has an easy united, devoted flock, there—who knows what awaits him?" Acts 21: 13.

It seems cruel to disregard such appeals. But the cruelty cuts both parties with equal pain. We saw duty differently, yet remained friends. I attended Mr. H. to the Synod at Carlisle. He felt quite unwell, and had to return home before the close of the Synodical meeting. He made a parting speech to the Synod; it was his last on earth. Around him he saw many brethren, with whom for many years he had worked shoulder to shoulder. The memory of pleasant associations seemed to nerve him with unwonted strength, though enfeebled by disease. His speech touched many hearts, and eyes unused to weep were moistened with tears.

The last grasp of the hand, and a cordial God bless you are given, and we part—he for home, and I for R—. Scarcely a week later, I received a telegram inviting me, at his request, to officiate at his funeral.

Most likely the last pain this good man received from a friend, he received from me. And that has been an unforgotten grief to me to this day, and will be hereafter. But I could not help it. Duty knows no friendship. The All Knowing One, who is touched with a feeling of our infirmity, “knoweth our frame.” Thus God’s people, equally conscientious, often see duty in different lights, and are compelled to strike diverging paths, yet cease not to love each other, and wait till heaven will solve their conflicting questions.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY PERKIOMEN.

I write the life of this bold, bad genius, mainly to show, that the good alone are truly immortal. Nor am I mistaken, I trust, in supposing all our young readers ready to learn something of this wonderful character, who changed the whole face of Rome, and placed her under his foot. The history of a bad man has its lessons too. This is our excuse for drawing the profile of one, who was not a benefactor, but a scourge, rather, whom his Creator permitted to pass over an infatuated age and people, even as He suffers a tornado to sweep the plain, for purposes which we are not wise enough to interpret. The Green Bay-Tree of the Psalmist stands before my vision as I write.

CÆSARISM.

This is now a name of Imperial import. There was a time, however, when it had no such regal signification—when it even had not been at all. *Julian* was the Patronymic, Family name. How *Cæsar* came to supplant the original possessor of the field, is not certainly known. Some maintain, that a bold Julian scion once slew an Elephant—which in the Punic tongue is called *Cæsa*. From this circumstance Julian gave way to Cæsar. But Festus says, once upon a time, a child of the line, was born with curls and a beard—*Cæsaris*—and had the name ‘Cæsar’ conferred upon itself and posterity. And Pliny tells us, that ‘Cæsar’ originated

from the fact, that a certain mother of the Julian blood died from the primal sorrow of her sex, and that from the manner in which the infant was preserved—*Cædo*—the name arose.

THE JULIAN FAMILY

became the fountain-head to the Cæsars, then, in some singular way, whichever explanation we may adopt. And an ancient and illustrious blood it had been, this Julian stock. Before the Roman Republic had stood three whole decades, the name, Caius Julius, already appeared on the Consul list. One of this line and name had been among the Decemviri, by whom the 'Twelve Tables' were compiled. Another filled the office of Prætor. A fourth attained to the Consulate again. A fifth covered himself with the glory of a Military General. Still another became an orator of great repute.

CÆSAR'S BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

The subject of this sketch eclipsed his ancestry, however. His parents were Caius Julius Cæsar and Aurelia Cotta—both of high rank. He was born, U. C. 650. We would say, July 10th, B. C. 100. His birth was ushered in with many presages and omens of future greatness. His boyhood was of a piece with his wonderful advent. He possessed and manifested remarkable talents, if we may believe all that is written concerning his precociousness. His was an uncommon intellect, a good memory, and a lively imagination. All this might have been of little account, though, had he not proven a diligent and persevering boy. Even Cæsar had not been born great, let it be remembered. He could read, write, hear and dictate, at one and the same time, from four to seven different letters.

But prodigies are oftentimes born in clusters, during very pregnant ages, as grapes are. During this period, a number of eccentric characters entered on the scene abreast, who unitedly determined the fate of the Commonwealth. Pompey, Cato, Cicero, and other conspicuous mortals stood here and there, all but a few years older or younger than Cæsar. These may have become what they proved, severally, from what may be called the friction of rivalry.

A YOUNG MAN OF MARK.

At the head of the two rival factions in Rome, stood Marins and Sylla, during Cæsar's nascent manhood. With the former he had identified himself. Sylla, to show his arbitrary power, commanded him to divorce his young wife. Cæsar refused to comply and was proscribed. Various attempts had been made to slay him; but

he either baffled or bribed his pursuers. Finally Sylla pardoned him, at the solicitation of Metellus—not however, without uttering this significant saying: “Beware of him! There is many a Marius in that young man.”

NOT BRAVE, BUT DARING AT TWENTY-TWO.

He spent a short time at the Court of Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, and led a wild and scandalous life. Subsequently a Prætor in Asia entrusted him with the command over a fleet which was to blockade Mytilene. In the execution of his trust, he distinguished himself greatly, and returned to Rome.

By his twenty-third year, he thought himself an orator, and laid a charge of oppression and extortion against the Proconsul in Macedonia. He lost his suit; and it taught him a wholesome lesson. He now determined to go to Rhodes and study Rhetoric, under Cicero's great master of eloquence, Apollonius Molo. On his way, he fell among pirates, who detained him forty days, until Metellus procured fifty talents, from the neighboring cities, for his ransom. Far from timid, he boldly threatened them, while yet at their mercy, that he would punish their insolence. When released, he reminded them once more to prepare for the execution of his threat. As soon as he was set on shore, he assembled and armed some vessels, pursued and took his captors. He applied for an order, from his superior, to execute them. This being refused him, he nailed them to the cross before any further word could reach him. This early instance of lawlessness already showed, that he would likely become a man who intended to act for himself and assume the responsibility.

HE MOUNTS THE LADDER.

Rhetoric did not quench his thirst for power. He returned to Rome, and aspired after a political station. He succeeded too, as if by a magician's skill. With marvelous alacrity he steps from one round to another, becoming prætor, military tribune, quæstor, ædile, consul, dictator, king, emperor, pontifex maximus. In the limits generally allotted to a sketch, the reader will not look for details. Let us only touch the salient points in his life and history. This only may be said, that no one need envy the rising of any bad man. His exaltation seems ever to be, in order that he may the more swiftly and tragically come to his end. It is the surest way by which to rid the world of him.

HE IS A GREAT SPENDTHRIFT.

We talk loud of the extravagance and love of luxury in our public men. We do so for very good reasons. But let no one call it

a *modern* evil. Luxury ruined Rome—it may ruin us. In pushing his way to the preferments, which he held from time to time, he had totally squandered his fortune, by public shows and entertainments, by his lavish bounty towards profligate and sycophantic citizens, and is reported to have said, that he needed *one million, two hundred thousand pounds sterling*, to be worth nothing! When about leaving Rome, as Governor over Spain, he was so pressed by his creditors, as not to be able to depart until Crassus became security in the enormous sum of eight hundred and thirty talents.

AMBITION, THE FIRE IN HIS SOUL.

If ever Cæsar had trod the paths of virtue, he quitted them for those of ambition, when yet a young man. In passing the Alps, looking over against a miserable little village, he struck this keynote: “Ay, and I would rather be the first man in this place, than the second in Rome.”

AS CRUEL AS AN INDIAN.

In the Spanish Province, Lusitania, he displayed the same grasping disposition and unscrupulous waste of property and human life. In order to retrieve his fortune, he made war upon some innocent native tribes, for the most frivolous excuses, and gained money and infamy by the plunder and massacre of poor barbarians. On his return to Rome, he stood for the Consulship and succeeded. He, with Crassus and Pompey, formed that famous coalition, known as The First Triumvirate.

HIS STROKES OF POLICY.

He must triumph now, over colleagues, competitors, and the Senate. He saw that the fountain of power lies in the people. Able and skilled in chicanery, he cast about to conciliate the masses. The well-known Agrarian Law originated in his prolific brain, and was passed through his maneuvering. By it, certain public lands were distributed among some twenty thousand indigent citizens. It was a Homestead Bill, by which the poor were rendered well-to-do, and the cities emptied of a dangerous, idle class. It looked well, and counted well. But Cato truly remarked: “It is not this law I dread; it is the reward expected for procuring it.”

Cæsar carried it through, and thereby rendered himself highly popular among the masses.

Besides, he became the father of two other measures, both republican throughout save in the motive which originated them, I mean the ballot and the right of challenge in juries. His aim was to weaken the aristocracy and strengthen the people, from whom he

hoped to drain his power, sooner or later. In these and similar ways he adorned his Consulate.

It is a pity we must add, that he stole from the Treasury, bars of gold weighing three thousand pounds, and, to conceal the theft, substituted brass gilt and of the same form.

NOW HE WOULD BE KING!

Hitherto the kingly power had been odious in Rome. Whoever had aspired to it, perished in the attempt. The mere imputation was fatal. But Cæsar knew how to lay broad and sure foundations to such a superstructure. He conceived the design of bringing the military force to the support of his pretensions. By cunning he obtained the Government of Cisalpine Gaul and Illyricum for five years, with an army of three legions. The Senate, wishing him out of the city, gave him employment abroad, and voted him besides, Transalpine Gaul, and an additional legion. This was just as Cæsar wanted it. He repaired to Gaul, and in nine years subdued the whole country; crossed the Rhine twice; passed over into and defeated Britain twice, and established himself firmly by policy and kindness.

Pompey became jealous, and so Pompey and Cæsar became rivals. Cæsar defeated Pompey, who fled into Egypt and was murdered. His conqueror pursued him; buried his body; marched against the King of Pontus, and finished the war so rapidly, as to justify him to report results in the famous words:—“*I came, I saw, I conquered.*”

AN OPEN SEA BEFORE HIM.

His valiant exploits, combined with a political clemency, gained for him a strong hold on the populace. He was made Consul for five years; Dictator for one, and Tribune for life.

A campaign was successfully undertaken and consummated in Africa. This made him Dictator for ten years, and Censor during life, and caused his statue to be placed aside of Jupiter's in the Capitol.

Pompey's sons made him a little trouble in Spain, which little unpleasantness he settled with his wonted celerity. Returning to Rome, he was made perpetual Dictator and Imperator with Sovereignty.

OTHER HONORS.

Because of the reformation which he had effected in the Calendar, the month in which he had been born—*Quintilis*—was changed to July—*Julius*. The honored title, “Father of his country,” was voted him. A body-guard was allotted about him,

and money was stamped with his image. He was allowed to wear the uniform of a victorious general, on public occasions, and a crown of laurel on his brow. His statues were carried along with those of the gods, in processions; temples and altars were dedicated to him, whilst he connived at all in such a way as to say, "I will be as the gods."

THE CONSPIRACY.

The Senate secretly hated him. There brooded a fatal conspiracy within its walls, in consequence of which he was assassinated, principally by the dagger of Brutus, in his 56th year. Alas! He had enjoyed the sovereignty, which he had purchased so dearly, during but a little more than one single year!

HIS CHARACTER.

Intellectually, he may be placed in the highest rank. Results and facts prove that. His Seven Books on the Gallic War and his Three Civil volumes are monuments of simplicity and clearness. He is also the author of a work in the Latin Tongue. He wrote on Geography, when the task was something more than mere compilation. When in Egypt, chasing Pompey, he found time to study Astronomy from Sosigenes. He was a versatile genius.

As a military hero, it is as little necessary to speak in eulogy of him, as it is to pour water in the ocean.

But morally, he may be called one of the wickedest men in the world. Cassius said over his dead body: "There lies the worst of men." He married and divorced as often as it suited him. In Gaul, he slew a million of men, and ruined another million by reducing them to slavery and degradation. There is not ink enough in the world to put down in black all the sufferings he caused—and all from a motive of selfishness.

HIS RELIGION!

He was a follower of Epicurus, both from fashion and temperament. He believed in a philosophy which taught men to look for enjoyment wherever it pleased them most. Having emerged from the slough of sensuality and dissipation, his ruling passion was to make himself master of his country and of the world, if possible. To this end he sacrificed every sentiment of friendship or animosity, honor, interest or resentment—everything.

We said in the opening sentence of this paper—The good alone are truly immortal. We want no better proof than the life of Cæsar furnishes. Truly he is remembered; but there is a coming forth unto "the resurrection of damnation," no less than "unto the resurrection of life." The former alone Caius Julius Cæsar enjoys. Oblivion would be a blessing aside of such infamy.

THE GHETTO IN ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

For many centuries the Jews have been a proscribed race in Rome. Fifty years before our Saviour's birth, Pompey burned part of the temple of Jerusalem, and sent many captive Jews to Rome as slaves. From this time the children of Abraham were greatly oppressed in the "Eternal City." After the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, seventy years after Christ, thousands of captive Jews were made to grace his triumphal procession on his return to the great city of the Empire. On their heads they were forced to bear the trophies plundered from their people; even the sacred utensils of the temple. The galling scene is carved on the arch of Titus, where the wondering traveler can study the picture hewn on stone to this day. Not long after this 12,000 Jews wrought at the building of the Coliseum.

In the lower part of the city, along the banks of the Tiber, is a narrow section, called the Ghetto. For many centuries it has been the Jewish quarter. Very probably it was the Jewish quarters in the days of Christ. There most likely Paul lived among his Hebrew brethren while at Rome. If so, then the first congregation of Christians was started in this quarter of Rome. In his own hired house the great apostle lived for two years, and certainly among his own brethren. (Acts 28 : 30 ; "Here he received all that came in unto him.")

The Jewish quarter, in all Italian towns, is called "The Ghetto."

That of Rome is so called by pre-eminence. Till the year 1848, it was enclosed by a heavy wall. Seven gates formed the entrance. To this enclosure the Jews were mechanically confined. At night the gates were barred. A solitary portress had charge of them during the night. She lived outside the walls. Since then a brighter day has dawned upon the Jews of Rome. The reign of Victor Emanuel turned them loose from the barbarism and bondage of centuries. The wall has been removed and the children of Abraham go where they choose, sit "every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid." Micah 4 : 4.

The Ghetto consists of two narrow streets; so narrow that the coachmen can only wind their way through them with great cau-

tion and care. The dingy ancient houses are so high, that the sun seldom shines on the narrow pavements. The Via Fiumara runs close along the Tiber. Its annual freshets sweep through the houses, sometimes through the third story. The Via Rua is on higher ground and suffers less from the overflowing of the river. Between these two long streets there is a net-work of alleys and narrow dark passages, many not more than a few feet in width. The whole is honey-combed with dens, rather than dwellings, where families labor, trade, sleep and eat. Many a dark hole is crammed with human beings, where most people would disdain to put their cattle.

Here where they and their fathers had lived for two thousand years, no Jew could own a house or lot. Neither horse nor wagon could they own. No regular trade could they ply. They were allowed to mend old clothes, but not to make new ones; to mend shoes, but not to make them. Petty trade they could engage in, but not in the regular business of other people. Their taxes were far higher than those of Christians. At the Fish Market stood a church, erected for the conversion of the Jews. Certain hours of the week they were forced to hear the sermons of the priest therein, and support him with their money. Now they no longer visit the Church of St. Angelo, in Pescharia, nor pay taxes for its support.

At the coronation of every pope, they had to spread carpets and provide silken hangings on and around the Arch of Titus, the monument of the destruction of their Temple and city—of their humiliation and degradation—they had to robe it with costly clothes.

From the time of Vespasian, in the first century of the Christian Era, they have been the victims of tyranny. He imposed an annual tax upon them. It was made as high as their tribute paid to the treasury of the Temple. This tax, then paid at the Capitol, was afterwards paid to the pope. Even Constantine enforced cruel edicts against the Jews. Often they were banished from their homes in the Ghetto, and driven across the Tiber.

This cruel oppression greatly reduced them. "A basket to hold their provisions in, and a bundle of straw on which to rest the weary head, was all the property they had." Thus says an old writer. And another tells us: "That the phylacteries were so scarce amongst them, that they had to wait one for another when saying their morning prayers. "For a long time they had to hold their religious services in caves and in catacombs, on account of persecution. Oppression drove some to literary pursuits. For a season they ranked high among men of science—as they now do. "For a long time bishops, popes and cardinals, and the best families of Rome employed none but Jewish physicians; they were

loved and blessed, though their nation and creed were hated and cursed."

A stroll through the Ghetto well repays the traveler. Shops filled with goods from all parts of the world meet the eye. The costly luxuries of the Orient, and the simpler articles for poorer people are here sold. Little is seen by the passer-by. Their goods are stored away under cover. Many a poor Jew will whisper "Hush, hush!" when you ask him for them.

With large sacks hung on their shoulders, they trudge through the streets of Rome, in quest of gold, silver, old paintings, old furniture, old clothes, old everything. Some collect their goods in wheel-barrows. At night-fall the wandering Jew returns to his den in the Ghetto, laden like the busy bee, with the gathered harvest of the day. He is tired and hungry and gratefully sits him down to the frugal supper his wife has prepared. She and the children meanwhile, carefully unpack the sack or barrow. And such a world of odd and seemingly worthless stuff is a curiosity to behold.

Early the next morning he is in the streets again, heralding his approach with unmusical shrieks as do the street venders of our larger cities. At many a door stands the mistress or servant, ready to sell him a bundle of rags, an old something or other. Meanwhile the mother and children assort, clean and mend the stores at home. Glass, iron, rags, brass, clothes old and new, are arranged according to their quality. Long lines heavily hung with old washed clothes did I see, stretched along the narrow streets of the Ghetto, which doubtless were all nicely folded and laid by for sale. The older boys polish brass and rusted iron and mend old furniture, or break it up for other uses. The smaller boys roll about in the dirty streets, nibble at a crust of bread or an onion, kick up their heels and are happy.

If you want to buy anything, beware. It is said they ask two prices for their goods. Yet foreign merchants in Rome say, that the Jews are the only honest people there. It is so all the world over. The Jew is denounced as tricky and dishonest by many a so-called Christian, who is less to be trusted than he. How rarely do we find a Jew imprisoned for a crime. In Constantinople the people have a proverb: The Jew will cheat you one piastre, the Greek Christian two, the Armenian Christian three.

On Friday evening a little before sunset, the Ghetto presents an interesting sight. It is the evening before the (Jewish) Sabbath. All the shops are shut. Business is stopped. Through the doors of the dwellings you see the people brushing their clothes, washing and dressing themselves. Boys, girls and servants come home, bearing on boards smoking loaves of fresh baked bread; the loaves shaped according to the custom of the Jews. The women make their toi-

let. Then they prepare the table for supper, trim the lamps, set the shew-bread of which they break off a piece, say a short prayer, and then throw a piece into the fire. They also pronounce a blessing with outspread hands for the lights when they are kindled. The streets are empty. All the goods are taken down from the walls, windows and door-posts of the houses. Men and boys go to the synagogue with prayer books in hand. The Sabbath of the Lord has commenced. The women and girls remain at home. The modern Mosaic religion has no comfort for women. You may hear their voices in social conversation as you pass; not unlikely the shrill sounds of strife will grate upon your ear. But in worship the daughter of Abraham is silent and unseen. When the men and boys come home from the synagogne, they all wish each other "a good Sabbath." Then they sit down to their supper in a home-like happy mood. They feel that they still are God's chosen people, though living in the Ghetto of Rome. On Saturday they keep their Sabbath day holy. In their house no manner of work is done, by son or daughter, man servant or maid servant, nor the stranger that is in the gates.

They have different shades of belief, although all are Jews. To accommodate these there are five synagogues. All these occupy one large building in the Piazza della Seuola. There too are their schools; the best in Rome for elementary education. Italian and Hebrew are well taught. Studies pertaining to Jewish history and Theology are taught by private teachers, especially the chief Rabbi.

In the above Piazza or square, a daily market is held, and one on a larger scale, once a week. The peasantry of the Campagna (the country about Rome) assemble, in their odd country dresses. Horses, donkeys, carts, bales of produce, Jews and Christians, saints and sinners are all promiscuously huddled together. The carts are curiously painted with pictures of people good and bad.

In the Ghetto, as all the world over, the Jews remain a distinct people, separate from the "Gentiles." They have never intermixed nor intermarried with the people around them. Their temptation to do this, amid their galling helpless bondage, must have been very strong. Rather than yield to it, they have quietly suffered, and given their children in marriage only to those of their own nation, doomed to the same ill-fortune.

They are pure Jews now as they were in the reign of Vespasian. Their faces bear the stamp of Abraham; their features are strikingly oriental. Nearly all the younger people are good-looking. The women are mostly pretty, some of them charmingly so. Old men with long grey beards, and a calm venerable mien, remind one of the old patriarchs. Many children with large black eyes, long eye-lashes and full eyebrows, are lovely. Such as the old painters

used as models to paint the child Jesus. A tender heart can see their beauty through their rags and dirt, and love them withal. At the worst, they are not as squalid and beggarly as those you find outside of the Ghetto. Laden with centuries of oppression, here you are not hunted down for whole squares with loathsome beggars, as you are at the Church doors and in the principal streets of Rome. The truth is, cleanliness is nowhere carried to excess in this historic city ; but there is more domestic dirt outside of the Ghetto than inside.

Ordinarily Rome is not thickly inhabited. Whilst the Ghetto could scarcely be more so than it is. From five to six thousand souls are packed in this narrow space. Withal, these Hebrews have suffered less from the diseases and epidemics prevailing here, than the Christian part of the city. The plague and the cholera have repeatedly afflicted the city, but the Jews have suffered little by them. In summer the miasma of the Pontine marshes produce much fever and many deaths in the city, but chiefly in the Christian quarters.

Whence this difference? In spite of their disadvantages, Providence and human precaution favor the Jews. At every festival they whitewash their poor dwellings. Many even do this every Friday, for the Sabbath day. This white-washing is conducive to health. Besides every overflowing of the Nile sweeps the filth out of the streets and yards, and even houses. The sewers are thoroughly cleansed by it. This, in some respects, makes it the cleanliest and healthiest quarter in Rome.

A merciful Providence blesses the Jews of the Ghetto with health. Usually they have three physicians among them. It is said they attend the rich, to the neglect of the poor. They have no hospital of their own. But they can go to one of the Christian hospitals in cases of extreme poverty, on condition that they allow a crucifix to be hung over the bed, and suffer the priests to sprinkle them with holy water. Many of them would rather suffer want, than submit to these conditions.

LESSON OF THE TOMBS.—“When I look upon the tombs of the great,” said Addison, “every emotion of envy dies within me. When I read the epitaph of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out. When I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for these whom we must quietly follow. When I see kings lying over those who deposed them ; when I see rival wits side by side, or holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.”

THE GRAVE OF HENRY ANTES.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

A little spot on the hill-side
Is all that is now his own,
A little mound in a thicket,
And a worn sepulchral stone;
For a century has departed,
Since they gently laid him down
In the grave he himself had chosen,
On his farm in Fredericktown.

His land is held by a stranger,
And so is the ancient mill,
But the name of HENRY ANTES
May be read on the tombstone still;
And 'tis writ on the Lamb's blest volume—
As the Angels know full well—
For he sought a home in the regions
Where the saints and angels dwell.

He loved the Church of his fathers,
And over the stormy sea
He had borne, as a precious treasure,
Their faith to the land of the free;
But the flock was without a shepherd,
And many had gone to sleep,
So he lifted his voice like a trumpet
To gather the scattered sheep.

He greeted the mild Moravians,
As the servants of the Lord;
And with Zinzendorf and Boehler
He labored in sweet accord;
For they sought to unite the churches
In a brotherhood of love,
By a "union in the Spirit,"
Like that of the Church above.

He stood by the side of Whitefield,
And prayed in the German tongue,
When the clarion voice of the preacher
O'er the hills of Frederick rung.
They knew not each other's language,
Those earnest Christian men,
But the one cried, Hallelujah!
And the other said, Amen!

When his heart was almost broken,
 And he felt that his end was nigh,
 To his farm in Frederick township
 Henry Antes returned to die;
 And when his spirit departed
 To dwell in the land of the blest,
 The loving Bethlehem Brethren
 Bore his corpse to its final rest.

I feel, as I stand by his tomb-stone,
 That he did not live in vain;
 I am moved by his noble example
 To labor with might and main;
 For though our labors may vanish,
 Like clouds in the summer sky,
 The souls that are true to their Saviour
 Shall reign with the saints on high.

NOTES.

FIRST STANZA.—*A little spot on the hill-side.*—Henry Antes, “the pious Reformed layman of Frederick township,” was buried, July 21st, 1755, in a private burial-place on his farm, about half way between Keeler’s and Falkner Swamp Churches, in Montgomery Co., Pa., where his grave is marked by a tomb-stone with an appropriate inscription.

FOURTH STANZA.—*He greeted the mild Moravians.* In connection with the Moravians, Antes labored for years to establish “the congregation of God in the Spirit.” “The new communion proposed not to interfere with the confessional position of its members, but according to the Zinzendorfan theory of Tropes, it was willing that the Reformed should remain Reformed, the Lutherans should remain Lutherans, and so of the rest, having their separate consistories or ecclesiastical assemblies, with their pastors and congregations, only in subordination to this more catholic body, founded on certain essentials, and these consisted more in spirit than in doctrine.” *Harbaugh’s Fathers of the Reformed Church*, vol. I., p. 331.

FIFTH STANZA.—*He stood by the side of Whitefield.* Rev. George Whitefield, the most celebrated pulpit orator of modern times, preached at the house of Henry Antes, April 23d, 1740, to a great multitude of people. Mr. Seward, who accompanied Whitefield, says in his “Journal,” pp. 12-13, “They were Germans where we dined and supped, and they prayed and sung in German as we did in English, before and after eating.” What a magnificent subject for a painter! Whitefield preaching English to the Germans of Frederick township, who, while most of them probably failed to understand the sermon, could not help feeling the power of his transcendent eloquence.

SIXTH STANZA.—*When his heart was almost broken.* The union movement, though well meant, had not the elements of permanency. When it failed, Antes went with the Moravians, and removed to Bethlehem, but finally returned to his farm “where he ended his days in pious retirement.” “Ten of our Bethlehem Brethren bore the corpse to the grave, in the burial-place on his own land in Fredericktown, where yet other bodies of our Brethren repose.”—*Records of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem.*

A SEVERE REBUKE.—On one occasion, when the late Bishop of Litchfield had spoken on the importance of diligent pains-taking preparation for the pulpit, a verbose young clergyman said, “Why, my lord, I often go to the vestry even without knowing what text I shall preach upon, yet I go up and preach an *extempore* sermon, and think nothing of it.” The bishop replied, “Ah, well, that agrees with what I hear from your people; for they hear the sermon, and *they also think nothing of it.*”

A DISCUSSION CONCERNING PLAIN WORDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“How am I beaten with my own staff,” as John Wesley said when others dealt him blows with the weapons he put in their hands. Two months ago I wrote a short article for this paper, on *An Excess of Learning*, in which I found fault with the use of big words and learned terms in sermons and in common conversation. It seems that in trying to pull these foot and a-half long words out of our blessed English tongue, I unwittingly got hold of a mote in the eye of “Sax.” I most solemnly protest that there was no design in it. I was not hunting motes, and least of all would I have the courage to pull away at those (if such be there) behind the golden glasses of my one-syllabic opponent. Be the intention what it may, he that pokes away at the eye of another, will soon find to his sorrow that he has waked up the wrong passenger. A mote in the eye always becomes the seat of a sore, which resents the slightest touch with pain. As a skillful antagonist, “Sax” tore the rod out of my grasp and lustily laid it on my own back.

I have no objection to endure a flogging for a good cause; especially when the flogger confesses, that he was deservedly flogged by me before, and provided he will not break my rod. I will not say, that I intentionally allowed my practice to come in conflict with my precept, in that article. Grammarians sometimes construct ungrammatical sentences, from whose correction their pupils can learn the art of correct writing and speaking. “*An Excess of Learning*” furnished samples of the vice it aimed to correct. Had the wording of it been faultless, it might soon have sunk into silence, and no one would have thought of improving by its advice. Or had the faults which led my friend to pull at the beam in my own eye, been left untouched, it would have shown a literary drowsiness, which, in certain diseases, is a bad symptom on the part of the patient. But now since my errors have waked up such an able defender and pure specimen of our good old Saxon tongue, I am almost sorry that I did not wedge a few more latinized phrases into my “piece.” For, if a few errors will be overruled for good, might not more errors be turned into still greater good? Besides, good is often done in exposing evil in its most glaring and un-

disguised forms. The old Greeks disgusted their sons into habits of temperance by making them beastly drunk.

That a physician cannot heal himself, is no proof that he is a quack. It would be hard to find a doctor who has a sound mind in a perfectly sound body. When he is taken sick he feels pain, and when his breath stops he dies, like a common mortal, albeit his cases are filled with the most costly drugs, used according to the most orthodox system. Many a physician has hourly pain and feels himself dying by inches, while his patients all around him are getting well. In our speech, as in medicine it is often easier to cure others than ourselves.

"O that some power the gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

That is not precisely as Burns has it, but, lest my friend might take me to task for writing Scotch, I have rendered it in English. "Sax" certainly writes good, simple, terse Saxon English. "The Use of Plain Words," however, is not an average specimen of his style. Some of his productions are not without sin. "Beams" and heavy pieces of lumber are laid therein, which grew neither in British nor Saxon forests. But with by-gones we have here nothing to do; nor with personalities. Only with the material that fills the cropper of our grain fan, is our present work. This I cheerily turn so as to blow away the chaff from the wheat, though it would seem, an adverse wind is blowing the dust on me.

People too often measure learning by its dark, and darkening style; by its unknown sound. Every address or sermon which they cannot understand receives the credit of depth and research. On a certain Sabbath, in the beginning of my ministry, I had the imprudence to consent to preach for "Sax." I very well knew that as a preacher, I could fill but a small corner in his pulpit. By one of those mortifying mishaps which now and then befall public speakers, I lost the thread of my discourse. Vainly and somewhat noisily I strove to teach I scarcely knew what. As is usual in such mishaps, what the sermon lacked in sense it made up in sound. It was an awkward ministration. I still feel like blushing at the thought of it.

The next week I met one of "Sax's" members, by no means an ignorant man. He said to me:

"That was a deep sermon you preached on Sunday. Our pastor could not begin to preach such a sermon. It is not in him. He can preach a plain practical discourse; but in depth nothing to compare with yours. (That, I thought, was just the trouble, too deep for me to touch bottom.) "Him I can understand without

any trouble. I understood very little of your sermon (neither did I methought); but I could see that it was more able than any our pastor could preach."

After this "Sax" certainly will not doubt my unselfish zeal for the end, which my faulty strictures had in view. If he can serve the cause any better by pulling at the beam in my eye, then I say pull away; but in love, not in wrath. And should he succeed in pulling it out, I shall thank him for it. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

OLD ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

In some respects the Englishman of the 19th Century bears a strong resemblance to him of the 16th. In their virtues and vices both have much in common. In their ale and wine-drinking and beef-eating propensities, there is little difference.

At one of the principal hotels in Oxford, England, I happened to dine at the same table with a rotund florid Briton. Not a word was said, until the time for wine and "hale" came. Then he broke his dignified silence with the momentous question: "What kind of wine will you take? Sherry? Port? Lisbon? Madeira? Champagne?"

"None," I replied. "Sir!" he gruffly retorted, looking at me, as if he took me for a South Sea Islander. And that was the last word he ever spoke to me.

In the 16th century one penny was worth as much in England, as twelve are in the 19th. The people of that sturdy age fed on "great shins of beef." Their food was healthy and nourishing.

They lived "in houses made of sticks and dirt, but commonly fared as good as Kings," as a writer of that age says: "Such meat as the butcher selleth," besides "souse, brawny bacon, fruit pies of fruit and fowl of sundry sort," graced their tables. Such food helped to make the sturdy, high hearted men of that century with "thews and sinews,"—qualities which made them great in the field of letters and in war. What comyn folke in all this world may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare and all prosperity?" Thus writes an old chronicler.

When the people ate and drank too much, their Parliament regulated the quantity. Thereupon "the great men and common people" were allowed to eat only two courses at one meal, each mess

to be of "two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it flesh or fish, with the common sorts of pottage, without sauce or any other sorts of victuals." The Government was paternal, as all good Governments ought to be, providing and directing its subjects with parental care. But beef was the foundation of the brave and victorious battles of Britain. Henry VIII. showed his affection for some of his female favorites, by sending them a chunk of roast beef from his table.

We have a picture of an entire farmer's family of that day from the pen of Latimer, afterwards one of Henry's court preachers. He says:

"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had work for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty Kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to preach before the King's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor, and all this he did off the said farm."

"England then was the vagrant's paradise. Farmers and country people kept open house. To every man according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was a free fare and free lodging, only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow, but freely offered and freely taken, the guest probably faring much as his host fared, neither worse nor better." Unworthy people who abused this hospitality, lazy folks refusing to work when able, and people who refused to have their children to work were put in the stocks, tied to the tail of a cart and horse-whipped. Indeed some good for nothing lazy people had their ears cut off as a punishment, and for the third offence were ordered to be put to death. Idleness in those sturdy days was a sin, in rich and poor, indeed "the mother of all sin." The children had to be apprenticed to learn a trade. If the parents refused to attend to this duty, the State took charge of them, and apprenticed them as it saw fit, that the said children might not be driven "to dishonest courses." Work was an essential element of worth. He who refused to work deserved to starve, was the law of God and man.

With all its rough ways, England of that day had much sound sense, and real goodness of heart. "On such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts: idleness, want and cowardice; and for the rest carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the laborers

went to work and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little." Every unknown person met in the country, had to give an account of himself. If not satisfactory he was brought before the magistrate, who always had plenty of work. "At twelve he dined. After dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased. It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but colored with a broad rosy English health.

"The Earl and Countess of Northumberland breakfasted alone together, at seven. The meal consisted of a quart of ale, a quart of wine, and a chine of beef: a loaf of bread is not mentioned, but we hope it may be presumed. On fast days the beef was exchanged for a dish of sprats or herrings, fresh or salt."

The Universities were crowded with the sons of country gentlemen. The cost therein was little, and wealthy people took a pride in educating poor boys. Some of them were rowdies, such as our Colleges still furnish. One of these, a son of Sir Peter Carew, was led home to his father's house, "coupled between two foxhounds."

From the age of seven to seventeen, every male child had to be provided with a bow and four arrows, and had to use them in military drill. And all able-bodied men, under sixty years, a few classes excepted, had to do the same thing. "On *Sundays* and holidays all able-bodied men in the village had to appear in the fields" for drill. Sunday then was rather a day for amusement than for worship. In this way the England of that day became a nation of warriors.

This severe discipline applied to the nobles no less than to the poorer common people. This bodily exercise and mode of living helped to make Henry VIII. when a young man, "the handsomest man in Europe." His form and bearing were princely, and amid the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. In the tournament he had only one equal in England. He drew as strong a bow, and drew it as well as "any yeoman of his guard." He had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated. He spoke and wrote in four languages. He was among the best physicians of his age. He attended religious services at the Chapel two and three times a day. And yet he became a bad man withal, and his people became corrupt in spite of beer and beef. Poor Henry became the type of a brutal king, making marriage vows and breaking them, given to licentious habits. Good Bishop Latimer gave him many a rebuke at the risk of his life. Once he was obliged to attend Parliament. It was on New Year's day, when the bishops and nobility, then at court, were expected to make presents to the King. Latimer gave him a New Testament, with a leaf doubled down at Hebrews 13: 4. "Whoremongers and adulterers God

will judge!" Henry felt the rebuke, yet seemed to admire the pluck of the brave doctor.

Latimer openly said, that there was but one Bishop in all England, who was ever at work and ever in his diocese. "Who is the most diligent bishop in England, that passeth all the rest in doing of his office?" he exclaimed in a sermon. "I can tell you, for I know him who it is. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money, for he applieth his business. Therefore ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame learn of the devil."

Soon after a sermon before the king, he was summoned unto his presence accused of having preached seditious doctrines. "Would you have me to preach nothing concerning a king in a king's sermon?" was his reply.

For an offence of this kind he was called on to apologize in his sermon the following Sunday. He began his apologetic sermon in this wise:

"Hugh Latimer, dost thou know before whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the king's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore, take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease; but then consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest, upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God, who is all-present, and who beholdeth all thy ways! And who is able to cast thy soul into hell! Therefore, take care that thou deliverest thy message faithfully." Then he went on with his fearless sermon. "How dare you be so bold as to preach in this manner?" said the king, in anger. Latimer replied that his duty to God and his prince had forced him to it.

The king thereupon arose from his seat, grasped Latimer's hand, saying: "Blessed be God, I have so honest a servant."

HIGHER.—A noble motto for a young man—Higher. Never look down. Aim high—push high—leap high. He who stands on an elevated position is sure to catch the first rays of the glorious sun. So he who is always stepping up and reaching up will first catch the favors and blessings of heaven. There is no object on which we gaze that gives us so much pleasure as the upward and continuing progress in moral culture and robust virtue of enterprising young men. When the chains of sloth are broken, the vision is clear, the heart buoyant, and the affections and purposes strong, higher and still higher objects will be gained—nobler purposes be achieved, and a sublime elevation attained, that will thrill with joy future generations as they march on in the same glorious path.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

AN ILLUSTRATION FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEECH.—A speaker gave the following good illustration: "Some travelers on one of the great rivers of America, observed along the coast, at a distance of miles from human habitation, vines of a choice character and full fruitage. On investigation they learned, that the explanation of the mystery was this: a person living by the side of the river took great pains with the cultivation of his vines; and his prunings had been carried down the stream, taking root where they lodged on the fertile soil of the bank, and had thus been the means of providing these luscious clusters for weary travelers.

"It is so with the work of the Sunday-school. Sabbath after Sabbath, the teachers are cutting twigs from the vine of eternal truth, which, thrown upon the river of life, take root in prepared hearts, and produce vines to bear fruit to Christ's honor, and the refreshment of life's weary pilgrims."

This well illustrates the Sunday-school missionary work, by whomsoever conducted —*S. S. Times*. B.

STATESMEN AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—When a bill to exempt English Sunday and ragged schools from taxation was before Parliament, the Hon. Mr. Reid, in moving the second reading, dwelt at length on the advantages these schools confer upon the people. He said that they tended not only to reduce the number of the criminal classes, but to diminish pauperism, by developing an independent, self-reliant spirit. They also promote a fusion of classes, and sympathy of the rich for the poor. He stated that the Lord Chancellor had, for thirty-four years, devoted his Sunday mornings to teaching in one of these schools.

Says Mr. Bright, the great English reformer, "I look on the work of the Sunday-school teacher as greater than the work of senators, for this reason: Sunday-school teachers create the public opinion, out of which law grows. Senators only gather up public opinion, and mould it into law; and greater is the work of the man who creates the opinion, than of the man who gathers it and moulds it into law."

Similar has been the testimony of our Frelinghuysen, Colfax, and other distinguished men.—*S. S. Times*.

FEW Churches, let alone individuals, have exhibited a more generous and sagacious interest in behalf of their Sunday-schools than the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York. He is reported as having said at a Sunday-school meeting in England, on a recent visit there, that "he had himself expended £1 000 in the preparation of a magic lantern, and made a voyage to Palestine in order to obtain original sketches which, on his return, were painted for exhibition in it, at a cost of more than £250. It had been an unfailing source of interest and delight among the young people." What wonder that with such pains to

please and profit, the good Doctor gathers two thousand children around him in the schools over which he is shepherd. He loves the pastoral idea, and continually exalts it. To every one of his teachers he says, "You are the minister of Christ to the children committed to you—as really their *pastor* as I am to the whole flock; and I look to you to tell me where are the lambs entrusted to your care."—*S. S. Times*.

LEARN THE VERSES.—A young friend who has been for days lying at the gates of death, remarked one Lord's Day to the children who were repeating their Bible verses in her room;

"Oh I would learn all the verses I could now, while you are young. How much I would give, if I knew the Bible as your mother does. How I should love to say it over to myself when I lie here, too weak even to read."

The poor girl was early left an orphan, and thrown upon the tender mercies of worldly people, who cared only for the amount of labor that could be got out of her young hands. There was no Christian training, no blessed Sabbath influences. Yet a mother's prayers followed her, and even then she sometimes prayed most earnestly for herself, and made resolutions to seek the Saviour. For six years she has professed Christ, and he does not desert her in this hour of sorest need that ever comes to mortals.—*S. S. Times*.

HOW SHALL WE REACH IT?—It is necessary that the teacher should himself have most decided Christianity and earnest piety: I am aware, indeed, that God may sometimes use unconverted persons as a means for the conversion of the unconverted. Ice may sometimes be used to centralize the rays of the sun, so that a combustible object being brought into the foci, may burst into flames. So God may use the unconverted as humble instruments for the conversion of others.

But that is not his general mode of procedure. It is only the spark that can kindle fire. It is only the light that can make light. If you and I, my friends, wish to kindle the flame of piety in the breast of any one, we must take the live coal, with which to do it, from off the burning altar of our spirits.

I remember when I was a lad at school, of seeing a boy sporting a nice little magnet, and he was showing how it attracted steel pens, and even a knife—how it carried the knife around, suspended. Another playmate of his, however, took his own knife, and rubbed it on the magnet, and it displayed the same peculiar power.

Well, I have employed that simile many a time since. I have thought if I am ever to be instrumental in magnetizing souls for Christ, it can be done only by keeping myself in constant contact with him.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor*.

A NOBLE BOY.—In a small town out West, three boys attended the same school, George, Clarence, and Charles. They were usually good boys, and loved their books, but sometimes they were mischievous, and their teacher had to look after them. One day, at noon, Charlie, who was three or four years younger than the others, found his dinner-basket filled with apple rinds, and the little fellow felt very much misused; and the teacher thought such a little boy must be cared for, and tried to find out where the mischief was.

Clarence, who was frequently into some mischief, was thought to be the guilty one, and the teacher tried to make him own it; but he steadily denied. But the teacher thought he was telling a falsehood, and threatened to punish him unless he acknowledged his mischief. When George saw that, he said, "Sir, Clarence did not do it—I did it myself." The teacher was surprised, as no one had suspected Georgie; and he wisely decided it required more principle to own the mischief when he expected to be punished for it, than to patiently bear the punishment; and did not punish him.—*Christian Standard*.

Editor's Drawer.

A PEACEFUL QUAKER.—A patriotic Friend was on board of an American privateer in the war for independence when a British cruiser boarded her. He was peaceable in principle, but belligerent at heart. So when he saw a stout tar pulling himself up to the deck to join in the fight for King George, he seized a hatchet, and severing the hemp at a blow, quietly remarked, "*Friend, thee can have that rope.*"

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago, Rev. Charles O. Finney, now President of Oberlin College, Ohio, was carrying on a series of revival meetings in some Eastern City. One day, a gentleman called to see him on business. Finney's daughter, perhaps five years old, answered his ring. "Is your father in?" asked the stranger. "No," replied the demure maiden; "but walk in, poor dying sinner. Mother can pray for you."

REV. DR. PATTON said in a public discourse: "I heard Elder Alfred Bennett say, alluding to excluded church-members, 'When a sheep is excluded from the fold, it will bleat around until it is re-admitted; but when a hog is put out of the pen, it will root around and try to upset it.'"

A broom with a heavy handle was sent as a wedding gift to a bride, with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."

BE reserved, says William Penn, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate, and intimate with very few and upon good grounds.

WET THE ROPES.—When the Egyptian obelisk in front of St. Peter's at Rome, was being raised and placed on its pedestal, the engineer had not calculated accurately the stretching of the ropes. By this oversight, when the immense obelisk had nearly reached its position, it was found that it lacked several inches of the height, and there it swung; whilst no human effort could place it on its pedestal. The engineer was so mortified in presence of the dignitaries and vast multitude, that he drew a pistol and was about to kill himself. An English sailor happening to be present, and seeing the difficulty, cried out, "Wet the Ropes!" An engine was provided, the ropes were saturated; and slowly but surely the great mass rose and settled into its position.—*National Baptist*.

"MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE."—"You have lost your baby I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leeches its temples, had it bled, gave it all kinds of medicines, and yet after a week's illness it died."

PRESBYTERIAN.—The General Assembly of the re-united Presbyterian Church met in Detroit, on the 16th of May. Dr. Nicholls, of St. Louis, was chosen Moderator. He is only thirty-six years old, and in the average age of its members the Assembly, is said to be younger than any of its predecessors. The Committee on Education recommended, that the appropriations of \$200 to theological students, \$160 to college students, and \$120 to students in the preparatory class be continued. A special collection is to be taken up to meet the deficiency.

JENNY LIND'S SIMPLICITY —Says Hans Christian Andersen, of Jenny Lind, in his *Story of My Life*: "On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused and compelled either to beg or steal. "Let me," said she, 'give a night's performance for these poor children; but we will have double prices.'"

THE queer ideas which enter the fertile brains of Hibernians at all times are sufficiently astonishing. A school of poor children having read in their chapter in the Bible the denunciations against hypocrites, who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by the benevolent patroness, Lady E——, as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the Pharisees, children?" said the lady. "*Ating* camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter round—to us—so aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and reaching, and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

CHINESE.—It is true we do not put the Chinese among the civilized nations, but we assign them a high place among the semi-civilized. Many are in the habit of looking upon them with a kind and and degree of contempt that their history and present status do not justify. China is the oldest nation existing. Her annals go back to a time when the tribes from which the nations of Western Europe sprung had not found mention in history. There were Chinese philosophers and moralists who wrote what is still worth reading, at a time when rude savages roamed the ground where the capitals of Europe now stand. The Chinese printed books, burned gunpowder, and steered ships by the mariner's compass, centuries before these inventions were known to the nations that now despise them. They are now weak and insignificant in comparison with the younger nations, but there is plenty of evidence to show that once they were a cultivated and an advanced people.—*Christian Standard*.

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THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIII^d volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home-feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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NOVEMBER, 1872.

No. II.

—
"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

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—
PHILADELPHIA:

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,

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	W.H.Gutelius,Lancaster,Pa.1 00 23
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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIII. NOVEMBER, 1872.

No. 11.

THE FORESTER AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

A Christmas Story for Children, by Christoph von Schmid. Translated from the German by Lewis Henry Steiner.

CHAPTER V.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

It was the third holy Christmas Eve, since Anthony's departure. The forester returned home, with his son Christian, early from the forest. It was very cold. The evening sky poured glowing red rays through the windows into the room. The round panes of glass began to show frozen figures, and to sparkle like precious stones in the ruddy rays of the evening sun. The forester seated himself in his arm-chair beside the great stove. Opening the stove door he threw in more wood, and the flames, soon blazing up, diffused an undulatory glowing light through the room, mirrored themselves in the windows and intensified the sparkling of the frozen window panes.

The forester's wife entered the room. "No letter from Anthony?" the forester inquired. "No!" she said with troubled face. "Strange!" said the forester, shaking his head. "There has always been a letter from him on Christmas Eve. He wrote very long letters always, and they were among the most acceptable pleasures of our Christmas. What is the young fellow doing, that he does not write?"

The forester had scarcely said this, when a messenger, with his hair covered with frost, entered the room. He had a letter in his hand, and upon his body a new box of deal wood, which, although quite shallow, was so broad and high, that the man had to bow as

he entered the room. "There is a looking-glass in the box," said Catharine. The messenger handed the forester a letter, and put the box down. "The letter is from Herr Riedinger, the artist," said the forester. "How is this? Now I half suspect that some misfortune has befallen poor Anthony." He opened the letter quickly and read it, with greedy eyes, by the glare of the fire, which streamed from the stove. "Only think," he exclaimed with pleasure, "Anthony sends us a painting from Rome, as a Christmas present. He sent it rolled up to Herr Riedinger, and requested him to have it framed in a rich, gilt frame, and to see that we should get it safely on holy Eve. The painting, Herr Riedinger writes, is a master-piece. Anthony certainly is an excellent lad, and I should like to embrace him immediately."

"Catharine," he cried, "give this honest messenger something to eat and a glass of wine. It will do him good; for it is really fearfully cold out of doors." The messenger took the wine with thanks, but declined the supper. He had relatives, he said, at Aeschenthal, and wished to spend Christmas Eve and the Holy-day with them. "Very good!" said the forester, bidding him drink the wine and then, having rewarded him richly, he dismissed him.

"Now," said the forester, "all of you take seats around me. There is a note from Anthony in Herr Riedinger's letter, which I will read to you." Louisa said: "But let me fetch a candle first." "Very well," said the forester. "I can then read the letter with more comfort. But make haste." Louisa brought the lighted candle in a polished brass candlestick immediately. All seated themselves eagerly in a circle, and the forester read:

"Dearest, best parents, sisters and brothers! You herewith receive, as a Christmas present, a painting that I have made with much care. It represents the new-born Saviour in the manger. Several artists assure me, that the painting is quite a success. I only hope, that it will give you as much pleasure as the representation of the Child Jesus in the manger gave me, when I entered your house for the first time. You will in that case experience no little pleasure in it.

"Oh that I could accompany the picture, and present it to you in person! This is indeed a glorious land. Now in the month of December, as I am writing this, it has been winter with you for some time, and your roof, and the pine and oak trees are groaning under the weight of the snow. But here the orange and pomegranate trees, are still splendid with their silvery leaves and golden fruits. But I long, even amid all these attractions, after your country fireside, where I have passed the most blessed hours of my life.

“I owe it to your kindness, that I am now living under the mild sky of Italy, that I am an artist, if I deserve the name. That touching representation of the manger of Jesus prepared for the children, however imperfect it may have been, first awoke my taste for art. It is always before my eyes, and whatever work of art I now see, although incomparably more excellent, does not entrance me as much as it did. Oh how the blessed years of childhood surpass all the others! Then we see everything illuminated, so to speak, by the golden light of the ruddy morning. What a pity that they so soon pass away!

“At this moment, as you are reading this letter, and examining my picture, I am with you in spirit. I remember with delight how I came under your roof half-frozen, how the good mother refreshed me with warm food, how you received me as your child, how Christian, Catharine and Louisa divided their Christmas presents so cheerfully with me. Oh dearest father! I reverently kiss your respected hands and those of my foster mother. I embrace my sisters and brother. I rejoice in the expectation that, in a few short years, I can say to you, not only in spirit and at a distance, but face to face, how from the very bottom of my heart, I am

Your most grateful and loving

ANTHONY.”

Rome, December 15th, 1756.

“That’s a letter,” said the forester, wiping his eyes, “that shows that all we have done for the lad has been very little indeed. True, I had no small hopes of him, but he has far surpassed them all. I never imagined that I could live to experience such pleasure. Still,” he said smiling, “I think supper is waiting for us. After supper we will look at the picture.” “Oh no!” they cried with one voice, “now, at once.” “Let eating go,” added Louisa, “I will bring another candle quickly so that we can see the picture better.”

Christian brought hammer and chisel, and opened the box. All exclaimed as the beautiful picture was exposed, “Oh how beautiful! How lovely! what heavenly figures, what incomparable colors!”

CHAPTER VI.

THE BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE MANGER.

The forester placed the painting on a small side-table, and two bright wax candles alongside. The wife folded her hands reverently and said: “Indeed it would be impossible for anything to be more beautiful! It seems to me as though I were actually in the

presence of the manger of Jesus! How kindly, how graciously, the divine Child looks at us, as though He wished to bid us all welcome on His entrance into the world! How tenderly and lovingly Mary, kneeling in the manger, looks down upon the Child, embraces Him with one arm and lays the other hand upon her deeply agitated heart, forgetting in the presence of the lovely Child all the poverty of the miserable stable! How reverently Joseph stands there and with folded hands piously looks upwards to heaven! How the shepherds' eyes shine with honesty of purpose, and how reverently and devoutly they have fallen upon their knees! And the angels above, what celestial beauty! How light and gracefully poised! What a bright halo surrounds the Child, lighting up all around and even surpassing the brightness of the angels! Surely he must have a heart of stone, who does not rejoice in the birth of the Redeemer, and is not anxious to join with God's angels in praise and adoration."

The old forester had been silently gazing upon the picture with fixed eyes, without saying a word. At length he spoke like one awakening from a dream. "Yes, you are right! When we have this sacred story, so beautifully painted and framed, before our eyes, it produces a novel and very peculiar impression upon our hearts. I will try to tell you all that I find in it, and how it affects my heart." He pushed his arm-chair back, placed himself at a short distance from the picture, where the best view could be had, and then said:

"Let us, my dear children, first direct our attention to the Divine Child in the manger. But we must, for a few moments, lose sight of His divine origin, and consider Him simply as a human child. He lies, weak and helpless, wrapped in miserable swaddling clothes, in the manger upon a little hay and straw. The loving mother, however, greets Him with a kindly smile, and, full of the tenderest care, provides for His wants; while the faithful foster-father full of sympathy stands close by, ready to protect mother and child with his stronger arm, and to support both by the labor of his hands. A faithful father, a loving mother and a child, that gratefully reciprocates such faithful love as soon as it comes to years of discretion,—this is the most beautiful sight upon earth, over which the very angels themselves must rejoice. This lovely trio—father, mother, and child—God has so connected together!"

"Oh my children, at the sight of this Child in the manger, let each one of us reflect, that such a weak child I once lay wherever I was placed. I must have perished, if my parents had not so lovingly welcomed me. But the little stranger was welcomed with pleasure and rejoicing, indeed everything necessary for its comfort had been prepared beforehand. My mother dressed me in my first

clothes, those swaddling clothes that she had spun, bleached and made for me. All her thoughts and cares, night and day, were so directed that nothing might be neglected. She watched carefully by my cradle when I slept; many a sleepless night she passed purely out of love for me. My faithful father shared her care, and labored for both. Think of this, and thank God that He gave you such parents. For it is He, who out of love for you planted some of His inexpressible love in the heart of your mother, communicated some of His faithful fatherly forethought to your father, and gave him a fatherly heart. But also be not unthankful to your parents. A son, a daughter, who can forget what a mother has undergone for them, or what a father has done to feed, clothe and educate them, must be devoid of all human feeling."

"Having considered now, my children, the holy family, let us look at the holy angels floating over them, and take a glance at the animals in the stable. There the dignity and destiny of mankind becomes clear. First, look at the pious Mary with her mild countenance full of heavenly innocence and inexpressible maternal tenderness! Then consider the upright form of the venerable Joseph, how he lifts his eyes, so full of spirit and devotion, upwards towards heaven! See the lovely Child, whose face is radiant with smiles, and whose eyes shine like the stars! And now look at the rough, shaggy heads of the animals—the oxen and the asses! How devoid of reason they seem! How the mouth projects and gives us to understand, that their longing is only after fodder, that they know nothing of that which is higher and better. They are not capable of a friendly smile. Oh who cannot see, even in this particular, that man is a higher creature? Verily, he belongs to a higher scale of creation. The most uncultivated person would consider himself insulted, if one were to say to him: "Thou art no better than the ox that draws thy plough, than the ass that carries thy sack to the mill, and then is given over to death and decay." No! man resembles much more the holy angels who know their Creator, rejoice in Him and sing His praises. Man is the only creature upon the earth who is able to do this. Although in some particulars he is allied to the animals, still he is more nearly related to the angels in heaven. Although he enters the world whining and crying, and is obliged to endure and suffer much before he reaches his full development, although he fades like a flower in a short time, and like the animal decays, still it is only his material body that turns to dust. There is an immortal spirit in him; he is, so to speak, an angel concealed in feeble flesh and bone. When this disguise shall fall off, then he is an angel perfected—especially if he has fulfilled his destiny upon earth, and lived in accordance with the will of the Creator."

“In addition to the large animals, the artist has well introduced a lamb and a little basket full of fruit, that some one had brought as a present to the Babe, at the foot of the picture. All the other productions of the earth are subject to man. He tames the stronger animals and they are obliged to serve him; the cow gives him milk, the sheep wool, and the earth brings forth her fairest fruits. God placed him only a little below the angels, made him master of His creation, and placed all the animals under his feet.”

“Even the place where we find this Child and His parents,—the miserable manger and the poor stable—is not without its meaning. Man needs no palace in order to fulfil his destiny here upon earth. He can live contented in the poorest hut of straw, and die happy. We see nothing but poverty and want in the stable. But to be truly happy, to be worthy of all true honor, and to belong to the genuine nobility of manhood, there is need neither of velvet nor silk, gold nor silver. In the most important particulars God has made no distinction among men. Here a poor stable lodged the holiest, the most blessed, the Man most entitled to distinction of all who have ever lived upon the earth.

“But, although, my children, what I have already said is certainly comforting and grateful to us, still it has had reference only to what is humanly beautiful in the picture. The divine origin and the high destiny of the holy Child are, however, of paramount importance. For Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of the Most High, came into the world to save man, who, having fallen from God and his primal dignity, was utterly lost. In Him the kindness of God to man was made visible; in Him we behold God in human form. True, He was born in the deepest poverty. He lay as a Child in a manger, had not in this world a place where He could lay His head, and that He died as a malefactor upon the cross. But without any earthly assistance, without wealth and the might of arms, by His divine wisdom, love and power, He altered the fashion of this world, gave light to the human race, ennobled it, rescued it from perdition—and thus attested His divine origin. Indeed this is very beautifully represented in this picture, as well as in history.”

“Only see! Night reigns abroad; deep darkness covers the neighboring country; the light that proceeds from the Divine Child, is all that lights up everything with its splendor. Thus, at the birth of Jesus, the Earth was covered with the darkness of *ignorance* and *heathenism*; but a new light arose upon the world in Christ Jesus, which lightened every man that came into the world. Men were sunken in *sin* and *iniquity*; many resembled the beasts of the stall in want of cultivation; many by scandalous lusts, had indeed reduced themselves below the level of the beasts; but through Christ, all, who truly believed in Him, were created anew as better

men, as saints—angels in human form. But men were also *miserable* as well as ignorant and sinful. And only see! How blessed are these men already, who stand around His manger, rejoicing at His birth! Mary, Joseph, the shepherds feel themselves elevated above all earthly grief at the sight of the new-born Redeemer. He, who came into the world to redeem men from all misery, and to bring them true joy and divine peace from heaven, makes a beginning of His work at His birth. The words of the angel are still proclaimed to all men: ‘I bring you good tidings of great joy; for unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.’

“Access to Him is open for every man. He revealed Himself first to the poor, simple country people—the shepherds. His mother was also poor, and His foster-father was a mechanic, who earned his bread by hard labor. Already in the manger Jesus showed us, that wealth, high rank, and the wisdom of this earth, were of no value in His sight. He desires to collect about Him only those of good will, such as Mary—most tender of mothers, Joseph—the just man, the shepherds—men of piety, full of the fear of God and righteousness. But He does not repel even the greatest sinner, who repents of his sins, and is earnest in his wishes for reformation, as the name of the Divine Child indicates from the very first. Whence the Angel announced the divine command to Mary: ‘Thou shalt call His name Jesus,’ and repeated this command to Joseph, ‘Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.’

“The sinful human race shall be His people, a people sacred to the Lord. Therefore we see the heaven open above the manger of Jesus. He will re-open the heaven that has been closed to man, will found a kingdom of heaven upon earth, and thus unite again heaven and earth. Hence the holy angels of God rejoice, shout, and are full of joy, praising God in the highest, and wishing happiness to man in the salvation, that is prepared for him through Christ.”

“That which was declared to us at the manger of Jesus, has been fulfilled by Christ, although the great obstacles that have been interposed, through man’s unbelief and obstinacy, have made both His birth and death of no account for many. He established a kingdom of heaven upon earth, and His work endured. Many conquerors have founded likewise earthly kingdoms, but the latter have not lived long after them, or their founders may have, even during their lives seen them in ruins. The Kingdom of Jesus alone—true Christianity has expanded itself wider and wider, and it endures to this very hour. Whole peoples have attained to faith in Christ, and kings have adorned their crowns with His cross. The old heathen superstitions, human sacrifices and such like, have

all disappeared in Christian lands. A host of temples and churches have been built, in which the true God is worshiped and divine truth taught. Innumerable schools, Institutions for the poor, and Hospitals have been established by Christian love. How many children, how many poor and sick persons would be immersed in ignorance, vice and misery, were it not for these kind foundations? Millions of men have found forgiveness for past sins through faith in Christ, and through Him have become upright men! And still at this hour, although unbelief and depravity are on the increase, countless hearts still beat in sympathy with Him, and find in Him their comfort in need and death. The Gospel—the good tidings of peace—is still preached to the heathen from Him; savage nations are converted to faith in Him, rejoice in the heavenly truth, and adopt more cultivated habits. Hence the birth-day of Jesus is the most important day in the history of the world, and the wise men of old with right assumed this day as the beginning of a new era. Every recurring year ought to remind us, that the birth-day of Jesus is the birth-day of light and salvation for all men, who are willing to open their eyes and hearts to Him,—the birth-day of real human happiness, of the enlightening and ennobling of the human race. Let us, then, my children, this evening and to-morrow, consecrate ourselves anew to the Redeemer, and unite with the angels in their hymn of praise.”

Thus spoke the forester; the wife being much affected, added: “Yes, my children, let us do that. The beautiful painting that Anthony has sent us, is the most beautiful present that Anthony or any other person could have made us. The devoutness with which you have listened to the pious remarks of your father, becomes as beautiful a method of celebrating this Holy Eve, as could have been devised. Let us thankfully receive the salvation that God has furnished us through the newly-born Saviour, then the birth-day of our Redeemer will be the birth-day of our salvation.”

ENTRANCE TO HEAVEN.—You see yonder ship. After a long voyage it has neared the haven, but is much injured. The sails are rent to ribbons, and it is in such a forlorn condition that it cannot come to the harbor. A steam-tug is pulling her in with the greatest possible difficulty. That is like the righteous being “scarcely saved.” But do you see that other ship? It has made a prosperous voyage; and now, laden to the water’s edge, with the sails all up, and with the white canvass filled with wind, it rides into the harbor joyously and nobly. That is an “abundant entrance.”—*Spurgeon.*

TALKS ABOUT COUNTRY CUSTOMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Not to a story of hoary antiquity, will I invite the reader, nor to the time of a hundred years ago. In this fast country, time becomes "olden" in a quarter of a century. Thirty, forty years impart to memory a venerable tinge, and give a man a seat among the fathers. And when such a father brings things new and old out of the store-house of his past life, he will never lack hearers, if such are within hearing distance.

There are many customs in Pennsylvania which are peculiar to the social life of this State. And those most strikingly peculiar are found among the children or descendants of the Germans. Many of these can be traced to a European origin. Journeying across the sea, and practiced amid new surroundings, they have gradually changed; yet a discerning eye can still discover their Teutonic descent; can see that they were transplanted hither from Germany. During the last quarter of a century some have disappeared; but many remain to this day, of which "knowing ones" who presume to write newspaper articles and books about these people, seem to be wholly ignorant.

The Germans, when yet roving in barbaric freedom through the forests of Northern Europe, were greatly given to amusements; and now, there is no nation in the civilized world, whose people know so well how to enjoy rational amusements as the German nation. That among some classes these amusements should degenerate into convivial revelry, does not disprove my assertion. The old-fashioned county Fairs held in Lancaster and Reading, resulted from an effort to plant the German parish Kirmes in American soil. The Kirmes is the anniversary of the dedication of the parish or village Church. Our more modern Agricultural Fairs are an imperfect imitation of the great Annual Fairs at Frankfort, Leipzig, and other places.

Apart from these larger popular festivals, the country people of this State sought social enjoyment in smaller gatherings, and, true to their native instinct, these social comminglings often combined the useful with the amusing. In other words the guests would more than earn their food and drink by working for their enter-

tainer. In our neighborhood it often happened that a farmer, whether by reason of sickness or scarcity of laborers, was late in reaping his harvest. Several of the more fortunate neighbors when their grain had been housed, took charge of the tardy farmer's fields. Each farmer headed his laboring men to the place of operation; usually a mounted company, armed with cradles and rakes, merrily rode to the place of execution. The farmer led as the chief of cradlers, and a happy time would these rural invaders have in their neighborly toil. The grateful farmer feasted them on the best his house afforded, and when they had unloaded the last wagon load of grain, no men in the county were so happy as these who had helped a neighbor to reap his harvest.

Corn husking parties have become extinct. Farmers formerly were more in the habit of topping their corn than now. Some broke off the unhusked ears and piled them in vast heaps on the barn floor. On a long autumn evening, the young people of the neighborhood were gathered around the pile. Lanterns hung overhead, dimly flickered just light enough to make darkness visible. Around this vast heap they sat, on inverted buckets, half-bushels, and a few old benches. It was a merry scene. Of course, but few of the girls had ever learned to husk corn. Many a swain gave his "lady love" lessons in corn husking. Tongues wrought more rapidly than hands. The barn rang with merry laughter; very likely, instead of husking the ears, some of the younger folks pelted each other lustily therewith. Toward midnight the party disbanded, but not until they had fared sumptuously at the good farmer's table.

Apple-peeling parties have likewise gone out of use. Twenty or thirty years ago, the apple crop rarely failed in Pennsylvania. Fruit years like the present were of common occurrence. Apple butter, an article peculiar to this State, was boiled in vast quantities. To prepare apples wherewith to boil four barrels of cider into apple butter, required considerable work. Invitations would be sent to a few families in the neighborhood to spend the evening at a certain house, and help the good people peel their apples. Social pleasure always made the work seem easy and enjoyable. The hours sped rapidly away, amid the glib chattering of many tongues. And when the visitors departed, they left great tubs full of apples, ready to be turned over into the great cider kettles.

The old-fashioned "Metzel Soup" has wholly gone out of fashion. But a dim recollection do I have of this. Literally, the term means a "Butcher's Soup." These country people fatten their own stock. They are great meat eaters. Larger families slaughter three or four times during the winter. Some kill several oxen and twelve to fifteen hogs. In the olden time the custom was to

make a great supper on the evening of butchering day, to which the more intimate neighbors were invited. Hard-working men, after toiling all day long in the cold weather, usually brought good stomachs and capacious appetites with them. The table groaned under its extraordinary burdens. Dishes, in which the fruits of the day were compounded in every imaginable form; puddings, pastries, &c., all were served up in the neatest style. In the centre of the large table stood a vast bowl, filled to the brim, with a dark-colored soup. It was the "Metzel Soup," which gave a name to the feast; "the central fact" of the day's tragical work, containing the essence, indeed the quintessence of its good things, whose richness you could see floating on the surface. The soup furnished the first "course." The next day, "saddle bags" were packed, and great baskets filled with sausages and meat were packed on the truck wagon, which we boys took to the poor people in town and country. These gifts were called "Metzel Soup." Usually the pastor received the "priest's" share. The whole was a feast of fat things, in which only people of good digestion could take part.

After the cloth had been removed, chalk pennies and a towel were called for, lines were drawn on the table, the towel was twisted into a heavy cord or scourge, two men were selected to make a match; one person was chosen to keep tally. Young and old were eager to take part in the game. The long evening was beguiled in pitching pennies. At the end of each game, the losing party had to form in a line, and allow each one of the winning side to give a vigorous thwack with the twisted towel on the palm of the hand. The men's hands were worn hard by work. They little felt the scourging on the horny skin. We boys had more tender hands, and felt the strokes keenly. How we used to beg for mercy, and never begged in vain. Even at this distance of time, these "Metzel Soups" are still invested with a certain social charm.

Large cities tend to the acquiring of selfish habits. People have trouble to become acquainted with their next door neighbors, and, at many funerals, half the cabs in the procession are empty. Country life tends to beget a fellow-feeling among neighbors. A feeling which shows itself among Pennsylvanians in a characteristic way. When a farmer builds a house or a barn, the whole community takes an interest in it. The neighbors, on a fixed day, dig his cellar for him. They bring their horses, carts, and laborers, to do the work. The same is done when the foundation for a new barn is dug. When the brick or lumber for the building are to be hauled, the builder tells his neighbors. It may be in the busiest season—most likely in corn-planting time. They send their teams for days without a cent of charge, or a word of complaint. They seem to

take it for granted that every one ought to feel it a privilege to help his neighbor.

In some counties in Eastern Pennsylvania, "barn raisings" are important events. These large barns require large and heavy timber. When the carpenters have it ready, the neighbors are invited to raise it to its place in the building. For miles they assemble, sometimes more than a hundred men, partly for pleasant neighborly intercourse, chiefly to help their neighbor to raise his barn.

A Lancaster County lady recently wrote a book, entitled: "The Pennsylvania Dutch and other essays." A work of considerable interest, but it is too one-sided, making the Amish and Mennonites the sole representatives of Pennsylvania-German life. Whilst these people are numerous in Lancaster County, there are comparatively very few of them in the other counties of Eastern Pennsylvania.

Of the Pennsylvania Germans in Berks, Lebanon, Lehigh, and Northampton, at least nineteen out of twenty, are members of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, whose social life and customs differ widely from those of the Amish and Mennonites; still, the work contains descriptions which apply to the "Pennsylvania Dutch" generally, as she erroneously calls them. She says:

"We used to make quantities of apple-butter in the fall, but of late years apples have been more scarce. Two large copper kettles were hung under the beech trees, down between the spring house and smoke house, and the cider boiled down the evening before, great stumps of trees being in demand. One hand watched the cider, and the rest of the family gathered in the kitchen, and labored diligently in preparing the cut apples, so that in the morning the 'schnitz' might be ready to go in.

"Two bushels and a half of cut apples will be enough for a barrel of cider. In a few hours the apples will all be in, and then you will stir, and stir; for you do not want to have the apple-butter burn at the bottom, and be obliged to dip it out into tubs and scour the kettle. Some time in the afternoon you will take out a little on a dish, and when you find that the cider no longer 'weeps out' round the edges, but all forms a simple heap, you will dip it up into earthen vessels, and when cold take it out 'on' the garret, to keep company with the hard soap, and the bags of dried apples, and cherries, perhaps with the hams and shoulders. Soap and apple-butter are usually made in an open fire-place, where hangs the kettle.

"Soon after apple-butter making comes butchering; for we like an early pig in the fall, when the store of smoked meat has run out. Pork is the staple, and we smoke the flitches, not preserving them in brine like the Yankees. Sausage is a great dish with us, as in

Germany. My sister and I went once on a few days' trip through the country in the summer, and were treated alternately to ham and mackerel, until at the last house we had both.

"Butchering is one of the many occasions for the display of friendly feeling, when brother or father steps in to help hang the hogs or a sister to assist in rendering lard, or in preparing the plentiful meal. An active farmer will have two or three porkers killed, scalded, and hung up by sunrise, and by night the whole operation of sausage and 'scrapple' making, and lard rendering will be finished, and the house set in order. The friends who have assisted, receive a portion of the sausage, etc., which portion is called the 'Metzel-sup.' The Metzel-sup is also sent to poor widows and others.

"We make scrapple from the skin, a part of the livers and heads, with the addition of corn meal; but instead, our "Dutch" neighbors make *liverwurst*, or meat pudding, omitting the meal, and this compound, stuffed into the larger entrails, is very popular in the Lancaster market. Some make *pawn-haus* from the liquor in which the pudding meat was boiled, adding thereto corn-meal. We eat much smearcase (*Schmier Käse*) or cottage cheese, in these regions. "Schnitz and Knep" is said to be made of dried apples, fat pork, and dough-dumplings, cooked together.

In the fall our "Dutch" make *sauer-kraut*. I happened into the house of my friend Susanna, when her husband and son were going to take an hour at noon to help her with the kraut. Two white tubs stood upon the back porch one with the fair round heads, and the other to receive the cabbage when cut by a knife set in a board. When cut, the cabbage is packed into a "stand" with a sauer-kraut staff, resembling the pounder with which New Englanders beat clothes in a barrel. Salt is added during the packing. When the cabbage ferments it becomes acid.

We almost always find good bread at our farm-houses. In travelling through Pennsylvania to Ohio, and returning through New York, I concluded that Pennsylvania furnished good bread-makers, New York, good butter-makers, and, that the two best bread-makers that I saw in Ohio, were from Lancaster County, Pa.

Will you go up stairs in a neat Dutch farm-house? Here are rag carpets again. Gay quilts are on the best beds, where green and red calico, perhaps in the form of a basket, are displayed on a white ground. On the beds are brilliant coverlets of red, white and blue, as if to "make the rash gazer wipe his eye! The common pillow-cases are sometimes of blue check, or of calico."

A LOVING heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY GEO. W. SNYDER.

I see her spire in lofty grandeur rise,
Pointing from earth to "mansions in the skies;"
Her massive walls resist the northern blast,
And bind in strength the noble structure fast;
Her ivy-mantled corner speaks of age,
And nature groping blindly to engage
Through her in adoration to the love
That spoke the curse, and will the curse remove.
Within, a glance her sacred use reveals,
Which strongly to our reverence appeals;
The pulpit well-proportioned first invites
Regard; the village pastor there incites,
To sin-confession and to acts of praise,
And deeds of love, in earnest solemn phrase,
The flock committed to his watchful care,
His daily counsel and his nightly prayer.
Imagine it a Lord's Day Service then,
With rev'rent step he mounts the pulpit, when
The bell, loud ringing on the morning air,
Calling the village to the House of Prayer,
Restrains its tongue, the peaceful tones and clear,
In gentle murmurs die upon the ear.
Meanwhile, the old and young, the rich and poor,
Have left their homes in confidence secure,
And entered in where God records His name,
Their purpose one, their need of grace the same;
For none on merit there the grace of Christ may claim.

Now swells the solemn organ on the ear,
A prelude to the worship, Hope and Fear
Alternate in its tones, but Hope on wings
Of sacred melody leaves earthly things
And soars aloft, exultant in her flight,
To reach the gates where all is life and light.
When silence reigns again, in prayerful guise
With hands uplifted so that all may rise,
The man of God invokes the Trinity,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost, to be,
A present power in each heart, to cleanse
The thoughts, withdraw the mind from sense
And fix it upon Deity above,
Whom each must worship, magnify and love.
Then to His praise in well-known strains is sung
A psalm or hymn, employed is every tongue,
Harmonious chords commingling old and young.

The Word of God is read, perchance the theme
Is taken from the older Books, where dream
And vision manifested forth the Will
Of Israel's God, in type and rite, until,
In flesh and blood the Promise came to be,
And Christ, the God-man, uttered, "I am He."
Perhaps the Records of fulfillment claim
Attention, how the Son of God became
A sinless babe, a youth, a man, at last
Upon the shameful cross was nailed fast,
How He arose, ascended up on High,
Poured out on men the Holy Ghost, whereby
The Christian Church was founded, whose increase
Till time shall be no more, will never cease.
All join in prayer, with penitence sincere
Of sin they make confession, and the ear
Attentive to the ravens' cry, will hear.
On wings of love their adoration mounts
While Scripture taught, the man of God recounts
The infinite perfections of the One
Who sits enthroned in light, yet sent His Son
Co-equal with Himself, on earth to bleed
And die for man's redemption; this they plead
In faith; such intercession must prevail;
In Jesus' name petition cannot fail.
Their hearty thanks conclude the earnest prayer,
Then sacred strains again swell on the air.

Now list we to the sermon, note the theme,
Not to the rich nor famous does he deem,
Nor itching ears of novelty, to pay
His court, but in the apostolic way
Unfolds the love of God in Christ, to each,
One only way of safety does he teach,
And strives in practice as in word to preach.
Though calm at first when he his chosen text
Announces, warming with the subject, next
We hear in glowing language eloquent
How God the Father loved the world and sent
His only Son, that whosoever would
In Him believe and trust for mercy should
Not perish, but eternal life receive;
In solemn tones he warns them not to grieve
The Holy Spirit, lest He take His flight
And leave them self-excluded from the light
To wail their doom in everlasting night.
The fainting, timid Christian he revives,
Infuses courage in the one who strives
Against temptations of the world and sense,
And to the Devil answers: "Get thee hence."
Each of the waiting flock thus sees his case
Provided for in Heaven's richest grace.

The sermon done, an earnest, solemn prayer
Commits the congregation to the care
Of Him, who, though men plant and water here,
Must increase give if fruit is to appear.

Just praise is sung to one in Trinity,
The Benediction of the Blessed Three
Pronounced, back to their homes they wend their way
In Christian acts and thoughts to spend the day.

Attend we once again, mild April showers
And sunny skies have wooed and won the flowers,
The air of May is filled with sweet perfume
And bud and blossom richest hues assume.
The leafy groves are vocal with the notes
Incessant warbled from the tuneful throats
Of happy birds, the clover blossoms bend
Beneath the weight of lab'ring bees, that send
Their busy hum to swell the common joy,
While hive and honey all their cares employ.
Above the concord sweet of Nature's sounds
The merry shout of laughing youth resounds.
Pleased they go forth amid the flow'ry meads
And ramble where the smiling prospect leads.
One common choice their many voices own,
They crown the May queen on her rustic throne.
All nature smiling, from her winter tomb
Comes back to life, in joy again to bloom.

The bell, as conscious of the joy we feel,
In merry accents rings a marriage peal;
The village, gay in holiday attire,
Throngs to the Church impelled by the desire
To see in wedlock joined two hearts for life,
He, as a husband, she, a loving wife.
With joyous step the happy twain advance,
On them at once directed is each glance.
The orange blossoms and the bridal veil,
The splendid wedding dress with flowing trail,
Enchant each critic's eye, and win applause
Spoke in admiring looks and breathless pause.
But now the twain have reached the altar, where
The man of God, already waiting there,
Proceeds in solemn manner to unite
The two for life in holy marriage rite.

'Tis well indeed, in Church to solemnize
An institution born in Paradise.
God married the first human pair, 'tis meet
His benediction should the rite complete.
Wo to the Land if marriage we regard
A civil contract merely, and discard
Its sacredness, by making it depend
Upon the sanction which the State may lend,
The institution poisoned at its source,
What follows, but the evils of divorce.
Christ for its regulation gave the laws,
And for divorcement sanctioned but one cause.

Our footsteps to the Church once more we bend
To note of mortal dignity the end;
In muffled, sympathetic tones the bell
Tolls for the slow approaching funeral.

In leaden hue arrayed the sombre skies
Seem with the common grief to sympathize,
The cold, December wind in mournful tone
Wails through the leafless trees its saddest moan.
The birds are gone, the bees within the hive
By artificial warmth are kept alive.
The clover blossoms and the meadows green
With flowers interspersed, no more are seen.
The Earth lies cold in snow beneath our feet
Wrapped in a universal winding sheet.
Clad in the weeds of woe, the solemn train
With silent, measured tread the church door gain.
The man of God, preceding up the aisle,
Repeats some triumph over Death the while.
"I am the Resurrection and the Life,
In Me, when ended is this mortal strife,
The Christian Saint reposes, he shall rise
At the last trump, and reign beyond the skies."

A sermon to the living then we hear,
Take the last look at him upon the bier
For whom is shed the lonely widow's tear.
God's acre in the church's rear receives
His venerated dust, around it heaves
The turf above the forms of other dead,
At whose sepulture bitter tears were shed,
Affection deathless plants the fragrant rose
Above the mounds beneath which they repose.
There in Earth's bosom let him rest in peace.
From ills of mortal life a sweet release
He now enjoys; for "Blessed are the dead
Who in the Lord shall die," from Heaven said
A voice to John in Patmos' lonely isle;
They sleep in Jesus and enjoy His smile.
From Death his terrors, from the grave its gloom
He hath removed, and sanctified the tomb;
He passed through all their portals and arose
The first fruits of the dead, a pledge to those
Who in Him sleep, that they again shall rise,
No more to die, and meet Him in the skies,
His praise their service, and Himself their prize.

Thus to the Church their lives on Earth are bound,
And where she stands they deem it holy ground.
Within her walls, from infancy to age,
Their sweetest hours her services engage,
Their simple faith observes her holy rites
And in the worship of her God delights.
Thus they in peace are by the Spirit led
And with an inward joy devoutly tread
The way their pious fathers humbly trod,
Share in their fondness for the House of God,
Receive His blessing and renew their strength;
So, growing ripe and full of days, at length
Their sowing done, God calls them home to reap,
They die in peace and with their fathers sleep.

TROLLOPEY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Anthony Trollope wrote a book (in two volumes) on North America, in 1861. Between thirty and forty years before, his mother 'had done' our country and people in like manner. We think their books rather readable, and have relished the thing of looking at ourselves through English eyes. It is now possible, in these days of writing tourists, 'to see ourselves as others see us,' even though that gift may not 'from many a blunder free us, and silly notion.' The big, jolly Englishman doubtless thought we would immediately heed and improve on his lessons; but were he to revisit our shores, we fear he might write us down as dull pupils, or himself as an inefficient teacher. Let that be as it may, however, we still believe ourselves to grow better some day, in consequence of such exposures as he and others may make of our weaknesses and faults. If Thomas Carlyle had called his countrymen 'fools' but one single time, and then remained quiet, they never would have minded him. But he wrote it for them in English, French and High German, in Hebrew, Sanscrit and Gibberish; and now they begin to believe and make efforts to become wise. Every man will have some difficulty to regard himself a fool, after just one telling or so!

Neither can we, 'the people,' be expected to believe Anthony Trollope and his mother, if they quietly tell us of our follies, and then return to their little insular home. By din of repetition, by keeping it before our eyes, as *Quacksalbers* daub their wares on rocks, fence-rails and barn-doors—in that way an unsavory truth may be impressed. We will, therefore, aid Anthony and his mother to indent the fact, that we have some faults, aside of our many virtues, in the hope of becoming all fair by-and-bye.

He (Anthony) finds fault with

OUR BABIES!

He saw some of our dear little sweets at Newport, and thus delivers himself over them:—

"And then the children—babies, I should say, if I were speaking of English bairns of their age; but seeing that they are Americans, I hardly dare call them children. The actual age of these

perfectly-civilized and highly-educated beings may be from three to four. One will often see five or six such seated at a long dinner-table of the hotel, breakfasting and dining with their elders, and going through the ceremony with all the gravity, and more than all the decorum of their grandmothers. When I was three years old, I had not 'yet, as I imagine, been promoted beyond a silver spoon' (I didn't even get on that far, Anthony), 'of my own, where-with to eat my bread and milk in the nursery; and I feel assured that I was under the immediate care of a nursery-maid, as I gobbled up my minced mutton mixed with potatoes and gravy. But at hotel life in the States, the adult infant lisps to the waiter for every thing, at tables, handles his fish with epicurean delicacy, is choice in his selection of pickles, very particular that his beef-steak, at breakfast, shall be hot, and is instant in his demands for fresh ice in his water.' "

Now we have never witnessed such exhibitions at Newport; but we are ready to take it all on trust. We do not take it as overdone in the least. Not at the 'Springs,' nor in the Hotels only, may our "adult-infants" be seen with the ways and manners of Fairies. He who occasionally peeps in private Homes, may see them "in training" all the year round. There are daily rehearsals, with such exhibitions in view, as our ogle-eyed Anthony witnessed.

"But," says the mother reader of these lines, "What has this Brobdignag to bother with our Liliputs? Is it not to be commended that even little children are well behaved, especially at the public table? Would he have them rude and boorish, rather?"

My dear madam, there is a stopping-place between the rude and barbarous, on the one side, and the civilized—over-much on the other. If we understand our Anthony aright, he would place the *Terminus* to a child training somewhere about the station which is ycleped "Civil-ized." Children may and ought to be mannered; let it be never so well. But it should never be so extremely done as to cost any child its *child-nature*. It is against a high-pressure system, which annuls, abrogates or abolishes the *Naivete* (native simplicity,) that our English critic complains. He longed to see little children—such as they still continue to raise in England—in the room of those little monsters that swarmed about him at Newport. It is one thing to form and shape a child as such; but to metamorphose it into something like a man or woman, before its time—that is a deformation.

Anthony must have watched provokingly sharp since he notes in his pages

HOW THEY TODDLE!

"The little, precious, full-bloom beauty of four signifies, that she has completed her meal—or is 'through' her dinner, as she would express it—by carefully extricating herself from the napkin, which has been tucked around her. Then the waiter, ever attentive to her movements, draws back the chair on which she is seated, and the young lady slides to the floor. A little girl in Old England would scramble down, but little girls in New England never scramble. Her father and mother, who are no more than her chief ministers, walk before her out of the saloon, and then she swims after them. But swimming is not the proper word. Fishes, in making their way through the water, assist, or rather impede, their motion with no dorsal wriggle. No animal taught to move by its Creator adopts a gait so useless, and at the same time, so graceless. Many women, having received their lessons in walking from a less eligible instructor, do more in this way, and such women this unfortunate little lady has been instructed to copy. The peculiar step to which I allude, is to be seen often in the boulevards in Paris. It is to be seen more often in second-rate French towns, and among fourth-rate French women. Of all signs in women betokening vulgarity, bad taste, and aptitude to bad morals, it is the surest. And this is the gait of going which American mothers—some American mothers I should say—love to teach their daughters. As a comedy at a hotel, it is very delightful, but in private life I should object to it."

We cannot verify our Anthony's words in reference to Paris, or second-rate French towns, nor his declaration concerning fourth-rate French women. But we venture to affirm, that neither Anthony Trollope nor any other man has ever seen a *first-rate* American woman adopt that style of locomotion. In fact he even seems to concede as much. Paradoxical as it may be, his walk indicates our standing.

But Anthony made use of his ears too, in his tour through the States. He occasionally heard

A PIANO.

We like the instrument, and are almost afraid to utter a word against it. And yet we would almost as soon undertake to prove, that every family ought to have an elephant, as that every parlor should hold a piano. It is a bad investment of one's money, unless there be a musician in the house, at the same time. Every child is not necessarily a singer or a player; just as little as we can hope our boys and girls to be sculptors or painters. If there be any proclivity in such a direction, then there is a call for a piano;

but if no such call be discerned, there need be no coming either, as a rule. Though the home be well filled with sons and daughters, and the musical talent and taste be lacking, we see no propriety in bringing in a piano, unless you have a superfluity of cash. Men in limited circumstances ought not to succumb to an arbitrary and imperious custom, unless, be it remembered, there is some ground to build the hope upon, that a good interest will accrue, either in the shape of enjoyment or otherwise.

Besides, music is not to be attended to first and primarily, save in the event of having a musical genius or prodigy in the family. The substantial and more directly useful branches come first, or must at least, accompany it. No uneducated being can possibly become a first-class player. A mere player, and beyond that, nothing, is not so very much different from a hand-organ; there is more machinery in both than you exactly care to have. A good old Pastor told us, "Had I a dozen more sons, I should never encourage another to become a musician, exclusively, or even principally." A Prussian says:—"In my native country, a musician is no very great character."

Our Anthony exclaims over this theme:—"And then the music! There is always a piano in the hotel drawing-room, on which, of course, some one of the forlorn ladies is generally employed. I do not suppose, that their pianos are in fact, as a rule, louder and harsher, more violent and less musical than other instruments of the kind. They seem to be so, but that, I take it, arises from the exceptional mental depression of those, who have to listen to them. Then the ladies, or probably some one lady, will sing, and as she hears her own voice ring and echo through the lofty corners and round the empty walls, she is surprised at her own force, and with increased effort to sing louder and still louder. She is tempted to fancy that she is suddenly gifted with some power of vocal melody unknown to her before, and, filled with the glory of her own performance, shouts till the whole house rings."

Now all this can only occur when music is set on what may be called stilts—i. e. when it is unaccompanied by other graces. Music is generally put down as *extra*, remember. He drolly tells us something about

A GIRLS'-SCHOOL.

"At that school I saw some five or six hundred girls collected in one room, and heard them sing. The singing was very pretty, and it was all very nice; but I own that I was rather startled, and, to tell the truth, somewhat abashed when I was invited to 'say a few words to them.' No idea of such a suggestion had dawned upon me, and I felt myself quite at a loss. To be called up

before five hundred men is bad enough, but how much more before that number of girls? What could I say but that they were all very pretty? As far as I can remember, I did say that and nothing else. Very pretty they were, and neatly dressed, and attractive; but among them all there was not a pair of rosy cheeks. How should there be, when every room in the building was heated up to the condition of an oven by those damnable hot air pipes?"

In short, our Anthony talks in plain words about us. He is quick in discerning, let it be a fault or a virtue. We rather like his Book, and believe a reading of it would do our younger Americans some good. Babies, girls and boys, ladies and gentlemen (so called), are duly noticed and corrected too; whilst the genuine specimens of every class receive their just dues. We take him to be a man of good common sense, though we cannot say that we like his Novels. He seems to us like a different man in those, from what he is in his Book on 'North America.' He is a great tourist and has seen many countries and peoples, and as a cosmopolitan his opinions are entitled to respect. An Englishman he is, of course, still; but we do not regard him as a Cockney. As far as it can be asked or expected, he left his spectacles at home and looked at us through a natural vision. It is a pleasure to follow him over his course, roughing it, whenever it became necessary, with the same apparent ease and good humor, as when gliding smoothly down the Mississippi on a grand steamer. Let "Young America" read Anthony Trollope's Book on North America. It will prove, in part at least, an answer to the prayer: "*O that some power the gift would gi'e us, &c!*"

CARE FOR SPARROWS.

A little girl, seeing the servant throw crumbs into the fire, said, "Don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help Him take care of the little birds, than scatter or waste the food that He gives us."

So she carefully collected what was left of the crumbs, and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot, and picked up the crumbs she had scattered. After this, she every day collected in a little basket the crumbs and bits of bread that had fallen around the table, and threw them under the window for the little birds; and during all the winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support.

HAPPILY MATED.

BY THE EDITOR.

Thirty years ago there were about a dozen theologians in the prime of life, who battled nobly against the infidel systems of Europe. Prominent among these were Müller, Olshausen, Nitzsch, Hengstenberg, Ullmann, Tholuck, and Rothe. They were all Germans; wrote and spoke in German, although they could write and speak in French and Latin as well. They were all connected with one or the other of the German Universities, where they chiefly moulded the minds of most of the best Orthodox Theologians of the present Germany. They all were men of great intellectual meekness, sincerely searching for the truth.

Richard Rothe holds the first place among these great worthies. He was a man of profound learning, and in his seekings for truth, went far beyond the depth of the common class of readers. But a select few can master and relish his works. "He will always occupy an isolated position, and be a pilgrim and stranger to the surrounding world. Of this he is himself painfully conscious, but cannot help it. His province is rather to stir up and stimulate the youthful mind, and to open new paths for theological speculation."

He was no longer very young when God gave him a help-meet. It was literally a match made in heaven. Men of deep thought and originality are rarely successful "ladies' men." They are constitutionally unfit to act the gallant, let their hearts be never so large and tender.

Richard Rothe found a guardian angel in his wife. The two hearts supplemented each other. Thought and feeling, depth, and practical sense, and tact, were sweetly blended. She studied his peculiarities and he studied hers. They learned to lean on one another to an extraordinary degree. The few that caught an occasional glimpse of the inner circle of their home, said: Truly Rothe's home is a heaven on earth, if there be such a place. Often would they sit together; now at the meal-table, then at the study-table; he with his books and papers, she with her sewing and knitting. Follow him in all his lofty soarings and deep soundings, she could not. What woman could? As the old parent eagle swoops earthward, and perches his offspring on his mighty wings, and soars.

aloft with his sweet burden to teach it to look in the face of the sun, so did Richard Rothe, with his fond wife. Many a time would he bid her taste of his feasts. On the wings of his great mind he would bear her mind into realms of truth she had never dreamed of.

Few of those who enjoy the rare pleasure of reading Rothe's works intelligently, ever dream how large a part of their power is due to his affectionate wife, whose loving heart and intelligence enlivened his home life; who, while silently knitting aside of his study-table, gave an inspiration to his thoughts such as mortals seldom attain to.

A great sorrow fell on this happy home during its later period. By a mysterious providence, Richard Rothe's wife lost her reason. She became as a child, and found her only enjoyment in the plays of her early childhood. Her reason was dethroned; her heart held on to its moorings; to the heart of her dear Richard, and his held on to hers. From this time on he devoted himself wholly to his afflicted wife. He laid his books aside, abandoned some of his great works, still unfinished, and set himself to work carving such toys and trinkets as would amuse his wife. Day by day he arranged these for her, and made new ones, and played with her as children play, to lighten her burden. There is something unspeakably touching in this great mind in the vigor of its strength, abandoning favorite studies, and returning to the trifling plays of childhood to afford comfort to the deranged wife of his bosom. He rarely mingled in literary society such as he had been accustomed to. Though insane, she still knew and loved him, and both, in the sacred privacy of their home, still lived for one another.

At length God sent the angel of death to take the wife to the world of everlasting health. The second sorrow was more painful to Rothe than the first. True, he was a sincere Christian, but none the less a loving human husband. His heart bled, his spirit drooped. Even in supporting he had leaned on her; while making toys and helping her to play, her presence supported him. Her conversation, though broken and unmeaning, was music to his ears. After the death of his wife, Rothe never was himself again. A few years longer he lingered mournfully in his earthly home; a homesick pilgrim, seeking a city that hath foundations. That city both have reached. He fell asleep a few years ago. In a secluded God's acre, at Heidelberg, Rothe and his wife sleep side by side.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1793. He was the son of poor parents, and had to acquire an education as best he could. From a boy he was an untiring student, and became one of the first of American scholars. His mission was the opposite of that of Dr. Rothe. He popularized Geology, and brought it within the comprehension of the common people. The

most of his many works have this popular cast. His "Religion of Geology," and "Lectures on the Peculiar Phenomena of the Four Seasons," I heartily commend to all the readers of the *Guardian*. For a while he was pastor of a Congregational Church; for twenty years Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Amherst College; nine years he was President of the same institution. In 1815, he began his life as an author, by the preparation of an almanac. This he conducted for four years. In his numerous writings he steadily aims to show the reader the wisdom and goodness of God in the handiwork of His creation.

Providence gave him a wife who was in lively sympathy with him in his favorite studies. She was ever by his side. At home and abroad, on sea and land, clambering over rocky untrodden mountains in his geological explorations, this good angel nerved and nursed him as occasion required. But for the wife of Edward Hitchcock, the world would have seen few, if any, of her husband's valuable productions. He gets all the credit for them, whilst half of it belongs to her. This the good man knew full well. One of the finest passages in all his works is the dedication of his volume entitled: "Religion of Geology." It reads as follows:

TO MY BELOVED WIFE.

Both gratitude and affection prompt me to dedicate these lectures to you. To your kindness and self-denying labors, I have been mainly indebted for the ability and leisure to give any successful attention to scientific pursuits. Early should I have sunk under the pressure of feeble health, nervous despondency, poverty, and blighted hopes, had not your sympathies and cheering counsels sustained me. And during the last thirty years of professional labors, how little could I have done in the cause of science, had you not, in a great measure, relieved me of the cares of a numerous family! Furthermore, while I have described scientific facts with the pen only; how much more vividly have they been portrayed by your pencil! And it is peculiarly appropriate that your name should be associated with mine in any literary effort where the theme is Geology; since your artistic skill has done more than my voice to render that science attractive to the young men whom I have instructed. I love especially to connect your name with an effort to defend and illustrate that religion, which I am sure is dearer to you than everything else. I know that you would forbid this public allusion to your labors and sacrifices, did I not send it forth to the world before it meets your eye; but I am unwilling to lose this opportunity of bearing a testimony which both justice and affection urge me to give. In a world where much is said of female decep-

tion and inconstancy, I desire to testify that one man at least has placed implicit confidence in woman, and has not been disappointed.

Through many checkered scenes have we passed together, both on the land and the sea, at home and in foreign countries; and now the voyage of life is almost ended. The ties of earthly affection, which have so long united us in uninterrupted harmony and happiness, will soon be sundered. But there are ties which death cannot break, and we indulge the hope that by them we shall be linked together, and to the throne of God through eternal ages.

In life and in death, I abide

Your affectionate husband,

EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

AMBITION.

BY MISS ANNA BLAZO.

SHALL passing hours and days and years
 Fly off with rapid pace,
 Wrapt up in doubts and darksome fears,
 And leave no sunny trace?
 Is there no spark within this breast
 To kindle into flame
 The dormant powers so long at rest,
 And give to life an aim?

I covet not the miser's wealth,
 By sin too often gained;
 Contentment, pleasure, peace, or health
 Is not by it obtained.
 Nor would I have a kingly throne;
 A sovereign knows no rest:
 True greatness is not found alone
 Within a monarch's breast.

Oh, 'tis a sad, momentous thought,
 That many of our race
 Esteem the future world as nought,
 And this their resting-place.
 Yet, so it is; men oft pursue
 The shadows of to-day,
 With no eternal state in view
 Where they must live for aye.

But true ambition fires the soul
 To seek a lasting name;
 It aimeth not at fortune's goal,
 Nor yet at dying fame.

It strives by noble deeds to share
A home among the just,
Where all celestial crowns shall wear
When earthly thrones are dust.

Be mine the gentle task to win,
In meekness and with love,
The erring from the paths of sin
To seek that home above.
Be mine the bliss, when years have sped
And dust is dust again,
To know that, though this life has fled,
I have not lived in vain.

—*From the Baptist Union.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OAK LEAF.

BY MARY.

On these magnificent October days, when the hills are adorned with a halo of purple, scarlet and gold, I, an aged oak leaf, shivering up here on the topmost bough of our great community, am recalling the experience of my six months' existence. Our family was never given much to reflection; but my observations have been rather extensive. Though *my* life has been a quiet, unobtrusive one, some of my ancestors, the great oaks of the ages, have been famous. They were held in the most sacred reverence by ancient priests and worshipers. Perhaps the faint twilight of their paganism enabled them to see in the massy trunks and gaunt limbs of those majestic patriarchs of our nation, a symbol of the strength man so deeply needs.

But it's not for me to gloat over the honors of our ancestors; nor the superior dignity of utility which is conferred on many a chief among our contemporaries; and yet, before my mind will flit unbidden fleets of mighty ships formed of a thousand oaks like this great father of mine, and innumerable hosts of necessities, conveniences and luxuries, furnished by our family to the great family of man.

My chief employment has been watching the children of this busy world; and the more I watch their movements the more I am filled with wonder. There is much too in our lives alike; and after I have sketched my history this similarity may become more apparent.

My memory carries me no further back than to the day when a

ray of April sunlight fell upon the bud that enfolded my sisters and me, and we sprang out into the light of day. Ah! then—

“The young leaves were dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems did thrill to the wildwood strains,
And youth was abroad in our green domains.”

And now, where are those sisters of mine, who, with me “tossed in the breeze with a play of delight?” Some dropped early by the hands of disease and destroying insects, but the sunbeams sift through their vacant places. Others lingered long with me, but at last went in silence down, and are reposing on the grass beneath, or were wafted away on the stream that flows by. And yet, my life has been a musical one; not dull or monotonous. Sometimes there were gentle patterings of thousand little drops; sometimes whole days of cloud and drizzling rain, when we swayed about dipping, shivering and wondering if the sun was dead. Sometimes there were tempests and deep thunderings that seemed to shake the earth and sky, and many a giant of the forest was then laid low; but when all had passed by great was our peace and gratitude.

Earliest of spring melodies were the songs of the blue-bird and the robin. All through the long summer an old crow dwelt in our midst, and his monotonous “caw, caw” was in our ears night and day; and now, when others have forsaken us, he alone retains the home-feeling and stays by us.

There were nights when—

“There was no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars.”

These were our friends; and stately the moon kept sentinel over the sleeping valley. As summer wore on, the evening brought us the music of crickets and katy-dids, and grass-hoppers chirped in the meadows and stubble fields. Thus, you see, we were never lonesome and never sighed for change. On many a sultry day little children with baskets of berries rested under our shade, and many a sister of mine was gathered to make wreaths for their hats and coverings for their treasures.

Now all these, my summer friends, have forsaken me; I have grown old, and soon must drop: but my old age is a ripe and bright one, and I trust I shall fall musically when I *do* fall.

During my short life time I gathered up all the sunshine that was within my reach, and absorbed every precious drop of moisture that fell to my lot. But often have I seen some dejected mortal sitting on the earth, his head between his hands lest he should see

something bright, giving vent to heavy sighs that create strange discord in the harmony of nature, and murmuring :

“ But, O ! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn ;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.”

I have tried to teach him both by precept and example to look up (for I am one of the many teachers God has placed in this great preparatory school) ; but he is a dull scholar. “ *I will try* ” is a motto he seldom uses, but “ *I can't* ” springs spontaneously from his lips. Some have reached out to the hand held from above, and with its aid are climbing heavenward. But the weary sound of toil and want, and strife for worldly gain, is daily wafted up with the smoke of yonder village.

I have watched bright childhood and trembling age, and have often seen how like, and yet how unlike, man in all stages am I. We are both fading, I tinged with gold and scarlet, he, whitening, tottering beneath a weight of years. Soon November blasts will sweep me from my frail support, and I shall drop unnoticed to the ground.

He, also, will sink into the earth, but his is an immortal existence ; there is in him a soul that will live when rocks and oaks are no more. Therefore would I whisper to you as I drop, O ! teacher of young immortal minds ! this lesson : What thou doest do quickly and well. Watch faithfully the tender bud unfolding beneath your care ; withhold neither kind words, nor serious words of warning ; most earnestly looking upward for counsel and strength. I may never know what success has attended my mission here, but you, if faithful, *may* see your reward in part in this life ; certainly its full measure in the great hereafter. The heavy-hearted little girl, who crept under her desk to hide the tears of lonely home-sickness that would not be restrained, may never on earth see the teacher, who kindly tried to interest her in other things, without insisting on knowing the cause of those tears ; but she believes in the communion of saints and expects in the heavenly home to know and thank her for the good she so unconsciously did.

And when you fade, may it be with the golden consciousness of a dutiful life, and a joy and hope in God more deep and lasting than the scarlet of your dying friend, the oak leaf.

Beside me, stands a tree whose leaves shrivel up and yet cling to the old stem. When the sun shines they stand stiff and still ; but if a breath of rough air stirs how they groan, shiver and complain ! Oh ! these grumblers ! how they magnify every evil ! How they detract from the happiness of those around them ! *They* would have

it always raining. *They* would have no May in their calendar; it would always be November, with no Indian summers in it. Why are there not more oaks and maples in the great human forest?

More men with the broad arms of a noble character; whose roots are deeply-rooted, Satan-proof Christian principles; whose leaves are good works and good-will to all? They should be fresh in youth, vigorous in manhood, and bright, yes, glorious! in old age, and their memory should certainly be blessed.

More women adorned like the maple. Not in gorgeous colors outwardly, but with inward grace and beauty, whose autumn of life will not present a shrivelled, forbidding face, and a walk and conversation that stand like a thorn bush in the way of others, but a whole being pervaded with cheerfulness and true dignity.

"A really fine old age," says Dr. Horace Bushnell, "is a hall where the powers come in at last to hang up their armor, and look on it with a brave, strong heart, because there has been something bravely and well done." *Mercersburg, Pa.*

THE SINNER'S BURIAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Speak only good of the departed." Such is a heathen saying. And many a Christian quotes and commends it. It is true or untrue, just as we use it. If it mean that the life of the departed wicked ought to be praised at the expense of truth; or, that the little good their life contains should be so held up and magnified as to cancel their true character, and pronounce that life virtuous which has been notoriously wicked—then it is false in doctrine, and pernicious in practice. There is much of a maudlin, sentimental charity shown towards the departed wicked, simply because they have just died. Relatives and friends will search diligently for some natural good trait, on which to hang a hope of heaven. Perhaps the deceased was given to vices, which hurt no one but himself; perhaps he was capable of occasional freaks of generosity; perhaps he knew how to season his oaths and slander with fun, so as to make them entertaining; his failings may have been so well flavored with commendable traits, that they seem to lean on virtue's side. Yet he was without God and without hope. He had no faith in Christ, treated His Church and her ordinances with contempt, ridiculed those who made earnest with their soul's salvation, he has no

hope in death. Every sincere follower of Christ may fall into sin, but they repent, and strive for the mastery over their evil hearts. But where one has never professed any sorrow for sin, nor faith in the world's Redeemer, how can we expect the mere act of dying to blot out all sin, and transform the unrepentant sinner into a saint?

Affection for our departed friends prompts us, indeed should prompt us, to cover their faults with the cloak of charity. A sense of propriety will prevent a pastor from harrowing the bleeding hearts of bereaved relatives, by dwelling upon the sins of the deceased. He is to give counsel and comfort to the living, and not a picture of the dead one's character, or destiny. There are many reasons why it is unpleasant to dwell upon the condition of the wicked after death. Hell has no charms, no matter in what glaring colors it may be described. Yet it is important to remind people that the Bible teaches that there is a place of future punishment, no less than one of reward. Especially, since there is such a wide spread disposition to ignore the former, and pronounce men happy after death, regardless of their character and life while upon earth.

There is something appalling in the death of a Christless person. You may deck him with floral wreaths and crosses, and robe him in a costly shroud, and spend millions to adorn his sepulchre, and employ a poet-laureate to sing his praise—yet, in this world and the next, his “memory shall rot,” and in his death he hath no hope. Burials are sad enough at best, but the burial of a Christless one, O how sad!

“Wrapt in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him, the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

Laid in a Christless tomb,
There bound with felon chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

O Christless shroud, how cold,
How dark, O Christless tomb!
O grief that never can grow old,
O endless, hopeless doom!

O Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know?
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe!

To rocks and hills in vain
 Shall be the sinner's call;
 O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
 The lost soul's funeral!

O Christless soul, awake,
 Ere thy last sleep begin;
 O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
 Burst Thou the bands of sin!"

The Sunday-School Drawer.

A LITTLE GIRL HELPING A MINISTER.—A minister once went to preach in a Western village where there was no house of God. He preached in the school-house. A few people came who did not seem to care much about God or His Word. He preached a great many times: "and I had but one thing to encourage me," said the gentleman.

"What was it?"

"It was the attention of *one* little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me and seemed to try to understand every word I said," answered the gentleman. "She was a great help to me."

What! can a little child be a great help to a minister? Yes, O yes. How? By paying attention. Think of that my little ones, and when you go to church fix your eye on the minister and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones, and said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Selected.*

THE LITTLE ONES FIRST.—"I have heard it told through one who was present at the shipwreck of the Kent, as a remarkable circumstance, that every mother in her imminent peril, as if by instinct, turned to her youngest child and clasped it in her arms. So does the Lord to the helpless believer. Will any one say that those children who, exulting in strength, were left to themselves, were more safe than the helpless infant whose life depended on the parent's life?

'Maternal love alone
 Preserves them first and last;
 Their parents' arms and not their own,
 Were those that held them fast.'

Blessed be God, He loves not according to our desert, but according to our necessity. Blessed be God, it is not written, His blood can cleanse from all that we see, but what He sees."—*Lady Powerscourt.*

PURPOSE IN TEACHING.—It is said of Pericles, the Athenian orator, that, before he went out to address the people, he prayed to the gods that nothing might go out of his mouth but what might be to the purpose. What an example does this heathen set for the Christian preacher and teacher! How much is uttered by these public instructors, which so far as one can see, is to no purpose whatever, except to fill up the hour!

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THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIII^d volume, on the first of January 1872. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

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THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

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Vol. XXIII.

DECEMBER 1872.

No. 12.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
54 North Sixth Street.

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We desire a large increase to our subscription list. The "Guardian," in the estimation of competent judges, is well worthy of a wide circulation. Its friends should exert themselves in its behalf. By reference to the "Reformed Church Messenger," it will be seen, that we propose to present to every new subscriber, who pays two years' subscription in advance, as well as to every old subscriber who will pay two years in advance from the first of January next without expense to us, a beautiful chromo, equal to the finest oil painting, entitled "The Little Students," the retail price of which is \$5. Please send on your subscriptions.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXIII. DECEMBER, 1872.

No. 12.

THE FORESTER AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

A Christmas Story for Children, by Christoph von Schmid. Translated from the German by Lewis Henry Steiner.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FORESTER'S ADVERSE FORTUNE.

The excellent forester has passed several years in peace and contentment since Anthony's departure. His children have grown up: the son a robust young man, the daughters handsome young women — all well-educated and of unexceptionable behavior. The good father, however, begins to feel the burdens of approaching old age. He has been thinking of transferring the duties of his office to his son. The Prince of the country was in the habit of making an annual visit of a few days in harvest to Felseck, his hunting-seat; for hunting was always a recreation to him amid his numerous occupations. He was a very courteous gentleman, invariably giving ear to his subjects—even the humblest, and holding friendly discourse with them. When the Prince had arrived at his hunting-seat, and had been especially pleased at his hunt through the forest under the care of the old forester, he approached the old man, and, tapping him pleasantly upon the shoulder, said: "Well, how are you, my dear forester?"

"Your Highness," said the forester, "the burdens of the day are becoming too heavy for these old shoulders; I would like to transfer them to younger shoulders." "Very well," said the Prince, "you mean those of your son Christian? He is a brave hunter, and what I prize incomparably more, a very good forester. The forests, as I find in hunting, are in the best condition. You may rest assured that no one else shall have the place. He may

take charge of them provisionally. For a while, however, I prefer, that you still retain their oversight and the title of forester. Even the best young people readily become overbearing and neglectful, when their coat collars are garnished too soon with gold lace. It will be to your and my advantage, if you remain forester yet for a time."

The forester manifested his thanks to the Prince for his gracious confidence, and then said: "But there is another consideration still. My son would like to marry now the daughter of the friend of my youth, forester Busch, who has been long since deceased. The young woman has lost her mother, and has no place to go. She is poor, but very pious, industrious, being innocent, good and discreet." "Very good," said the Prince, "I count it very praiseworthy when an honest man, in his selection of a wife, looks more to innocence and virtue than to gold and possessions. With pleasure I grant him permission to marry, and the reversion of the forester's office in addition. I will immediately give orders that the Decree be prepared."

The forester's son, who stood a little distance off full of anxious expectation, at a sign from his father, came forward and thanked the Prince. The marriage took place. Along with the gentle wife a fresh blessing was brought to the household; peace and harmony dwelt under the roof of the good forester. The pleasure was granted him of seeing his grand-children upon his knees, and the old wife became young again in nursing and caring for them. The daughters loved the young wife as though she were a sister. All were very happy.

A great reverse of fortune, however, soon befell the happy household. It had its origin in an old occurrence, which the forester had almost forgotten. The young Herr von Schilf, who had formerly been in the habit of hunting with the forester, had presumed to go alone into the forest without permission and thoughtlessly to shoot everything that came before him. The forester met him in the forest, and said: "This promiscuous shooting is rigorously forbidden. If you want to hunt, my young sir, come to me as formerly. I will take you along with pleasure, and show you the best places where you may shoot to your heart's content. But I dare not permit you to roam at will through the forests that are committed to my care." But the young gentleman continued to hunt as before. The forester, meeting him, took away his gun, and said: "God knows that I do this unwillingly. But I must. The orders are imperative, and I cannot do otherwise. If I detect you again, I must lodge complaint, and then—it will not be so well for you." The honest forester also went to the old Herr von Schilf and begged him to keep the young man from hunting. The

old gentleman had been accustomed to let his son go his way at pleasure; but this time he was very much irritated: he threatened to disinherit him if he ever went hunting again, and the forester then might do what he pleased with him. The young man was not in the habit of obeying his father. Shortly after, the forester hearing the report of a gun, hastened to the spot, and found the young man with a stag he had killed. The forester lodged complaint. The old Herr von Schilf went to the Prince, and begged for mercy. The Prince said: "In accordance with the law, the young man ought to be sent to the House of Correction. I will, however, show him mercy; but if he ever shoots there again, I will certainly send him; and you know very well that I myself could not take any one out of that place." The affair was thus settled. The young Herr von Schilf, however, conceived a fierce hatred for the honest forester, and thirsted for revenge, although years had passed away.

The Prince, after a few days' sickness, died; the hereditary Prince was still a minor and upon his travels. A regency was created, and many changes were made in the land. The young Herr von Schilf, who was very rich and had prominent relatives, was made Head-forester. He took possession of Felseck, the Prince's hunting-seat, with great state, as a part of the same had been given him for a residence. He was now the superior officer over the good forester, and worried him in untold ways. There was no end to his complaints. The forester could do nothing right for him.

The Hereditary Prince having just undertaken the government, the Head-forester von Schilf, being very obsequious and fluent in speech, became quite attractive to the Forest-master, who had great influence with the Prince, and hence he became still more arrogant and hostile to the good forester. "You are no longer fit for duty," he said to him one day, "I wish to appoint a suitable man for this beautiful forest." The forester said: "I would gladly lay down my office. I would have done it long ago, if the late Prince had permitted it. In that case, my son becomes the forester." "Ah, indeed!" said Herr von Schilf laughing, "I ought at least to have a word in that appointment." The forester sent for the Prince's decree, in accordance with which his son had married. "Bah!" cried Herr von Schilf, "I understand it." He was always ready with a reply. "This is," said he, "simply a promise conditioned upon good behavior. Nothing more. But the young fellow is good for nothing. I know better how to select my man."

The grey old forester strove in vain to suppress a tear, and said: "Are you not unjust, Herr Head-forester? You supposed that you were once injured by me. Hence you are doubly anxious to do

me an injury." "What!" cried Herr von Schilf, his eyes flashing with rage, "do you dare to remind me of your bad conduct? You remind me, that you robbed me of my only youthful pleasure and blackened my character at court! You are a rude, arrogant fellow! You never had any respect for those of higher station, and always stuck to your beggarly rabble. You have induced your son to take a girl without a single penny—a veritable beggar—as a wife. You have squandered your own property upon Anthony, a beggar boy. You do not know how to manage your own property; how can you care for that of strangers and the interests of the Prince? Off with you! off with you! We shall soon have but little to do with one another, and you shall no more come into my presence."

The forester left. "Hum!" he soliloquized upon his road home, "the Head-forester may say what he pleases; but my forests are in the best possible order. He can do me no harm, however much he may wish it. I must await the result." In the mean time he would say nothing to his family about the conversation with the Head-forester, so as to avoid troubling them unnecessarily.

But shortly afterwards, when the old man had returned from the forest and was resting in his arm-chair, a messenger entered the room and handed him a letter from the Head-forester's office. It read thus: "The present forester, Grunewald, is hereby removed from his office by authority, on account of the infirmity of his years and unfitness arising therefrom, and the forests are hereby entrusted to the care of the next forester at Waldenburg, until a new appointment shall be made." No mention was made of a pension for the old servant, nor of the appointment of his son. There was, however, an additional injunction, that the deposed forester should, from the date of the reception of this document, no longer dare to shoot in the forests or even be seen with a gun there under penalty of punishment.

The old forester opened the document, and was very much surprised; the hand trembled that held it. He soon composed himself, and read it aloud to his family, who were variously employed in the room. The wife and the two daughters were pale with terror. The young forester became quite red with rage at the wickedness of the Head-forester, and his wife stood for awhile speechless, and then began to weep aloud. Her children, who were playing in the room, seeing their mother weeping, also began to weep. The sorrow was general. The honest old forester alone stood quiet in their midst, and said: "Do not forget that the good Lord still reigns. Grandmother, you cease weeping first, and give our children and grand-children an example of trust in God. Bad men cannot injure us against His will. This trial comes from Him; it must eventuate in our good. Then let us take courage;

God is our mighty Protector. He will not cast us aside, even if the whole world should. He, the kind, bountiful Father, will never suffer us, His children, to want for bread. Let us put our trust in Him, and be confident and undismayed."

"Meanwhile," he continued, "I will leave nothing that I can do undone. I will set out to-morrow to see the Prince. He is as generous as his sainted father. He will hear me, however beset with business he may be so soon after his entering upon the government. He is just; he will not consent to deliver up to want and starvation an old servant, who has faithfully and honestly served his family for more than forty years, with his wife, children and grand-children. You, Christian, must accompany me. We can now both be absent without asking the permission of the Head-forester. We will go on foot, as any other mode of traveling would be too expensive for our circumstances, besides being unnecessary. The necessary clothing for our journey we can carry in our hunting bags. Only make arrangements so that we can make an early start."

The old forester was up the next morning before the break of day, and aroused his son. "It will be too long to wait for day to break," he said; "the moon is shining, and we know the road. Let us start." The wife folded up the green, gold-trimmed uniform neatly, and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, so that it might be more conveniently packed in the knapsack. Catharine prepared the underclothes and some food for the journey. The young forester's wife and Louisa prepared the breakfast, and brought it in the room. The little children were still asleep. "When do you think you will return?" the old forester's wife asked her husband. "I can hardly say exactly when," he said, "hardly within a week." "A fortnight from to-morrow is holy Christmas eve," said the wife; "You will certainly be back by that time." "If God so please, a week from to-morrow," said the forester. "However, let it go as it may, I must spend Christmas eve with you." "God grant that it may be in joy!" added the wife. "Meanwhile pray for us," said the forester, "and put your trust in God. He will make affairs turn out for the best." All accompanied the two men to the front door. It was yet night, and not the slightest trace of morning was visible. They set out, however, courageously in the fearfully cold December night.

All the family were very anxious about the dear travelers, especially the old father. They were of good cheer for the first eight days. But when day after day beyond that passed away, and the weather became very rough and stormy, with almost unceasing rain, they began to be very uncomfortable. "Oh!" they said, "Christian is so rugged, he will be able to stand it well enough;

but how will our old father get along?" The young forester's two children were every moment looking out of the front door to see whether father and grandfather were coming.

Thus passed in sorrow and anxiety another week after the first. Soon after the departure of the two foresters, one of the Head-forester's men brought an official letter. The old forester's wife did not dare to open it, fearing that it contained nothing good. For the man had said with a sneer: "It was stupid for the old man with the hot-headed youngster to set out for the capital. The Head-forester is sure of his business. They will certainly accomplish nothing, but will only return with shame and confusion." Nevertheless, the whole family daily prayed that God would ensure both the travelers a gracious hearing at the capital, and conduct them happily home again. Even the children unbidden accompanied them in their prayers.

THE NEIGHBORS OF OUR EARLY HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly powers."

In the country one's neighbors are locally further off, but in sympathy they are nearer together than those in cities. A case of sickness or death affects and afflicts all the country round about. Without banding together in secret orders, the neighbors of our boyhood home were in the habit of visiting the sick and bereaved; even the younger members of the family would sit up at nights, with their sick and dead neighbors. Well do I remember, when a half-grown youth, how I sat with an aged man of God, through many a long winter night. Andrees Kaufman had for many years been a Mennonite minister. Book learning he had none; indeed no other kind of learning. He knew his old German Bible to be true. And by some effort could read it. As for preaching at the Mennonite meeting, he was a very weak vessel. Yet everybody heard him gladly, because all knew him to be a good man.

How he happened to become a minister? This sect selects its ministers by lot. Sometimes the lot happens to fall upon an un-

lettered man. But no matter how unscholarly he be, as God is thought to have a hand in the lot, its decision is final, from which there is no appeal. In this way our neighbor happened to be made a minister, against his choice. He always rode on horseback, and always on an old dark-bay horse, and never faster than a walk. No lowering cloud black with storm, nor winter's cold could increase the speed of the rider or his beast. In summer he bore a leafy branch to brush the flies off his faithful horse. In winter he wore a coarse gray overcoat with a little cape to it, at a time when such capes were greatly out of fashion. His heavy broad-rimmed hat seemed as cumbrous as the metallic helmets of the old Roman soldiers. His long unshorn hair hung loosely around his neck, after the manner of the ancient Nazarites.

Though a weak expounder of God's Word, he was a model Christian, just and merciful to man and beast. In all the country round about, there was no better neighbor, no man more inoffensive, meek, and fruitful in kind wishes and works than he. In a certain Autumn, when the leaves were fading and falling, the good old man felt signs of his approaching end. For months he patiently lay on a bed of pain. It fell to my lot to watch with him on certain nights. At first the nights seemed very long. As the tedious leaden hours dragged their slow length along, I heard no sound but the heavy breathing of my aged friend, the crackling of the burning wood in the stove, and the slow steady tick of the tall old clock in the corner of the room. Sometimes the winter's storm would blow the snow and sleet against the windows, as an accompaniment to the sad sounds. Very often some one would relieve me towards morning. Cozily buried in a great feather bed, under the roof, at the head of the narrow uncarpeted stairs, I slept sweetly for a few hours, in spite of the howling of the storm.

Many a grateful word did the old man speak to me during those wakeful nights. He was as confiding and simple as a child, and had much of its innocence. As a tired laborer, coming from his hard day's work; as he himself, when a vigorous man, returned from the field at night-fall, his bouncing merry children running out to meet and kiss him, so he now seemed to feel as he neared his everlasting rest. With the utmost calmness he set his spirit-house in order, indeed had been setting it in order for many years. And now he hopefully waited for the Lord Jesus to summon him to depart.

It was a strange and not unpleasant schooling for me, this waking with Andrees Kaufman, and listening to his prayers, sighs and words of calm and sure hope. Though a stirring youth, I learned to sit in solitary silence during those long hours, as patiently as a mother wakes by her sick child. Indeed I liked it. When my

turn came I felt glad. Looking back from the present to that waking experience I can see better than I could then, how my communion with the old preacher, and bestowing an occasional night of kindness and sympathy upon him, helped to cure me of a selfish, worldly spirit. Going home across the fields in the cold dawn of day, I had kind thoughts of him and of all I knew, and the way seemed short, and heaven not far off. Now I see what good lessons I learned from those night-watches. Among his last words was his dying blessing upon his youthful friend, for watching with kindly sympathy at his sick and dying bed. And after I became a man, his aged widow continued to bless the boy, that kindly spent the night-watches with her sainted Andrees. And this patriarchal blessing I felt resting on me with a mysterious power. I still think there was something in it. Thus we sit by and feel along with those that are ill, and those that are dying, and weep with the bereaved; and then as we go on down to the grave, life is like a path we know well, where there is nothing to harm or make afraid.

These people are a branch of the Mennonite family, which traces its descent from Menno Simon, an anabaptist Reformer of the 16th Century. They are not "Dutch Baptists," as they are sometimes called. This name applies to the "Dunkers." Whilst the Mennonites reject infant baptism, they baptize by sprinkling, and not by immersion as the Baptists do. They are divided into a number of bodies. The so-called New Mennonites, Herrites, or Frantzites, as they are variously called, are an offshoot, or rather secession of the Old Mennonites. Although but a small body, they claim to be the only true Church on earth. Their creed strictly forbids intermarriage with people of other churches. They are not allowed to hear a minister of another church preach. If such happen to officiate at the funeral of an "unconverted" relative, they will leave the house when the preaching begins, lest they might incur the sin of listening to "false prophecy." They base their conduct towards such on 1 Cor. 4: 11.

The predominant branch of this family of religionists in Lancaster county, is the "Old Mennonites." These are more liberal and more Scriptural in their Creed than the others. Their former opposition to an educated ministry has driven many of their younger people into other churches, and into the world. Some of their old prejudices are giving way to the spirit of Gospel progress. Here and there Sunday-schools are started in their meeting-houses, and efforts are made to train up their young people in a more intelligent faith. Even preaching in the English language has been introduced. For while the German language is chiefly spoken, the children are educated in the common schools, almost entirely in

English. In this way English services at their meetings become a matter of necessity.

Their meeting-houses are built and arranged in a plain style. The older ones have benches without backs. The newer have plain unpainted pews. Nearly all come to meeting in carriages. For these industrious frugal people have few members, who are too poor to keep their own vehicles. The men wear short-skirted, round-bodied coats, and broad-brimmed hats. The women wear little, plain black bonnets, over a snow-white unruffled cap, and a plain dress, without folds, flounces or any such flummery. In a small ante-room they all take off their bonnets, and in winter time, their shawls. The members of the congregation sit together, the men and women separately. The women mostly with ruddy, benevolent faces, tidy, neat dresses, and white caps, without bonnets present a picture of unaffected purity. In the middle of the room is a long uncovered, unpainted table. There are two preachers present. At the head of the table sits the one who is to preach. On one side of him sits his ministerial brother. On the other an aged elder. On the backless-benches, along both sides of the table, the elders and some of the better singers are seated. The hymn books on the table are handed round among the people.

The officiating minister opens the services by announcing a hymn, or telling the leaders in song to select and start one. Many of their hymns are the same as are used in the Reformed and Lutheran Churches. The tunes, too, are our Church melodies, in a modified form. They have added so many rising and falling inflections, changes in time and tone, that you can scarcely recognize some of them. Their singing is heartfelt and devout. After the reading of the Scripture lesson, the congregation kneels in prayer, one of the ministers leading it and usually praying the Lord's Prayer at the end of it. The preacher reads his text, and tries to expound it. Most likely he will not stick to it closely. At the beginning perhaps, he is embarrassed, and labors for words and for thoughts. If you have attended his preaching for six months previously, he may say much that you have heard him say before. His grammar and logic are equally at fault, and most likely his explanation of the Scriptures. He uses language which might tempt an educated hearer to smile. But he does as well as he can, and his hearers are edified with his sermon. He may be rambling in his remarks, and yet he presses the truth home to the heart with parables, and simple figures which he has brought from his family and fields. His hearers are no captious critics. Much that he says they have heard before, yet they are attentive and devout. And most likely their hearts are touched, and some are melted to tears.

At the close he calls on the elders to bear witness whether he has spoken the truth. As uneducated farmers, they cannot be expected to analyze the sermon. The "Zeugniss" is of a stereotyped form. After a short pause a venerable father says, without rising from his feet: "Yes, I can say yea and amen to what the brother has said, and can only wish that we could live according to his counsel. I will not consume any more time, and will let others speak."

Another one says: "As it is asked of me, I too can say yea and amen to what the brother has said. It is not needful that I should say more. But we should try and do as we have been told." To be sure, these are short speeches, but true and to the point.

Thereupon the congregation kneels in silent prayer. For about five minutes naught is heard but a half audible sigh, or the whispering sound of prayer, here and there. When the ministers rise, the whole congregation follow. Then another hymn is sung, standing. They seldom have religious services on Sunday afternoon, and never at night.

No collection is taken during the services. The ministers receive no salary. They nearly all are farmers, and can live without pay. Their principles forbid a paid ministry. After the meeting is over, those from a distance are invited to dinner by the members in the neighborhood. By many the afternoon is spent in social enjoyment. Groups of young people collect at different farm-houses. Indeed these people generally make Sunday a day for visiting, to an extent that the best people of other churches consider wrong.

These are a hospitable folk, good neighbors, and noted for their industrious, frugal habits. The lack of an educated ministry, of devotional books and religious papers have kept them back in church enterprise and benevolence. Yet few people are more kind to the poor than they. At table they say grace silently. For a minute or two, all at the table fold their hands, bow the head, and engage in silent prayer. Their neighbors of other churches have borrowed the custom from them.

When one dies the neighbors wake with the corpse. A half a dozen or more will sit in an adjoining room, now and then taking a watchful look at the lifeless body. Formerly every family had a private burial ground on its farm. Of late years they have established cemeteries aside of their meeting-houses, for the whole congregation. Their funerals are usually largely attended. People of different congregations, having religious services only every two weeks, are in the habit of attending meetings at several places. Thus they become acquainted with several flocks, and attend funerals therein occurring. On such occasions man and beast are amply provided for. Hundreds of people sit down at sumptuous tables.

To sit down and partake of these funeral feasts, is considered a mark of respect for the memory of the dead and of sympathy for the bereaved family.

When a little boy my father took me along to the funeral of a neighbor. A great crowd of people had assembled. The barn-yard was covered with horses and carriages, and the fences along the fields were lined with them. As we pressed through the crowd, we met the only son of the deceased, a school-mate of mine, coming out the door. He looked pale and heart-broken. Walking to the garden fence he broke off a little sprig and returned to the house, perhaps to lay it on his father's coffin. The sad image of my boy-friend, as I saw him that morning, has followed me to this day. I could not understand how a little boy could live, after his father would die and be laid in the grave. The people were gathered in the large yard around the house, from where they could see the ministers and hear them preach and pray from the high porch. Before the services began a number of persons carried refreshments around on waiters; a piece of bread and cheese and a glass of wine were handed to every person. This custom, however, has since gone out of practice. A regular table is set, and instead of wine the people are regaled with coffee.

It is pleasant for me to write kindly of these inoffensive people. They are seldom alluded to by the press, and make little ado in the world. They were the friends of my boyhood, the neighbors of my parents; with kindly sympathy they sat by their bed-side when sick, and with tearful affection helped to bury them. The gay daughters of fashion may affect to laugh at the white caps and plain bonnets and dresses of these countrywomen, as they pass them on the street; but I will venture the assertion, that in solid worth and virtue they are fully their equals. Most sincerely do I pray God to bless The Neighbors of our early Home.

COURAGE AND DUTY.

THE following particulars of courage in despite the claims of paternal affection, recently occurred in Prussia, and were recorded in a Berlin journal: A pointsman was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in his hand, for a train was signalled. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment when the man, on turning his head, perceived his little boy playing on the rails of the line of the train which was to pass over. With a heroic devotedness to his duty, the unfortunate man adopted a sublime resolution. "Lie down," he shouted out to the child, but as to himself he remained at his post. The train passed along on its way, and the lives of one hundred passengers were, —*John Bate.*

THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Let us speak very plainly of that cluster of venerable and saintly men, who lived and died for Jesus during the close of the first, and opening of the second, centuries of the Christian era—"the Apostolic Fathers." As they had not been directly called and sent by our Lord as original Apostles, because it was necessary that the circle of the Twelve should be filled by such only as had been eye-witnesses to His entire ministerial course, from His baptism by John, till the day when He was taken up into heaven, they cannot be embraced within the Apostolate. But, standing so near the door, the Church chose to give them a distinctive title from the earliest antiquity. They are consequently known as *pupils of the Apostles*, rather than as disciples of Christ.

Both Mark and Luke might properly be ranked at the head of this order, were it not that the title of "Apostolic Father," in their case, merges in that of the more dignified name of "Evangelist." There are two classes of Evangelists, however. *First*, those who record that which they had themselves seen and heard; *Secondly*, Those who faithfully record what other witnesses have correctly conveyed to them. St. John belongs to the first and nobler class, and is, on this account, styled "the Evangelist," rather than "the Apostle" even, because the former name is more distinctive than the latter. Of all the Holy Writers, St. John is *the* Evangelist.

Mark and Luke attained to the same plane, indeed, though not to the same degree of dignity, since they are of the second order. If we except these two men, then, whose pens contributed so largely to the formation of the New Testament, all the other marked converts to Christianity, made by the Apostles, became their *successors*, as it were, either as writers, bishops, or missionaries. Some of them had a personal acquaintance with our Lord; others may never have seen Him. Still, all are grouped as "Apostolic Fathers." The names of the best preserved among them are: BARNABAS, CLEMENT, POLYCARP, IGNATIUS, HERMAS, PAPIAS. We will pass them under review.

I. BARNABAS.

Though he was not of the Twelve, he is nevertheless honored by the name of Apostle by St. Luke (Acts 14: 14), as well as by later

and uninspired writers. We account for this from the marked manner of his calling by the Holy Ghost, and from the full hand he made in apostolic labors. He was born on the Isle of Cyprus, and a Levite (Acts 4: 36). On account of his foreign birth, he could still hold an estate—a privilege denied to all native Levites. He was called *Joses*, which was only a soft way the Greeks had of saying “Joseph.” After the ascension of our Lord, his saintly companions added the surname “Barnabas,” *the Son of Consolation*, because of his special gift of ministering to the afflicted. He had been to school in Jerusalem, under Gamaliel, when a boy, with Paul. In later life he enjoyed the instructions of the Great Teacher.

We find the earliest mention made of Barnabas in the narrative concerning the “community of goods” (Acts 4: 36, 37), which the primitive Christians purposed to establish. It is, doubtless, because of the largeness of his voluntary offering, and the leading part he took in founding that well-meant, but impracticable, institution, that his name alone is mentioned.

Having been school-mates, Barnabas did a favor for St. Paul, when, three years after the latter’s conversion, the Church was not so ready to admit him to confidence, because of his bad repute as a persecutor. He became a mediator, and brought about an introduction to Peter and James. Paul remained in retreat with them for some fifteen days. See Galatians 1: 18, and Acts 9: 26, 27.

Five years later Barnabas was ordered to Antioch in some superior capacity, to establish and confirm that promising mission, which subsequently became the mother congregation to the Gentile Christian Church, and from which the name “Christians” first came. He soon journeyed to Tarsus, and brought Paul on as a co-laborer. They remained there for one year. In 44, Barnabas and Paul, with others, were made the bearers of alms from the Church in Antioch to the famine-stricken Christians in Jerusalem. Here is an instance of a mission church coming to the aid of her once foster-mother. On their return, John Mark accompanied them, a nephew of Barnabas by his sister Mary. The Church at Antioch having been properly manned by good and efficient pastors, Paul, Barnabas and Mark were set apart by the Holy Ghost to the work of Christian missions among the Gentiles. The Book of Acts, which is the earliest history of the Christian Church, records their journeys, experiences, sufferings, and successes.

At Lystra they were taken for “gods.” Paul became a Mercury in the eyes of the idolators, because of his eloquence, and Barnabas was a Jupiter, on account of his venerable aspect and majestic stature, which all writers of his day accord him.

A. D., 51, Paul and Barnabas attended the first Christian Synod

at Jerusalem. The famous question touching the observance of all the Mosaic rites, by Gentile converts, had been sorely agitated. Gentile Christian liberty was successfully established.

Another circular visitation had now been agreed upon. But, alas! a difference of opinion was the occasion of separating these good men. Barnabas was anxious to take his nephew Mark along. Paul objected to his company. Both had reasons for thinking severally as they did. We can sympathize with, and justify both. We may not impugn either's motives. Paul, let us suppose, imagined that, as Mark had become discouraged, and turned back at Perga in Pamphylia during a former tour, it would not be prudent to again encumber themselves, and perhaps endanger the enterprise, if not frustrate it entirely. He knew little comparatively of Mark's character. His uncle Barnabas, on the other hand, knew him longer and better. Let men say of nepotism what they may, it has its root in all of us, more or less. Barnabas had a partiality for his nephew, and wished him to have an opportunity afforded him by which he might retrieve his character. He doubtless knew him to be sufficiently penitent to prove heroic in any effort to recover himself. Paul acted the part of a prudent missionary pastor; Barnabas, that of a Christian uncle. And we think God approved of the views of both, and most happily brought good results out of the controversy. He so controlled the contention, that, whilst they differed on a question of policy, they still abstained from committing any breach of charity. Like the two Patriarchs, Paul selected Silas as his companion, and journeyed over Syria and Cilicia; and Barnabas and Mark went to their native Cyprus. Can we not conceive of such a difference occurring, without any bad feeling spoiling their characters, or souring their hearts?

More countries obtained the Gospel just in consequence of this variation, than otherwise would have been blessed by it. Besides, we see, too, how possible it is for men who differ to be brought together again, provided they are not blinded by passion. On the other side of the hill of difficulty, God made Paul, Barnabas, and Mark, one again. Let the skeptic read Paul's kind words in his Epistle to the Colossians (chapter 4: 10): "*Aristarchus, my fellow-prisoner, saluteth you, and Mark, sister's son to Barnabas (touching whom ye received commandments; if he come unto you receive him).*" From his Second Letter to Timothy (chapter 4: 11), it is likewise evident, that Paul felt kindly disposed to Mark as a pastor, at all events, even though he may not have thought him the best kind of a missionary in early life: "Take Mark, and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me for the ministry."

Theodoret tells us, that Barnabas himself returned to St. Paul, during later years, and that Paul sent him to Corinth with Titus.

Legends make him to have visited many countries, and to have fallen a martyr (or risen as such, rather), at a great age, on his native Isle. The Gospel of St. Matthew was said to have been found fastened on his breast, which he had written in Hebrew with his own hand.

Barnabas was a Saint of prominent characteristics. He was an humble man. He ever deferred to St. Paul, though he had been first called into the field; had seen Jesus in the flesh; had been instrumental in presenting Paul to the Church, and had been his senior in all respects. He never holds tenaciously to the dignity due him, but gives Paul the first place as speaker and actor.

Barnabas is the *first named example of the voluntary poor outside of the Apostolate*. He set the heroic example of the self-made poverty, by divesting himself of his possessions. He stood a test, which a certain rich young man could not abide.

Barnabas was a glorious *missionary*. The conversion of the nations was his allotted task, and he proved himself equal to his vocation. How far he prosecuted his calling no one can any longer tell. Legends are not all truth, neither are they sheer falsity. These speak of him at Rome, and at Milan, in addition to the regions in which the Book of Acts report him to have tarried. "The Epistle of St. Barnabas" is attributed to his pen.

The "*Barnabites*," or "Regular Clerks," constituted a religious order, founded in 1530 by some Italian noblemen, whose aim is the spread of Christian missions, in imitation of their Apostolic Father.

II. CLEMENT.

The father of St. Clement, *Faustinus*, was a Roman, and his mother was a Jewess. He is called Clement Romanus, though he had been as much of Jewish extraction as Roman by birth. He glories in belonging to the race of Jacob. There is much on record concerning his noble ancestry and family, and his studies at Athens, which may have some foundation, though the superstructure erected upon it strikes us as rather unsafe.

Of his conversion we only know the fact. Now it is believed that Peter and Barnabas had been the instruments down in Cæsarea; then St. Paul is made his spiritual father. It lies between Peter and Paul, then. The ancients paid him high honor. His namesake, Clement of Alexandria, calls him an "Apostle" in plain words. St. Jerome styles him an "Apostolic man." And Rufinus speaks of him as "almost an Apostle."

There is some darkness settled around his early Christian history, too. St. Chrysostom speaks of him as a companion of Paul, with Timothy and Luke, in many of his journeys, dangers, and expe-

riences. That he shared in the great Apostle's sufferings at Philippi, A. D., 62, we may gather from the Letter to the Philippians (chap. 4: 3), where he is called a fellow-laborer, and is said to be numbered among those whose names are recorded in the Book of Life. Antiquity is agreed in the matter, that he followed St. Paul to Rome, where he became a disciple of Peter, and that he was placed in charge there by both the leading Apostles. About the year 91, ancient history makes him Bishop of Rome. According to the Calendar, he sat nine years, eleven months, and twenty days.

Concerning the manner of his death, there is the same doubt and controversy. That he had a martyr's zeal, will, and spirit, is conceded by all. But that he actually enjoyed the privilege of covering himself with the much-coveted glory, is disputed. Later authors, such as Rufinus, Pope Zosimus, and the Council of Baras, in 452, maintain and defend his martyrdom. Early writers, such as Eusebius, Irenæus, and Clement of Alexandria, as well as Tertullian, take no notice of the fact. It is enough for us to know, that he lived through the fiery times of Domitian and Trajan, which tried men's souls either by abrupt or prolonged sufferings, in one or the other of which St. Clement died. His death is placed about the year 100.

There are Two Letters of his still extant. They are known as

The I. Epistle of St. Clement to the Corinthians,

and

The II. Epistle of St. Clement to the Corinthians.

We will transcribe the XXV. Section of his First Letter, as a fit conclusion to our sketch :

“ Let us consider that wonderful type of the Resurrection, which is seen in the Eastern countries, i. e., in Arabia. There is a certain bird called a ‘Phoenix.’ Of this there is never but one at a time, and that lives five hundred years. And when the time of its dissolution draws near, it makes itself a nest of frankincense and myrrh, and other spices, into which, when its time is fulfilled, it enters and dies. But its putrefying flesh breeds a certain worm, which, being nourished by the juice, brings forth feathers ; and when it is grown to a perfect state, it takes up the nest in which the bones of its parent lie, and carries it from Arabia into Egypt, to a city called Heliopolis, and, flying in open day, in the sight of all men, lays it upon the altar of the Sun, and so returns from whence it came. The priests then search into the records of the time, and find that it returneth precisely at the end of five hundred years.

And shall we then think it to be any very strange thing for the Lord of all to raise up those that religiously serve Him in the assurance of a good faith, when, even by a bird, He shows us the greatness of His power to fulfil His promise?"

III. POLYCARP.

No one of the Apostolic Fathers became more illustrious in his own day, or perpetuated his memory more vividly to ours, than Polycarp. He was born in the Orient, near Antioch, perhaps; it may be, too, at Smyrna. Of his parents he himself knew little, and how should we know much to tell? He was sold in early childhood to a noble matron, whose name was *Calisto*. This foster-mother raised him, and at her death made him heir to all her estate. But, as he would not become a mammonist, report has it, that he soon distributed his entire fortune in works of mercy and charity.

Having been converted by St. John, whose disciple he had been, his more immediate preparation had been committed to Bucolus, Bishop of Smyrna. A catechumen and member for some years, he was ordained Deacon and Catechist, and having discharged the functions of those important offices with great approbation, he was, at the death of Bucolus, made a Bishop by St. John. He embraced Christianity in the year 80, and was ordained a Bishop in 96, shortly before St. John's banishment to Patmos. He remained in office some seventy years.

His reputation was great among friends and foes. His enemies unwittingly complimented him very highly when they cried, "This is the Doctor of Asia, the Father of the Christians, and the Destroyer of our gods!" They were especially anxious that the Governor should not permit his friends to carry away any part of his remains, "lest the Christians, forsaking the Crucified One, might worship Polycarp."

The Christians of yore lavish praise on him. Jerome calls him "the Prince of all Asia." Sophronius styles him "the chief ruler." And best of all is the testimony which St. John has given him (Revelation ii. 8), as the Angel of Smyrna, who is commended above all the Bishops of Asia by Christ Himself, as being the only one without blame. Such a glorious fame came not without due diligence on his part. He practiced his devotions diligently and in solitude, and kept himself unspotted from the world. From his heroism comes his holiness. The great heretic *Marcion*, meeting him one day on a street in Rome, and fearing he might not recognize him, called aloud, "Do you not know me, Polycarp?"

"Yes, as the first-born of Satan," was his response. He had learned how to abhor false teachers from his good master, St. John,

who fled hastily out of a bath in which he found Cerinthus was laving. But he was no misanthrope. Good men he could reverence and love. He kissed even the chains of his friend and martyr, Ignatius, while he tarried at Smyrna, on his road to death and glory.

In the sixth year of Marcus Aurelius a violent persecution broke forth in Asia. The cry went out, "Away with the impious! Let Polycarp be sought for!" The holy man, though burning for a scarlet crown, did not tempt God, but went into a retreat. A poor boy, under fearful threats, betrayed him. Horsemen were sent to his lodgings. Polycarp was up stairs in bed, and refused to fly, saying, "God's will be done." He came down, ordered a supper for his captors, and asked only for a little time to pray. He stood like a pillar for two hours during his devotions, so that some of the band repented of their cruel mission. The more hardened set him on an ass, to take him to the city. On the way they met Herod and Herod's father, who took him into their chariot, and tried to persuade him to comply with the orders of the State. This was the substance of their colloquy:

Herod.—What harm is there in saying, Lord Cæsar, or even in sacrificing, to escape death?

Polycarp.—I shall never do your bidding.

There being no compromise to hope for, they laid aside the mask, and cruelly reproached him. Arriving near the place of torment, a voice was heard:

"POLYCARP, BE COURAGEOUS, AND ACT MANFULLY!"

Before the Tribunal an interesting dialogue was spoken:—

Proconsul.—Swear by the genius of Cæsar, and I will discharge you. Blaspheme Christ

Polycarp.—I have served Him these fourscore and six years, and He never did me any harm, but much good; and how can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour? If you require me to swear by the genius of Cæsar, as you call it, hear my free confession: I am a Christian; but if you desire to learn the Christian religion, appoint a time and hear me.

Proconsul.—Persuade the people!

Polycarp.—I addressed my discourse to you; for we are taught to give due honor to princes, as far as is consistent with our religion. But the populace is an incompetent judge to justify myself before.

Proconsul.—I have wild beasts.

Polycarp.—Call for them; for we are unalterably resolved not to change from good to evil. It is only allowed to pass from evil to good.

Proconsul.—If you condemn the beasts, I will cause you to be burnt to ashes.

Polycarp.—You threaten me with a fire which burns for a moment, and then goes out; but are yourself ignorant of the judgment to come, and of the fire of everlasting torments, which is prepared for the wicked. Why do you delay? Bring against me what you please.

Now the Proclamation was heralded:

POLYCARP HATH CONFESSED HIMSELF A CHRISTIAN!

Jews and Gentiles then eried lustily for the lions; but the great shows having ended, fire was suggested. Every one brought chips and fuel from the shops. Polycarp undressed, and begged to stand unnailed or unbound. He prayed fervently for all persons, and especially for Christ's kingdom, and as he uttered his Amen the pile was lighted. The flames forming an arch, like the sails of a ship filled with wind, gently encircled his body, which shone through the fire like pure gold. The enraged spearsman pierced him through, when lo! the quantity of blood spirting forth quenched the fire. It was stirred afresh, and, as if possessed by their own rage, it raged about him, and Polycarp received his crown, in a chariot of fire, as it were, and swan-like singing his own inauguration song. His martyrdom occurred either in 166 or 169.

We have from his own hand his *Epistle to the Philippians*, which is in all respects an embodiment of his truly Johannean-Apostolic Christian spirit.

IV. IGNATIUS.

Ignatius, or *Theophorus*, may mean either "one that carrieth God," or "one carried of God." A pleasant fancy (and that is all it is) makes him to have been that "little child," which "Jesus called unto Him, and set in the midst of them" (Matt. xviii. 2); or one of those little children which our Lord took up in His arms and blessed (Mark x. 14, 15). He was born at Nora, in Sardinia. We know hardly anything beyond this of his early history, and of his ancestry, nothing. It is probable that he was of Jewish parentage. He seems to have been happy in enjoying the instructions of John, Peter, and of Paul.

In the annals of the Church he is known as Bishop of Antioch. Some say he succeeded St. Peter; others place him right after Evodius. At all events, A. D., 70, about the destruction of Jerusalem, we find him at Antioch, and continuing there for upwards of forty years. There he wielded his Episcopal power and Christian influence in the Church; there he prayed, fasted, and preached,

during the reign of Domitian, the short and easier term of Nerva, and was only taken away to die at Rome during the wicked reign of Trajan. The circumstances of his arrest prove his heroism, and shall accordingly be appended.

The Emperor set out for the East, in order to conquer the Parthians. The good Bishop having been summoned before him, was thus accosted: "Who art thou, wicked demon, that durst transgress my commands, and persuade others to perish?"

Ignatius answered, "No one calls Theophorus a wicked demon." Trajan remarked, "Who is Theophorus?" The Bishop's response was, "He who carrieth Christ in his breast." The Emperor rejoined, "And do not we seem to thee to bear the gods in our breasts, whom we have assisting us against our enemies?" The Bishop answered, "You err in calling those gods, who are no better than devils; for there is only one God, who made heaven, and earth, and all things that are in them; and one Jesus Christ, His only Son, into whose kingdom I earnestly desire to be admitted."

Trajan further asked, "Do you not mean Him who was crucified under Pontius Pilate?" Ignatius replied, "The very same, who by His death has crucified with sin its author, who overcame the malice of the devils, and has enabled those who bear Him in their hearts to trample on them."

The Emperor then directly said, "Dost thou carry about Christ within thee?" Ignatius made answer, "Yes; for it is written, 'I dwell and walk with them.'" Upon this superstitious avowal, the Emperor dictated the following sentence:

"It is our will that Ignatius, who saith that he carrieth the Crucified Man within himself, be bound and conducted to Rome, to be devoured by wild beasts, for the entertainment of the people."

Far from being saddened over such a decree, he exclaimed, as if transported, "I thank Thee, O Lord, for vouchsafing to honor me with this token of perfect love to Thee, and to be bound with chains of iron, in imitation of Thine Apostle Paul, for Thy sake." Having said this, and praying for his Church, he joyfully put on the chains, and was hurried away by a savage band of soldiers to be conveyed to Rome. At Smyrna he was permitted to tarry a little while with Polycarp. It was during this journey that he wrote his *Epistles to the Ephesians, Magnesians, Trallians, Romans, Philadelphians, Smyrneans*, and to *Polycarp*,—all of which are still extant. They reached Rome ere the plays were closed, on the 20th day of December. He was speedily put into the amphitheatre, on the last day of the brutal games. Two fierce lions were set upon him. Ignatius, hearing their roaring, exclaimed, "I am the wheat of the Lord. I must be ground by the teeth of these beasts, to be made into pure flour for Christ." In a moment but a few

bones were lying on the ground. These were gathered by a few faithful Deacons, and carried to Antioch. All this is set down as occurring A. D., 107.

Ignatius was as pure a specimen of a Christian as we will ever see. We can readily believe that his companions saw him in glory that night, as they maintained. But whether or not, he is surely there.

V. HERMAS.

And who was Hermas? His name strikes us as an odd one. His history is quite as unfamiliar to us. What he did, and what he suffered for Jesus, is for us involved in obscurity, and is only known to God. That there was such a man in Rome, when St. Paul wrote his Letter to that Church, and that he has full right to be ranked with the "Apostolic Fathers," we may infer from the notice he takes of him (chapter xvi. 14), "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, *Hermas*, Patrobas, Hermes, and the brethren which are with them." Of all these, Hermas alone has left records of himself.

Of his condition and origin prior to his conversion, we can say nothing reliable. He tells us that he had been "unprofitable to the Lord," from which his pagan descent is inferred. By whom he was made a convert to Jesus, is still a mystery. We may gather from his writings, that he became a Christian before any other member of his family, and that he gained them all over through his leniency towards them during their later and idolatrous lives.

He is dignified by the title of "Pastor," or *Shepherd*. His Epistles were regarded as well-nigh inspired by the ancients. He suffered and died a martyr at Rome, under Adrian, A. D., 132. He lives mainly through his three Books: "*The Visions of Hermas*; *The Commands of Hermas*; *The Similitudes of Hermas*."

VI. PAPIAS.

Irenæus makes mention of Five Books of Papias, which bear the title, "Interpretation of our Lord's Declarations," as the only works written by him. "These things," says he, "are attested by Papias, who was John's hearer, and the associate of Polycarp." But Papias himself by no means maintains, that he was a hearer and an eye-witness of the Holy Apostles. He informs us, that he received the doctrines of faith from their intimate friends. His own words are of no little weight, and we will set them down accordingly:—"But I shall not regret to subjoin to my interpretations, also for your benefit, whatsoever I have at any time accurately ascertained and treasured up in my memory, as I have received it from the Elders, and have recorded it in order to give

additional confirmation to the truth by my testimony. For I have never, like many, delighted to hear those that tell many things, but those that teach the truth; neither those that record foreign precepts, but those that are given from the Lord, to our faith, and that come from the truth itself. But if I met with any one who had been a follower of the Elders anywhere, I made it a point to inquire what were their declarations. What was said by Andrew, Peter, or Philip. What by Thomas, James, John, Matthew, or any other of the Disciples of the Lord. What was said by Aristion, and the Presbyter John, disciples of our Lord; for I do not think that I derived so much benefit from books as from the living voice of those that are still surviving." Accordingly, we must regard Papias as one of those Apostolic Fathers, who may have seen the Apostles, but who learned rather from their disciples. He and his class build the bridge to another class of writers called the *Church Fathers*. He died A. D., 150.

Here endeth the review of the six principal "Apostolic Fathers."

AN AUTUMN MEDITATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common lot of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

"We dreaded these Autumn months. Fain had we hoped the Lord would help him to survive them. Then his enfeebled frame might have held out at least until next Spring. But our merciful heavenly Father knows best what is for our good. His will be done. O how difficult always sincerely and heartily to say that."

Thus spoke one lately bereaved of her dearest earthly support.

It is well with the departed one. But the mourning home-circle is desolate. And these chilly Autumn rains beating against the windows, give one such a dreary sense of solitude. The sad sighing of the Autumn wind without, reminds one of homeless spirits moaning for home-comforts.

He fell asleep just as the leaves were dressing in mellow Autumn colors. Scarcely had his remains been gently laid to their rest, when bleak cold showers fell on his new-made bed. As often before, so here again, I found it hard to conceive of the soul, the sensitive spirit, being no more in the body. In my cozy chamber, and walking the dark streets that night, trying vainly to bear the umbrella so as to shelter me against the pelting rain, I repeatedly caught myself worrying about my buried friend. "Out there on the hill, in our beautiful cemetery, he lies. The chilly rain-storm heedlessly sweeps over his grave. The fresh earth above him his only protection. How soon the crowd of friends turned away from him—all left him, lying by himself, this dark rainy night."

Thus my thoughts involuntarily ran. Some have wished to die in Spring time. To pass away amid the freshness and fragrance of flowers in full bloom, and amid the sweet music of birds, with the hope that these would warble funeral dirges around their grave. Others have wished to die in harvest time, when the rich fruits of the earth are gathered into barns, a scene symbolical, a parable, of the departure of the righteous, who have sowed to the Spirit, and through life, in death and for ever will reap of the Spirit life everlasting.

Others prefer dying in Winter, when the earth is unclothed of living garments, and shrouded in a mantle of snow. What time so fitting for the soul to be unclothed, to lay aside the garments of a living body, and fold it in a snow-white shroud, and lay it beneath the frozen earth, clothed with banks of driven snow? Both body and spirit awaiting the season of everlasting Spring-time, when "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers,
Death like a narrow sea divides,
That heavenly land from ours."

Others would like to die in Autumn. When all Nature is departing, leaves fading and falling, birds fleeing away to other homes, only the silent songless ones sullenly remaining—what season so fitting to die in as Autumn, say they. Then all nature is in sympathy with the dying, and will strew their fresh graves with wreaths of faded fallen leaves, and withering flowers, fit emblems of our mortality.

Many ministers have had a desire to die in the pulpit, or whilst ministering at the altar. And not a few have gone to heaven from these sacred places. To die in the act of preaching our risen and exalted Saviour to perishing sinners; in the act of devoutly administering the Holy Sacrament; in the act of prayer—yes, that would be a good place to die in. Expected or unexpected, to be found at one's post by the Master, to receive His summons to depart on our knees in the closet, in the pulpit, at the altar,—that is a most fitting place to die, in whatever season of the year it may occur.

A few months ago Rev. Benjamin Eaton, first and only rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Galveston, was stricken with death, while standing in his pulpit on a Sunday. He ascended the pulpit. Announcing his text, "There is yet room," all trembling beneath the weight of his last message, he referred to one after another of the friends of his youth and the communicants of his church that had gone before. He painted death entering the church door, passing up the broad aisle, laying his bony hand to the right and to the left; breathing his cold clammy breath on the cheek of beauty, and wafting the silver hairs of age. Now touching the father, then the son; here the mother, there the daughter, as the spectre so plain to his entranced vision advanced to the chancel rail, and as he saw that his time had come his words struggled for utterance. He faltered. His weakening limbs staggered. A gentleman, who advanced to his assistance, was wafted back. For ten minutes more he spoke, his words only audible to those near him. The excitement of the audience was fearful. The silence of death was only broken by the words he strove to speak. He fell into the arms of Mr. C. R. Hughes, as he raised his hands to pronounce the ascription. Like Moses, that other servant of God, he was too weak to hold up his hands, which was done by Mr. Hughes, as he said his last pulpit words, "To God the Father."

Robert Leighton, one of the best men that England has ever had, once happened to be on a boat on the Thames. By an accident the boat was about sinking. All on board were greatly frightened, and most of them cried out in anguish. Only Leighton kept calm and serene. "Why so unmoved?" he was asked.

"Why, what harm would it have been if we had all been safe landed on the other side?" A fitting answer for such a saint. But this readiness he acquired by much fasting, meditation and prayer.

Leighton had often said, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be a public Inn. The whole world seemed to him but a large noisy Inn, and he a wayfarer, tarrying in it as short a time as possible, and then hastening away to his Father's house.

Moreover he thought it undesirable to be surrounded by weeping friends and servants, whose sorrowful attentions might unnerve and distract the mind when it ought to be wholly collected and set upon God. In a wayside Inn he thought, where strangers would wait upon one, the dying would not be thus disturbed. His wish was gratified. On a journey to London, in the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, he breathed his last. But not wholly among strangers could he die. After panting in pain for twelve hours, he died in the arms of Bishop Burnet, next to his immediate relatives, his warmest and most devoted earthly friend. Few could sympathize with Leighton's choice, and few are so thoroughly prepared to depart as he was. Even the most of good Christians, would prefer to die at home. Amid the tender attentions, prayers and sympathies of their kindred, they wish to meet death, the solemn closing event of life.

Infinitely inferior to Leighton was Goldsmith, in point of true faith and Christian piety. His life a succession of failures, with no home of his own, living in inns, boarding among unsympathizing strangers, his weary, homesick heart often sighed for the restful retirement of his father's home at Sweet Auburn, fallen into decay. There is a beautiful touch of tender true human nature in his choice of a place wherein to die.

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hour to crown,
Amidst these humble flowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants for the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

The kind, gentle-hearted blundering bard, and man of genius, ended his days away from "home." A large circle of literary friends and admirers, mourned his departure. Yet at his burial in the Temple burying-ground, London, only "a few select friends paid their last sad offices to his remains."

How naturally thoughts of dying and the dead occur to the mind in our Autumnal meditations! And yet its lessons are not all so dreary. How cozy the home scenes of Autumn, when the home-circle gathers around the first hearth-fires. Without, it is bleak and cold; within, hearts learn to cleave together. Out-door employments and enjoyments cease, and those in-door take their place. Around the table the children study their school lessons, the older members of the family read books and papers, engage in needle-

work, practice music or chat socially. All this in-door work and amusement is found far less during the Summer season.

These year endings set many thoughtful minds to thinking over the past. The sorrows and joys of the year past, those that have come into life, and those that have gone out of it, we think of. The onward flow of our years; the tide steadily bearing us towards the grave, without ever pausing; the gray hairs here and there appearing; failures where we expected success; success where we expected to fail; wrongs which we fain would make right; words uttered which we vainly wish to unsay; hours thrown away beyond the possibility of finding. Oh how much we ought to make right, but cannot! "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

" Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The heartless life is *there*.
Reward of grace, how wondrous!
Short toil,—eternal rest!
Oh! miracle of mercy,
That rebels should be blest!"

The Sunday-School Drawer.

MORMON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—Every ward in each city of the Mormons, and every settlement in the territory, is supposed to have its Mormon Sunday-school, the superintendent of which is appointed by the president of the district, or the bishop of the ward. The Sunday-schools are usually in the morning. The classes are taught in the Mormon Catechism, the Book of Mormon, and the Bible. Special pains are taken to instruct the children in the Mormon doctrines and belief. Now and then some of the best hymns of Watts, the Wesleys, Montgomery and Cowper are sung, but often the words are the worst doggerel sung to such airs as "Tramp, tramp, the boys are coming home," "Aunt Sally," "King of the Cannibal Islands," etc. As a sample of the hymns we have this:

" While all the world is fretting about the future time,
At loggerheads are getting, the sight is quite sublime;
The Mormons they are growing in everything that's good,
And Babylon is going down as they did in Noah's flood."

—*N. W. Advocate.*

A ROYAL GIRL.—A gentleman relates that many years ago he was on a visit to the Isle of Man, and during his walks he strolled into the quiet church-yard where reposes the body of many a faithful Christian. Near a grave in a

corner of the church-yard he noticed a lady with a little girl—the latter about twelve years of age—to whom she was relating the story of the Dairyman's Daughter, whose remains lay beneath their feet. As the lady proceeded with the narrative, he observed the little girl lift up her eyes, filled with tears, and heard her say that she would try and be as good as the Dairyman's Daughter had been. After planting a beautiful lily on the grave, they walked slowly away. The gentleman, on making inquiry, found that the lady was the Duchess of Kent, and the little girl her daughter. The latter is now the Queen of England.—*English paper.*

A GRAND BOOK.—A correspondent sends us the following interesting incident:

"General Anderson, during his stay in Philadelphia, visited Girard College, and addressed the boys in the chapel, numbering upward of six hundred. After describing the beauty and grandeur of the college building and its surroundings, he laid his hand on the Bible, and with emphasis said: 'Boys, this book is greater and grander than all these things.'"

GOOD ADVICE.—It is well for all to keep in mind that Franklin gave his last and most earnest testimony: "Young man, my advice to you is that you cultivate an acquaintance with and a firm belief in the Holy Scriptures—this is your certain interest;" that Diderot said: "No better lessons than those of the Bible. can I teach my child;" that both Descartes and Newton said, "No sciences are better attested, than is the religion of the Bible—not even the mathematical," and that Jesus said: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

PEACE IN TROUBLE.—A ship's compass is so adjusted as to keep level amidst all the heavings of the sea. Though forming part of a structure that feels every motion of the restless waves, it has an arrangement of its own that keeps it in place, and in working order. Look at it when you will, it is pointing—trembling, perhaps, but truly,—to the pole. So each soul in this life needs an adjustment of its own, that amid the fluctuations of the "earthen vessel," it may be kept ever in a position to feel the power of its great attraction in the skies.—*The Christian.*

LEAN ON ME.—Miss Fiske, while in the Nestorian mission, was at one time in feeble health and much depressed in spirits. One hot Sabbath afternoon she sat on her mat on the chapel floor, longing for support and rest, feeling unable to maintain her trying position until the close of worship. Presently she felt a woman's form seated at her back, and heard the whisper, "Lean on me." Scarcely yielding to the request, she heard it repeated, "Lean on me." Then she divided her weight with the gentle pleader, but that did not suffice. In earnest, almost reproachful tones the voice again urged, "If you love me, lean hard!"

Editor's Drawer.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—In my family there resides an old man who has lived eighty-six years. He is a member of a Christian Church, but for several years past he has been so feeble both in body and mind, that he has not gone away from home even to attend church. His mind, once strong and vigorous,

has become broken, and he is at present more like a child five or six years old, than like a vigorous man. But he will sit down and take the Bible, and read whole chapters aloud. At such times he seems to understand not only what he is doing, but seems to enjoy it greatly.

One evening after he had retired for the night, he called in his daughter, seeming to imagine that she was his mother. Said he, "Mother, come here by my bed, and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep." His daughter obeyed, and stood by his bed. Then the old man clasped his hands with great reverence, and repeated that beautiful child's evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

He was apparently a child again saying his prayers at his mother's knee. Don't you think, children, that God heard his prayer?—*David Rice, M. D.*

STRANGE RELIGION.—Rev. Dr. Blake, in his "Notes on America," now appearing in the *Sunday Magazine*, relates the following anecdote illustrative of a certain phase of negro piety:

"A lady was convinced that her cook had stolen a goose. The woman stoutly and angrily denied it. Though morally certain of it, the lady thought it best to wait for a fit opportunity to get a confession. On the following Sunday morning the cook asked leave to go out for the day that she might attend 'the 'munion.' Her mistress was quite willing that she should go out, but wondered at her thinking of going to the communion. 'You know, Sally, you took that goose; how can you think of going to the 'munion?' 'Well, missus,' said Sally, 'If you will have it, I did take the goose; but if you suppose that for the matter of one goose I am going to renounce my Lord and Saviour, you're very much mistaken.'"

NEGLECT OF THE CLOSET.—The earliest converts to Christianity in Africa were very regular and earnest in their private devotions. They had no closet to go to; but each had their separate spot in the thicket where they used to pour out their hearts unto God. The several paths to these little Bethels became distinctly marked, and when any of these African Christians began to decline in the ways of God, it was soon manifest to his fellows, and they would kindly remind him of his duty by saying, "*Brother, the grass grows on your path yonder.*"

MARTIN LUTHER wrote to his wife, Catharine, from Eisleben, in reply to a letter, in which she expressed great anxiety for his safety:

"Dear Kate: Read John's Gospel and the Smaller Catechism, of which you once said 'Everything in this book is said of you.' You are so anxious about your God, just as if he were not Almighty. He can create ten Dr. Luthers, if the old one were drowned in the Saale, or put out of the way in any other fashion. Do not bother me with your anxieties; I have a better protector than you and all the angels are. He lies in the manger at the breast of His mother, but at the same time is seated at the right hand of God, the Almighty Father. Hence be not uneasy. Amen."

A BOSTON minister says, that he once preached on "The Recognition of Friends in the Future," and was told after service by a hearer, that he thought, it would be more to the point to preach about recognition of friends here, as he had been to church twenty years and didn't know any body in it.

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

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